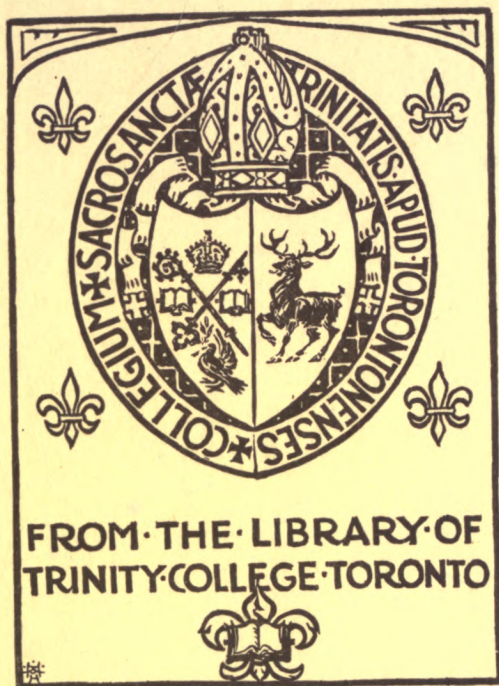




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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

*From the Colossal Statue in the Tower of London,
a Model of which was exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851.*

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
the late
DUKE OF WELLINGTON;

BY

LIEUT COL^L WILLIAMS,

COMPRISING THE CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLE-FIELDS
OF WELLINGTON AND HIS COMRADES,

THE POLITICAL LIFE

The Duke and his Contemporaries,

AND A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF

ENGLAND'S BATTLES BY SEA AND LAND,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE PRESENT TIME,

INTERSPERSED WITH

ANECDOTES, PERSONAL INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES, &c.



Drawn by F. Day.

Engraved by D. Pound.

Dangan Castle,

THE BIRTH PLACE OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

PUBLISHED BY JOHN TALLIS & COMPANY,

LONDON, BRISTOL, DUBLIN, AND NEW YORK.

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Engraved by H.T. Ryall.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

OB. 1852.
FROM THE ORIGINAL BY

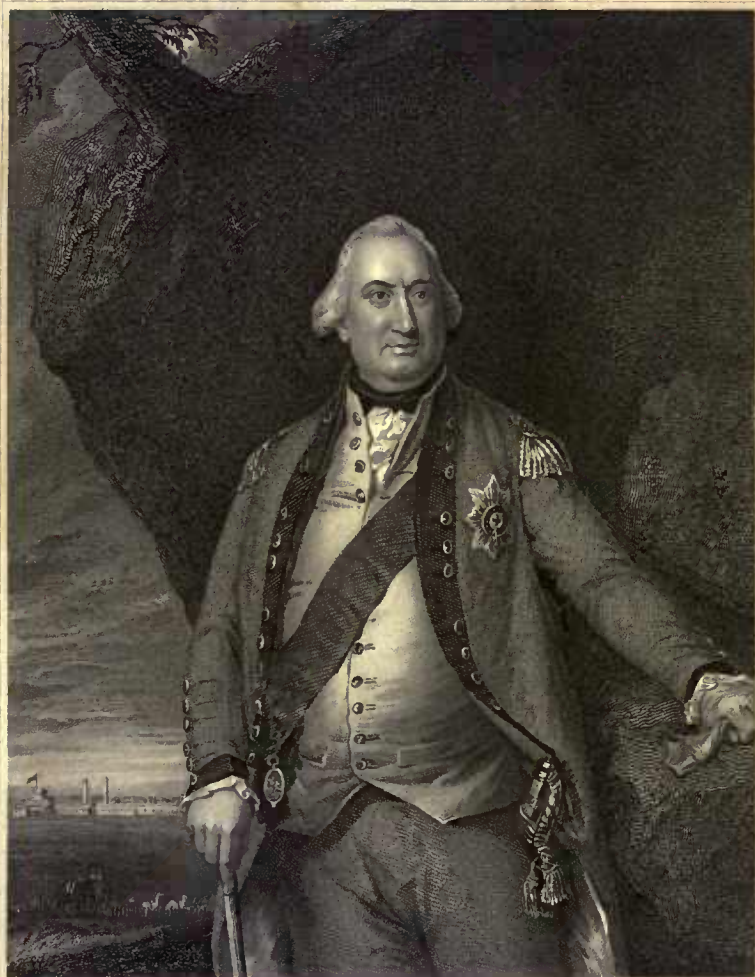
SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. HARDING
THE ENGRAVER FROM A PICTURE BY W. EVANS ESQ.



CHARLES MARTIN CORNWALLIS

1759-1825



Engraved by W. Hall

CHARLES, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

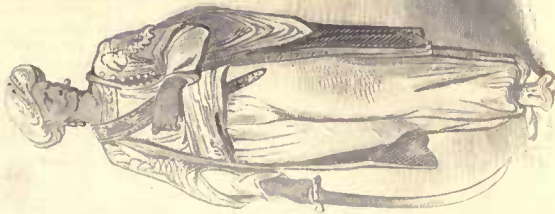
OB. 1805.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF CORNELIUS IN

THE GUILDHALL, LONDON.



TIPPOO'S SONS GIVEN TO THE ENGLISH AS HOSTAGES.

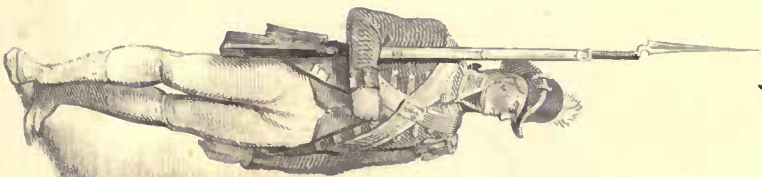


Painted by H. Douglass.

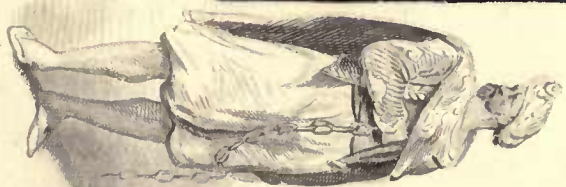


Engraved by J. Rogers.

THE LAST EFFORT AND FALL OF TIPPOO SULTAN.



Designed by H. Senguer.



Designed by J. Rogers.

THE SURRENDER OF TWO SONS OF TIPPOO SULTAN.

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LORD CORNWALLIS. MARCH 6 1791.



BATTLE OF CONQUEROR

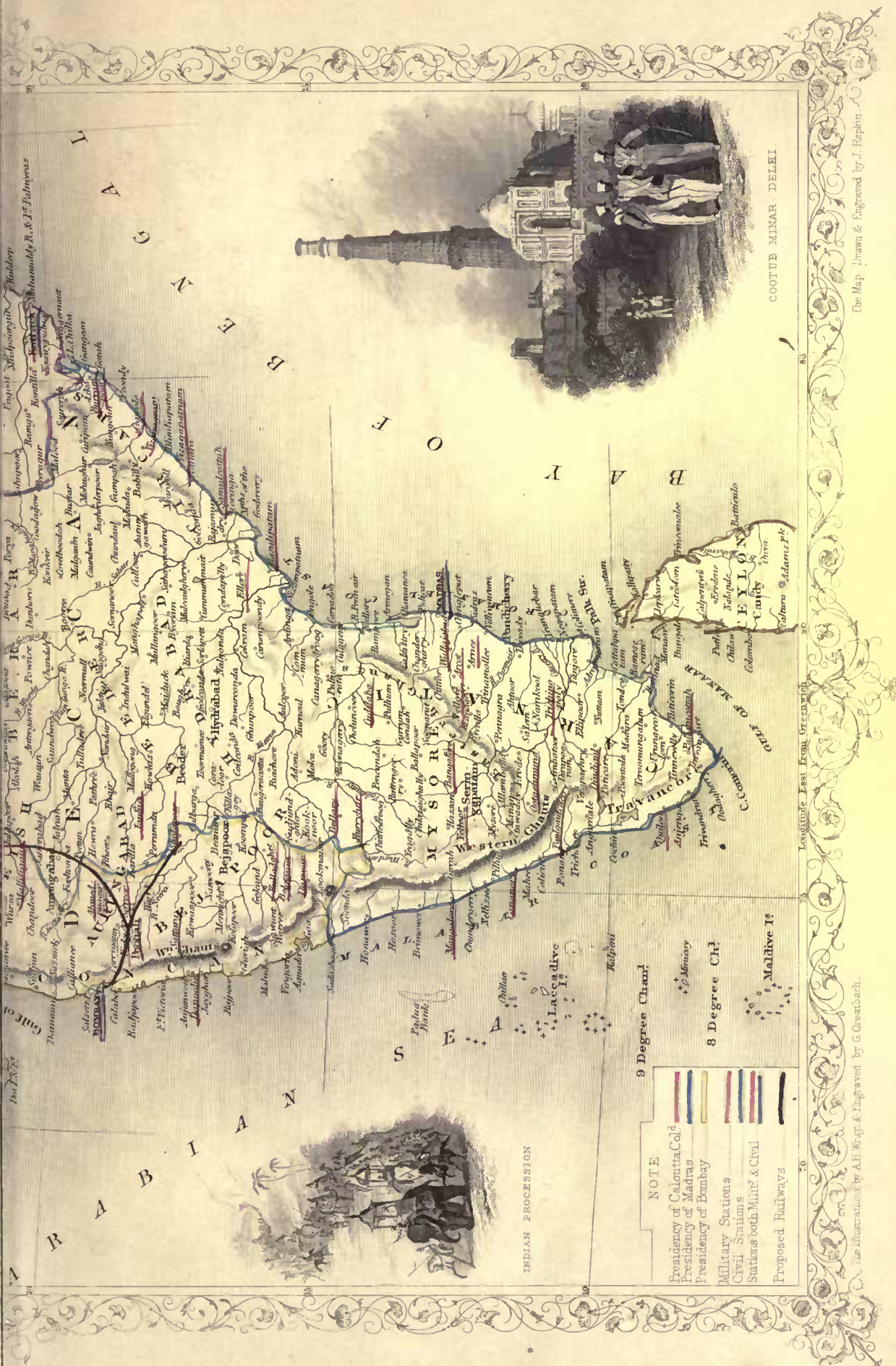
Painted by A. Cooper. R.A.

Engraved by J. Rogers.

DEFEAT AND DEATH OF DEONDIAS AT CONQUEROR.

BRITISH INDIA.





Import of Goods from the East

INDIAN PROCESSION

COOTUB MINAR DELEI

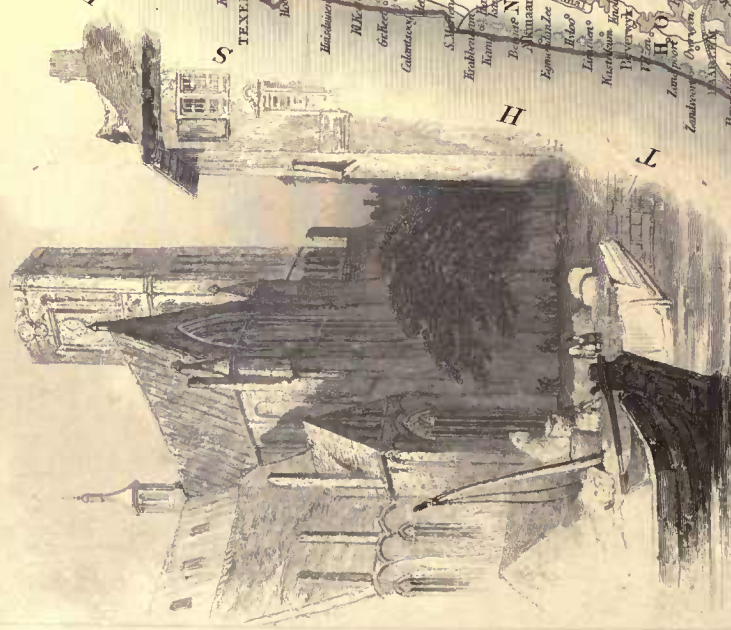
NOTE

- Presidency of Calcutta Col.
- Presidency of Madras
- Presidency of Bombay
- Military Stations
- Civil Stations
- Stations both Milit' & Civil
- Proposed Railways

JOHN PALLIS & COMPANY LONDON & NEW YORK

The Map Drawn & Engraved by J. Rapin

HOLLAND.





DUTCH PEASANTS

Longitude East from Greenwich.

ON THE DOCK

The Map Drawn & Engraved by J. Rapkin

JOHN TALLIS & COMPANY, LONDON & NEW YORK

The Illustrations by H. Warren, & Engraved by J. B. Allen.







The Map Drawn & Engraved by J. Rapkin.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

Late Illustrious Duke of Wellington,

THE HERO OF WATERLOO,

THE PRIDE OF HIS COUNTRY,

AND

THE PRESERVER OF EUROPEAN FREEDOM;

AND TO THE

SURVIVING OFFICERS WHO WERE HIS COMPANIONS IN ARMS,

This Work is Dedicated,

WITH FEELINGS OF RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION,

BY A BROTHER OFFICER.

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS

ON THE

LIFE AND GENIUS OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF MODERN HEROES,

Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

“ ——— Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic.”

MILTON.

“Not only that thy puissant arm could bind
The tyrant of a world, and, conquering fate,
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great;
But that in all thy actions I do find
Exact propriety:—no gust of mind—
Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
Of ordered impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind,—
The breath ordained of nature. Thy calm mien
Recals old Rome, as much as thy high deed;
Duty thine only idol, and serene
When all are troubled; in the utmost need
Prescient; thy country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself whate'er may speed.

RT. HON. B. DISRAELI.

THE death of this illustrious warrior has arrested the attention and elicited the sympathy and regret of the whole of the British nation. England has lost its most distinguished son; the greatest general of the age, the patriarchal statesman, and the father of his country, is no more. The great Duke who has mingled in the struggles of three generations of heroes and politicians, expired at Walmer Castle, at a quarter past three in the afternoon of Tuesday the 14th of September. His death, though long expected, came suddenly at last, and has thrown a grateful and admiring nation into a state of painful excitement and universal mourning.

His career is now matter of history; the time has arrived when his life can be dispassionately and truthfully written; the biographer need no longer fear being accused of interested adulation; and the truth with respect to the achievements of this illustrious man, startling and romantic as it may often seem, may be told without disguise, or the fear of being charged with exaggeration and “hero-worship.” A full and minute biography is intended in this work; but we shall doubtless be pardoned for here indulging in a brief reflective glance at the great events of his varied and brilliant life; in giving

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

such a hurried review as will satisfy the immediate curiosity of our readers, and permit us to express those feelings which rise warmly and vividly in every reflecting and patriotic mind. The character of a great man may be viewed from many points, and many deep and valuable lessons may be gained from it. Something there is in every life, which is not absolutely in the province of the mere biographer, and not unfrequently altogether escapes him: the soul and inner sense of it, its spiritual under current, its application to the affairs both trivial and exalted of readers of all ranks and positions, from the sovereign to the artisan, the peer to the peasant; and the lessons it teaches to the humblest as well as the most brilliant; for the least gifted man finds some expression of his own feelings in the record of the thoughts and acts of the greatest.

Let us then to our task, and endeavour to pluck from the grave of the mighty dead, lessons of wisdom which shall serve in some measure for our government in the future. Let us place a word-picture of the moral and mental aspect of the dazzling career of the great Duke before our readers, and dwell thoughtfully upon a life so distinguished, gleaned from it the precepts of truth and wisdom it shadows forth, which may serve as a beacon and life-guidance to the young, and a joy and intellectual refreshment to the old.

Arthur Wesley was born in the year 1769, which by a remarkable coincidence was the same in which his great rival Napoleon, whose star sunk into darkness beneath his overpowering influence, first drew breath. Born to no title, Wellington rose by his own genius to the enjoyment of the loftiest that could be bestowed upon a subject, a fact which the ambitious youth may remember while engaged in the studies which are to fit him for the battles of life, and which may help to sustain him during the storms of adversity, and the transient frowns of fate. As a boy the future hero displayed no remarkable precocity; he was an attentive student, but in other respects was considered rather slow and dull, and he was placed in the army because he evinced so little of that brilliancy of talent, and aptitude for literary studies, which distinguished most of the other members of his family. This fortunate accident led him to the field on which his natural genius was so perfectly and grandly developed, but a less happy choice might have deprived us of England's greatest military ornament. Parents should carefully study the minds and capabilities of their children, for the children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow, and apparent dulness is sometimes real depth. Clever minds bud early, but greatness is a plant of slower growth.

It may be considered superstitious to say so, but there seems to have been something more than mere chance in this fortunate selection of a profession for the supposed dull boy; for upon that choice, unimportant as it then seemed, the future fate of empires and the liberty of Europe depended. If there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow, doubtless the same benevolent and divine interference occurs in the salvation of a continent.

On the death of his father, Arthur Wesley was sent to Eton, and afterwards to the military school of Angers, in France, where he remained six years, and, in 1787, when he had reached his eighteenth year, received his first commission as an ensign in the 73rd regiment of foot. Family connexion did something for him up to a certain point, and within a period of four years, he became first a lieutenant and then a captain. Beyond that he owed his distinction entirely to his own efforts and his own genius. Within a

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

few years afterwards we find him distinguishing himself in India. Though very natural, it is still somewhat remarkable, that one of Captain Wellesley's (for in 1797 he altered his name of Wesley into that of Wellesley) earliest attempts in India was a failure, and the yet unrecognised hero was considerably agitated by it. The circumstance is worth remembering, because it shows that undisciplined genius is comparatively valueless; that the rarest genius, to become power, must be subjected to the rules of art and assisted by the resources of experience; that failure is the best of preceptors, and, if wisely considered, the true pathway to success. Scarcely more than two years after his landing at Calcutta, Colonel Wellesley was the conqueror of Seringapatam, and had risen to almost viceregal command. Failure had indeed taught him a lesson which he was quick to learn and speedy to apply.

The great, and indeed the most prominent truth, presented by the career of the illustrious Duke, is the triumph of integrity and patriotism over the probable suggestions of ambition; he had the seductive example of Napoleon before him, and he well knew that military genius could be turned to the promotion of personal renown at the expense of his country. Both ancient and modern history reveals such instances again and again; and the hero who has saved the liberties of his country, has too often lived to trample upon them. The steps that lead the conqueror to tyranny are too frequently but few and brief. In that direction our great English soldier never gazed—military glory and popular enthusiasm, the gaudy floating of victorious banners, the clang of trumpets, the welcoming roar of cannon, the peals of bells from hundreds of steeples, and the shouts of living masses of his fellow-creatures, never won him for one moment to a guilty ambition. His integrity was inflexible and adamantine—even the daring sin of great and otherwise noble spirits had no temptations for him.

Men of all ranks may reflect profitably upon this interesting fact: the most prominent characteristic of the greatest Englishman of the nineteenth century was his integrity. Let us not be accused of vanity in saying that we trust and believe that it is peculiarly an English virtue; sure we are, that genius can never long be respected, or even successful, without it. Let the unacknowledged man of talent, struggling in want and almost in despair, remember this, and that it assisted to lead the Duke to the proud and noble position he held in the estimation of his countrymen; for, notwithstanding the great varieties of political opinion which prevail throughout the land, and the political bitterness once popularly entertained towards him, all parties have now joined in one sincere, deep, and solemn expression of sorrow at his death.

The following anecdote affords a small but yet valuable illustration of this pervading principle of his actions. In the early summer of life, he was not altogether insensible to the expensive amusements by which he was, of necessity, surrounded: expensive society leads to luxurious habits; and the young captain, when attached as aid-de-camp to the staff of the earl of Westmoreland, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, became involved in extensive and very serious debts. Military society is notoriously gay; and it is almost equally notorious what is the fate of credulous tradesmen who are connected with it. The regiment is removed; the debts are too frequently evaded or forgotten; and bankruptcy or utter ruin stares the trusting traders in the face. So urgent were Captain Wellesley's wants, that he accepted an accommodating loan from his bootmaker;

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

but when he left Dublin, he did not forget his debts, or apply to the whitewashing power of the law; but, straitened as he was in pecuniary matters, he yet confided a large portion of his income to another tradesman to settle his debts. There was something of heroism even in this small matter; for history reveals to us many distinguished soldiers who could conquer nations, but failed to subdue some personal appetite or caprice. True greatness unites integrity with self-denial. Such a mental conformation was, nearly two thousand years ago, observed in Caesar, and was, in our age, equally traceable in Wellington.

It is somewhat remarkable, that this extraordinary soldier, who bore so well the vicissitudes of various and trying climates, the roughest fatigues of rapid marches, and the sternest toils of war, and who, in advanced life, attained the surname of the "Iron Duke," as much from his hardy constitution as from his inflexible adherence to duty, possessed but feeble health in youth, and was liable to attacks of disease which subdued his body, but never conquered his mind. In these fits of illness, he was sustained by that wonderful sense of self-reliance which ever animated him, either in sickness, in battle, or at the council-board. It is recorded of him, that some allusion being one day made to an approaching Lord Mayor's dinner, he remarked, that the last public dinner attended by Mr. Pitt was on a similar occasion, and that he was much struck by a remark in the speech made by that eloquent man. A gentleman, in proposing Pitt's health, spoke of that statesman as "the saviour of his country;" and, in his reply, the orator denied that any such credit belonged to him, observing, "The country saved itself by its own exertions; and other countries would be equally fortunate, if they would follow its example." This remark the Duke much admired: he saw that Pitt, like himself, recognised the magic power of self-reliance and resolute industry.

Previously to the time of Wellington—even at the commencement of his active service—England had lost much of its military renown, and it began to be said, both at home and abroad, that the sea was our element, but that on land our good genius had left us. The art of war, it was supposed, we had in some respects lost, or that the strength and courage of our soldiers had degenerated. But when the hour came for great efforts, and the opportunity for brilliant successes, the man was found—that man was the subject of this article—the General whose military genius regenerated the fame of his nation, and inspired a new and unconquerable spirit into her soldiers.

After a brief service, in a subordinate position, on the plains of Belgium, where he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, except by the business-like coolness and intrepidity he displayed in a disastrous and terrible retreat, he landed, in the February of 1797, at Calcutta, and then was to commence his career of glory. On the shores of India he first revealed his true worth: there he won a reputation which after times and events rendered still more glorious. In India occurred an instance of that generosity of nature which he ever exhibited when it did not interfere with his ideas of duty. However stern might be his duty, he would fulfil it: no sentimental weakness or ill-timed pity entered his bosom or withheld his arm; but while he made war dreadful by his firmness and decision, he redeemed some of its worst features by his mercy to the fallen. A powerful foe ever found in him a terrible adversary; but he did not war with the helpless. Few will forget his generous adoption of the infant son of the adventurer Dhoondiah, who fell

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

in endeavouring to avenge the death of Tippoo Saib, and to wrest from Wellesley his newly-acquired territory.

In the September of 1805, after an absence in India of nine years, he again landed in England, with the title of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and a great military reputation derived from the establishment of British ascendancy in India, and in the course of the next three years he made his appearance in parliament; the soldier became a statesman. He was not destined in that respect, at least at that period, to engross any large amount of public admiration; strictly speaking, he never was an orator; he had a hesitating manner, and sometimes an indistinct utterance; but he possessed what a remarkable living writer called an "ineloquent eloquence." The following extract, descriptive of his oratorical talents, is from a highly popular and interesting work, *Francis's Orators of the Age*:—"The Duke of Wellington an orator! He who never uttered two consecutive sentences without hesitation; who exhibits a hardy contempt for all the graces of language and style; and in whom the faculty of imagination, if it ever existed in his mind, has been dormant for half a century! Do you mean seriously to class him as an orator? This would be a very natural question if it were admitted that oratory is a merely extrinsic and superficial art, aiming at skill in the choice of words and the shaping of sentences, and trusting for its hold on the human mind rather to the vehicle in which the thought is conveyed than to the truth or force of the thought itself. But there are degrees and classes of oratory as there are of poetry. The chief object of oratory is to persuade or convince, to bring the mind of the hearer into agreement and co-operation with that of the speaker; and this is often effected with success in proportion to the sincerity and straightforwardness brought to bear on the task. Some of the most effective and influential speakers have been men who never received any regular training to the art of elocution; and among these a place may be claimed for the Duke of Wellington. Although it is now fifty-six years since the Duke of Wellington was returned as a representative to the Irish parliament, and although, after the Union, he continued, with the exception of some intervals of time, to be a member of the united parliament as representative of an English borough in the House of Commons, until he was raised to the peerage; we should not forget that it is only within the last twenty or twenty-five years that he has taken so active a part in parliamentary life, or occupied so commanding a position as a politician in the state. In the earlier part of his career, he made no great figure as a speaker. When in the Irish parliament, he gave no promise of that intellectual distinction which he afterwards achieved, but some of the most obvious characteristics of his public speaking were as observable then as they are now. There was the same abruptness of delivery, the same plain, straightforward, but unassuming expression of his views, that has since been the distinguishing feature of his speaking in the House of Lords. A contemporary observer speaks of his address as being unpolished, and says, that he showed no promise of his subsequent unparalleled celebrity. During the years that intervened between this period and his second entrance into political life—years which witnessed his successes in India, his steady progress of triumph in Spain, and the final glories of Waterloo—his mind was occupied with thoughts and pursuits far different from those which qualify a man to become an influential public speaker. And when, at length, the course of events forced him into a position of responsibility which

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

compelled him repeatedly to speak in parliament, he had nothing to rely on but the strong natural resources of his mind, the noble candour and sincerity of his disposition, and the consideration which he might hope would be extended to his deficiencies as a speaker, on account of his brilliant services as a soldier. As the character of his mind developed itself, it presented an aspect of strange originality to the civilians around him. They could not at first understand, though they soon learned to appreciate, that admirable organization of mind, matured, if not produced, by the habits of military life; an organization so perfect as to retain all subjects of discussion, all principles of political science, all the facts with which his mind was stored, in that exact subordination which was their relative due; and so well maintained as to enable him to call them up and use them for his purpose, with a readiness to which even the most practised minds around him were strangers, from their not having been subjected to the same discipline."

It was not long before he was again engaged on military service; after a fruitless expedition to Hanover, he proceeded to Denmark, and received the thanks of the House of Commons for his services. Spain was the next theatre on which this great actor was to appear. The Peninsular war would have undoubtedly terminated in the subjugation of Spain, and the humiliation of England, but for the extraordinary military genius, courage, and coolness of the supposed dull schoolboy,—the soldier whom Napoleon had at first pretended to despise, and contemptuously denominated "the Sepoy General;" but who defeated the Marshals of the great French chieftain with armies of fearful inferiority in point of numerical strength. Romantic as it may seem, resembling the extravagances of fiction rather than the sober revelations of fact, it is matter of unimpeachable history, that with a force seldom exceeding 50,000 troops, he maintained, first a defensive, and then an aggressive war, against an army of French veterans containing from 200,000 to 300,000 men, the flower of the military strength of France; and that he conducted this unequal war by a succession of brilliant victories to a glorious close. The reputation of the British arms was vindicated—no detractive spirit could any longer urge that the valour of English soldiers was exceeded by that of any other troops in the whole world.

In tracing this portion of the career of our illustrious warrior, we are astonished at his almost superhuman self-reliance, intrepidity, and iron determination. Temporary reverses seemed only to nerve him to increased efforts; that which discouraged other men added to his calm resolution, and his eagle glance was never to be diverted from the desired end. His conceptions were grand, and often apparently impossible; timid minds were startled, and shrunk from a contemplation of them; they could only act upon precedent; but genius requires no example, its convictions alone are its law, it does not understand timidity, but *acts* while others *deliberate*, and success usually crowns the result. We do not mean that Wellington was inspired by a reckless bravery: by no means; a lofty heroic courage certainly animated him, the courage of the heroes of a past world when Rome was in its glory; but no merchant at his books, no mathematician over a problem, no astronomer measuring the dimensions or tracking the progress of some newly discovered star, displayed a greater regard for the minute details of business or calculation; indeed he himself believed that his talent would have been greater as a financier than as a general. Mere courage alone, however distinguished, cannot make a successful warrior

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

now; in this age of strategy and scientific warfare strength of muscle is as burnt flax to beaten iron, in comparison with strength of mind. The great soldier can spare the former, but must possess the latter; and to a manly courage that never valued his own life in preference to the glory or advantage of his country, did this modern hero unite a clearness of perception, and a gigantic grasp of mind which overlooked no difficulties, but with a steady gaze provided every available means of overcoming them; his eagle glance discerned every opportunity, and his iron hand seized it.

His successes in the Peninsula were rewarded by the loftiest title a grateful country had to bestow, and he at once took his station with the highest peers of the land. He was created Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, afterwards Earl, and finally Duke of Wellington; to these rewards were added a pension, successive grants of money, honours, and a shower of crosses and other imperial and military distinctions. He left his country a Knight, he returned to it a Duke; his introduction to the House of Lords was a grand one, he must have felt a great man's pride upon that memorable occasion. The House was crowded, and its most distinguished and august members were present: upon his entrance all rose, and with uncovered heads greeted him with prolonged and repeated cheers; the aristocracy of birth bent its head with a generous and becoming recognition of the superiority of the aristocracy of genius.

It is a noble reflection that his conquests in the Peninsula, like most of his great engagements, were fought and won in the holy cause of freedom, and to prevent Europe from being laid prostrate at the feet of one man. The "English leopard," as the French styled him, did not fight for the love of carnage, or of glory, or shed blood to satisfy a restless ambition, and a love of conquest; but he fought for the maintenance of order, of justice, of liberty, and for the final enthronement of peace. If ever war was righteous, it was in such a cause as this; the sword that wins the freedom and protects the honour of nations, is more precious than the sickle that reaps their bread, for national distress is in the eyes of every noble spirit preferable to national dishonour. It was the language, not of vanity, but of the strictest and most literal truth, that the Poet employed when he thus addressed the deliverer of Spain and Portugal:

"Thine was the sword which justice draws,
Thine was the pure and generous cause
Of holy rights and human laws
The impious thrall to burst;
And thou wast destined for thy part,
The noblest mind, the firmest heart,
Artless, but in the warrior's art,
And in that art the first."

The experience which he gained in his brilliant series of victories in the Peninsula, revealed to him all the weaknesses and inefficiencies of the British forces; he determined that his troops should not fight at a disadvantage; that their natural strength and valour should not be clogged by mistaken arrangements, or heavy and inefficient weapons. He saw much to be abolished, much to be improved; and he undertook the hazardous and responsible duties of a military reformer. In his later years certainly he was averse to changes in this respect, and satisfied with what he had done when practically engaged in warfare; but to his energy in this direction, during the maturity of his military career, many of his subsequent great triumphs are to be attributed.

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

Wellington had not yet measured his strength against that of his great rival, Napoleon, but the hour was at hand when he was to be called upon to do so. The Emperor had escaped from Elba, and was again at the head of an enormous army; the great powers of Europe denounced him as a truce-breaker, and war was universally declared. Wellington was stationed at Brussels with an army of 78,500 men. The events of the next few days and nights were perfectly dramatic: on the evening of the 15th of June, 1815, Wellington was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball; on the 16th was the battle of Quatre Bras; and on the memorable 18th, the terrible Sunday desecrated by such a gigantic slaughter, occurred the great struggle of WATERLOO. Napoleon's army was computed at 154,370 men, and he felt confident of the victory. Terrible and protracted was the struggle; prodigies of valour were performed by the troops on both sides, and wonderful discernment and intrepidity exhibited by the two most remarkable commanders that perhaps ever contested together for victory. Such was the numerical superiority of the French army, that the issue might have been in their favour but for the arrival of the Prussians. Wellington, collected even at that awful moment, beheld their approach, and closing his telescope, with the exclamation, "The hour is come!" gave the order for a general charge. The result need not be detailed here; but when the sun set upon that bloody field, the glory of Napoleon was a thing of the past, and his star had set in darkness. The grim demons of discord and slaughter were sated, and Wellington's crowning victory at Waterloo, the last act of his military life, terminated war in Europe, and led to a peace as remarkable as the stormy struggle which preceded it. The olive and the vine flourished vigorously in the soil which had been ploughed with swords and bayonets, and commerce and reason tended and guarded the emblematic plants of peace. Wellington, warrior as he was, was also a man of enlarged views and sympathies, and thoroughly conscious of the immense value of the lasting peace this final conquest was to bestow. He himself said that the governments which had been engaged in the great and long-protracted struggle required such a peace as would give them "the power of reducing their overgrown military establishments, and the leisure to attend to the internal concerns of their nations, and to improve the situation of their people." Having conquered France, he did his best to restore that country to tranquillity; he was opposed to all confiscations and punishments, saying, that if the people were to be rendered tranquil, they must not be irritated. In the hour of victory he listened to the voice of generosity, and trusted for the restoration of order to the blandishments of peace rather than to the armed hand of power.

The meeting of the two greatest warriors of modern times in so grand a conflict as that of Waterloo, naturally suggests a comparison between the respective genius of these remarkable men. Stronger minds and more able pens than ours have been addressed to this subject; and perhaps few have accomplished it with more judgment, impartiality, and eloquence, than that distinguished writer and advocate, Sir Archibald Alison, in his *History of the French Revolution*. We subjoin the passage:—

"Napoleon and Wellington were not merely individual characters: they were the types of the powers which they respectively headed in the contest. Napoleon had more genius, Wellington more judgment: the former combated with greater energy, the latter with greater perseverance. Rapid in design, instant in execution, the strokes of the French hero fell like the burning thunderbolt: cautious in counsel, yet firm in action, the

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

resources of the British champion multiplied, like the vigour of vegetation, after the withering stroke had fallen. No campaign of Wellington's equals in genius and activity those of Napoleon in Italy and in France; none of Napoleon's approaches in foresight and wisdom that of Wellington's at Torres Vedras. The vehemence of the French emperor would have exhausted, in a single campaign, the whole resources which during the war were at the disposal of the English general; the caution of Wellington would have alienated, in the very beginning, the troops which overflowed with the passions of the revolution. Ardour and onset were alike imposed on the former by his situation, and suggested by his disposition: foresight and perseverance were equally dictated to the latter by his necessities, and in unison with his character. The one wielded at pleasure the military resources of the half of Europe, and governed a nation heedless of consequences, covetous of glory, reckless of slaughter: the other led the forces of a people distrustful of its prowess, avaricious of its blood, but invincible in its determination. And the result, both in the general war and final struggle, was in entire conformity with this distinction: Wellington retired in the outset before the fierce assault of the French legions, but he saw them, for the first time since the revolution, recoil in defeat from the rocks of Torres Vedras: he was at first repeatedly expelled from Spain, but at last he drove the invaders, with disgrace, across the Pyrenees!

"The personal and moral character of the two chiefs was still more strikingly opposed, and characteristic of the sides they severally led. Both were distinguished by the unwearied perseverance, the steady purpose, the magnanimous soul, which are essential to glorious achievements: both were provident in council, and vigorous in execution: both possessed personal intrepidity in the highest degree: both were indefatigable in activity, and iron in constitution: both enjoyed the rarer qualities of moral courage and fearless determination. But, in other respects, their minds were as opposite as the poles are asunder. Napoleon was covetous of glory, Wellington was impressed with duty: Napoleon was reckless of slaughter, Wellington was sparing of blood: Napoleon was careless of his word, Wellington was inviolate in faith. Treaties were regarded by the former as binding only when expedient—alliances valid only when useful: obligations were regarded by the latter as obligatory, though ruinous; conventions sacred, even when open to objection. Napoleon's wasting warfare converted allies into enemies; Wellington's protecting discipline changed enemies into friends: the former fell, because all Europe rose up against his oppression; the latter triumphed, because all Europe joined to share in his protection. There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers, in which glory is not mentioned and duty forgotten: there is not an order of Wellington to his troops, in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is alluded to. Singleness of heart was the great characteristic of the British hero, a sense of duty his ruling principle: falsehood pervaded the French conqueror, the thirst for glory was his invariable motive. The former proceeded on the belief, that the means, if justifiable, would finally work out the end: the latter, on the maxim that the end would in every case justify the means. Napoleon placed himself at the head of Europe, and desolated it for fifteen years with his warfare; Europe placed Wellington at the head of its armies, and he gave it thirty years of unbroken peace. The one exhibited the most shining example of splendid talents devoted to temporal ambition; the other,

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

the noblest instance of moral influence directed to exalted purposes. The former was in the end led to ruin, while blindly following the phantom of worldly greatness; the latter was unambitiously conducted to final greatness, while only following the star of public duty. The struggle between them was the same at bottom as that which, anterior to the creation of man, shook the powers of heaven: and never was such an example of moral government afforded as the final result of their immortal contest."

After the terrible conflict at Waterloo, which gave to Europe a peace as yet unbroken, we approach the second grand era of the life of Wellington, and consider him as a statesman. No man, whatever his gifts, can be equally brilliant and solid in every capacity; the field, and not the cabinet, was the peculiar province of the illustrious Duke. A severe disciplinarian, a lover of the sternest order, and habituated to the doctrines and practice of passive submission in the army, it was scarcely possible that he should have been, at least in the early possession of legislative power, what is now called a liberal politician. The wars in which he had been engaged, were in some measure attributable to the spread of democratic opinion; he believed them to be altogether so, and it was natural that he should regard such tendencies with suspicion and dislike, and even that he should suspect of democracy and revolution doctrines which had no connexion with them, but breathed only the purest constitutional freedom. But although not the friend of popular liberty, he was too wise, too generous and true-hearted, to be the apologist of wrong or tyranny. He was the stern advocate of duty, and demanded it peremptorily of every individual; he had a right to do so, for he had always been its slave, rigidly fulfilling its behests; and he regarded the discharge of duties as the only foundation of rights.

His early political conduct will not now meet with any very general approval; his doctrines were those of a school which is rapidly passing, if not altogether past. The Tory of the time of Lords Liverpool and Eldon would not now be understood or recognised among statesmen; and the last vestige of the doctrine of divine right has melted into nothingness; but those who would form an impartial judgment of the political progress of the great soldier, must recall the difference between the time of his political power and the present period. It was then necessary to educate the nation to the full enjoyment of freedom, and it was dangerous to trust an ignorant and bigotted populace with too free a use of a liberty for which they were not then fit, and which they were so likely to abuse.

Two great questions presented themselves to the Duke for solution in his capacity as statesman—questions of vital importance and gigantic aspect—questions which in those days could not be understood as they are now, because the present generation has seen them practically tried, and the difficulty of their expediency and applicability settled by actual experience. These subjects were, Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. The great modern doctrine of Free Trade was not then prominently upon the scene of action, but flitted in the distance, a sort of political Will-o'-the-Wisp. Upon these topics he was called to legislate, for on the 15th of February, 1828, the exigencies of the country induced him to accept the position of Prime Minister of England. It is certain that he felt that this was not the place for which his genius and formation of mind fitted him. He had himself previously stated his conviction of

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

his unfitness for such an office, and publicly declared that he "should have been mad to think of it," but the emergencies of the age called for his assistance, and he was ever ready to serve his country. In the field or in the council-chamber he would never recoil from difficulties; he had dedicated his life to the service of his nation, and he was ever ready to risk all in its defence. His opinions were those of the old Tory school of statesmen, but though firm he was not violent; he desired no change because he feared change, and dreaded the results of political experiments.

Not the smallest tincture of selfishness entered into the formation of his principles; that is evident, for he had nothing further to gain; a grateful nation had laid its riches and honours at his feet, and his adherence to his principles was dictated by a love of order, the security of property, and the safety of the throne.

But though the study of politics was not the natural bias of his mind, he reached a point of greatness and true nobility of soul in his capacity of Prime Minister; he contentedly and resolutely sacrificed his own convictions to the necessities of the times, and to preserve undisturbed the peace of the nation, and wrung from his colleagues in power an assent which to no man but him they would have yielded. To obtain popularity is an easy thing to a man who occupies a lofty position in the service of his country, but to perform unpopular justice requires a hero. The Duke's measure in favour of the Catholics, though called for by a large body of the people, yet rendered him exceedingly unpopular with another body, if not certainly as powerful, equally as large. His adherence to the Protestant cause was rigid enough, though his yielding up his own convictions to a sense of what was requisite, caused them to be suspected. In later years he made the following clear and solemn expression of opinion upon this subject: "It is our duty in every case to do all that we can to promote the Protestant religion. It is our duty to do so, not only on account of the political relations between the religion of the Church of England and the Government, but because we believe it to be the purest doctrine, and the best system of religion, that can be offered to a people." These had ever been his convictions, but he would not war with destiny; he yielded to the imperative demands of the age, and did not tacitly consent to, but vigorously carried the great measure of Catholic Emancipation.

His noble declaration in the House of Lords upon that occasion ought never to be forgotten:—"My lords, I am one of those who have probably passed more of my life in war than most men, and principally I may say in civil war too, and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, *I would sacrifice my life in order to do it.*" In these noble words the soldier disappears in the statesman and the philanthropist; the glories of war could not blind him to its terrors, and those terrors he would never inflict upon his own country; he would make any sacrifice to avert that; personal prepossessions and political consistency were nothing in comparison with such an awful probability; in such a case he would scatter them to the winds. We firmly believe that he used no rhetorical ornament when he said that he would sacrifice his life sooner than inflict a month of civil war upon the country that he loved. He did for a time sacrifice his reputation, which, with such a man, is often dearer to him than his life, and may eternal honour wait upon his memory for that noble act.

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

In 1830 came his second trial as a statesman ; the question of Parliamentary Reform had seized upon the national mind, and political agitation rose to a universal storm. France had been convulsed by another revolution ; the excitement resulting from it acted strongly in England ; a cry for reform and new institutions went like an electric shock throughout the land. The Duke was astonished ; he did not understand the political problem before him ; in his ears it sounded like the muttered thunder which precedes the terrible storm of revolution. Visions of the destruction of order, the desecration of the church, the insecurity of property, and the shedding of blood in fearful conflicts between the military and the people, passed through his mind. With characteristic promptness, he decided on opposing the measure, opposing it vigorously, unflinchingly, and to the last.

The haughty, unbending tone, and resolute manner in which he refused to grant, or even to regard the loud clamours of the nation for reform, sealed the fate not only of the Duke's ministry, but also of that of his party. A feeling of mad resentment seized the people ; they regarded him as the opponent of liberty, and the advocate of despotism, though, in reality, he was acting from a strict sense of what he regarded as his duty. His resolution upon this point threw him from office, and sunk the old Tory party to a depth of odium from which they never rose again. After a time, however, his opposition to the national will was lost sight of in his own inextinguishable military glory, and his universally recognised integrity.

As years rolled on, his opinions kept pace with the times, and his advice was sought by all parties upon all great occasions, until at length his advanced age and experience imparted something of an oracular character to his clear and strong perceptions. For a length of time he had altogether ceased to be a party man, but had been a sort of balance of opinion, or a connecting link between adverse factions ; and his approval added a weight to any measure second only to that of the sanction of the Sovereign.

He had an uncompromising hatred of all idleness, quackery, and false pretensions ; and his manners and mode of life were simplicity and plainness personified. He kept a French cook for the accommodation of his visitors, but he himself seemed indifferent to culinary luxuries. The poor cook was often extremely hurt at his master's want of appreciation of his services. " If," he would remark, " I cook a good dinner, the Duke observes ' it is well,' and if I cook a bad dinner he still says ' it is well.' "

The Duke was married in 1806, to the Honourable Catherine Packenham ; he lost that lady in 1831, and died a widower in his eighty-fourth year, leaving two sons to inherit his name and honours, and mingle their tears and regrets with those of a nation. From such a life it might be anticipated that death would possess no terrors for him ; he glided silently from existence, and even the exact moment of his demise could not be detected by his attendants. His life shed a lustre upon the English name, and his death produced a sensation over the whole civilized world. His character, morally and intellectually, is a legacy to his country, and a study and imitation of it will assist in forming the minds and elevating the views of future heroes.

We append a Chronological Index of the military and political events of his life, for which we are largely indebted to Colonel Gurwood's *Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington*.

COMMISSIONS, SERVICES, OFFICIAL COMMANDS, AND PUBLIC HONOURS

OF

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

Born	1 May, 1769.	Colonel	3 May, 1796.
Ensign	7 Mar., 1787.	Major-General	29 April, 1802.
Lieutenant	25 Dec., 1787.	Lieutenant-General	25 April, 1808.
Captain	30 June, 1791.	General, in Spain and Portugal	31 July, 1811.
Major	30 April, 1793.	Field Marshal	21 June, 1813.
Lieutenant-Colonel	30 Sept., 1793.	Died	14 Sept., 1852.

1794.

Embarked at Cork in command of the 33rd regiment to join the Duke of York's army in the Netherlands, and arrived at Ostend	June.
Re-embarked and proceeded by the Scheldt to Antwerp	July.

1795.

As senior officer, commanded three battalions on the retreat of the army through Holland	Jan.
Early in the spring, on the breaking up of the ice, the army, including the 33rd regiment, re-embarked at Bremen for England.	
On return to England, embarked in the command of the 33rd regiment for the West Indies, on board the fleet commanded by Admiral Christian	Oct.

1796.

But owing to the heavy equinoctial gales, after being six weeks at sea, returned to port	19 Jan.
Destination of the 33rd regiment changed for India	12 April.
Joined the 33rd regiment at the Cape of Good Hope	Sept.

1797.

Arrived in Bengal	Feb.
Formed part of an expedition to Manilla, but recalled on arrival at Penang	Aug.
Returned to Calcutta	Nov.

1798.

Proceeded on a visit to Madras	Jan.
Returned to Calcutta	Mar.
The 33rd regiment placed on the Madras establishment	Sept.

1799.

Appointed to command the subsidiary force of the Nizam, the 33rd regiment being attached to it	Feb.
Advance of the army on Seringapatam; Colonel Wellesley moving on the right flank, attacked and harassed by the enemy	10 Mar.
Tippoo Sultaun in position at Mallavelly; the attack and defeat of his right flank by the division under Colonel Wellesley and the cavalry under Major-General Floyd	27 Mar.
Arrival of the British army before Seringapatam	3 April.
The army take up their ground before the west face of that fortress: first attack on the Sultaun-pettah Tope, by the 33rd regiment and 2nd Bengal Native Regiment, under Colonel Wellesley	5 April.
Second attack with an increased force, the Scotch Brigade (94th regiment), two battalions of Sepoys, and four guns	6 April.
Siege of Seringapatam, until	3 May.
Assault and capture: Colonel Wellesley commanding the reserve in the trenches	4 May.
Colonel Wellesley appointed Governor of Seringapatam	6 May.

SERVICES, OFFICIAL COMMANDS, AND PUBLIC HONOURS OF

A commission, consisting of Lieutenant-General Harris, Lieutenant-Colonel Barry Close, Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley, the Hon. H. Wellesley, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkpatrick, appointed by the Governor-General for the settlement of the Mysore territories	4 June.
Commission dissolved	8 July.
Colonel Wellesley appointed to the command of Seringapatam and Mysore	9 July.

1800.

Colonel Wellesley named to command an expedition against Batavia, in conjunction with Admiral Rainier, but declines the service, from the greater importance of his command in Mysore	May.
The tranquillity of Mysore troubled by Dhoondiah Waugh, a Mahratta freebooter. Colonel Wellesley takes the field against him	July.
Defeats him; death of Dhoondiah, and end of the warfare	10 Sept.
Recalled from Mysore to command a force assembling at Trincomalee	Oct.
Appointed to command this force, to be employed at Mauritius, or in the Red Sea, in the event of orders from Europe to that effect; or to be ready to act against any hostile attempt upon India	15 Nov.

1801.

A despatch, overland, received by the Governor-General, with orders, dated 6th October, 1800, to send 3,000 men to Egypt	6 Feb.
The expedition being ready at Trincomalee, the Governor-general directed the whole force to proceed to the Red Sea; and appointed General Baird to command in chief, and Colonel Wellesley to be second in command	11 Feb.
In the meantime Colonel Wellesley, having received from the Governors of Bombay and Madras copies of the overland despatch from Mr. Dundas, sailed from Trincomalee for Bombay in command of the troops	15 Feb.
Colonel Wellesley, on his way to Bombay, informed of the appointment of Major-General Baird to the chief command	21 Feb.
Prevented, by illness, from proceeding on the expedition to Egypt; Colonel Wellesley is ordered to resume his government of Mysore	28 April.

1803.

Appointed to command a force assembled at Hurryhur to march into the Mahratta territory	27 Feb.
Advance from Hurryhur	9 Mar.
Arrival at Poonah	20 April.
The Peishwah replaced on the musnud	13 May.
Empowered to exercise the general direction and control of all the political and military affairs of the British Government in the territories of the Nizam, the Peishwah, and of the Mahratta States and Chiefs in the Deccan; similar authority being given to General Lake in Hindustan	26 June.
The Mahratta war commenced	6 Aug.
Siege and capture of Ahmednuggur	11 Aug.
Siege and capture of Baroach	29 Aug.
Battle of Assaye	23 Sept.
Siege and capture of Asseerghur	21 Oct.
Battle of Argaum	29 Nov.
Siege and capture of Gawilghur	15 Dec.
Treaty of Peace with the Rajah of Berar	17 Dec.
— with Dowlut Rao Scindiah	30 Dec.

1804.

Surprise of a body of predatory Mahrattas, who were routed and destroyed, after an extraordinary forced march, near Munkaiseer	6 Feb
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FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A sword of the value of £1,000 voted to Major-General Wellesley by the British inhabitants of Calcutta	21 Feb.
A golden vase voted to Major-General Wellesley by the officers of his division, afterwards changed to a service of plate, embossed with "Assaye"	26 Feb.
Visits Bombay	4 Mar.
<i>Fêtes</i> and address by the garrison and inhabitants	to 16 May.
Returns to the army near Poonah	17 May.
Resigns the military and political powers vested in him by the Governor-General	24 June.
Left the army for Seringapatam	28 June.
Address voted to Major-General Wellesley, on his return from the army, by the native inhabitants of Seringapatam	6 July.
Called to Calcutta to assist in military deliberations	July.
Appointed a Knight Companion of the Bath	1 Sept.
The civil and military powers vested in him on the 26th of June, 1803, and resigned on the 24th of June, 1804, renewed by the Governor-General	9 Nov.
Returns to Seringapatam by Madras	30 Mar.

1805.

Resigns the political and military powers in the Deccan, and proposes to embark for Europe	24 Feb.
Addresses on quitting India:—	
From the Officers of the division lately under his command	27 Feb.
Answer	8 Mar.
From the Officers of the 33rd regiment	28 Feb.
Answer	Mar.
From the native inhabitants of Seringapatam	4 Mar.
Answer	4 Mar.
Grand entertainment given to him at the Pantheon at Madras, by the civil and military Officers of the Presidency	5 Mar.
Appoints Colonel Wallace, Major Barclay, and Captain Bellingham to superintend the prize affairs of the army of the Deccan	6 Mar.
The thanks of the King and Parliament for his service in the command of the army of the Deccan, communicated in General Orders by the Governor-General	8 Mar.
Embarks in his Majesty's ship <i>Trident</i> , for England	Mar.
Arrival in England	Sept.
Appointed to command a brigade in an expedition to Hanover, under Lord Cathcart	Nov.

1806.

Appointed Colonel of the 33rd Regt., vice Marquis Cornwallis, deceased	30 Jan.
On the return of the expedition from Hanover, appointed to command a brigade of infantry in the Sussex district	Feb.
Returned to serve in Parliament	

1807.

Appointed Secretary to Ireland (the Duke of Richmond being Lord-Lieutenant)	3 April.
Sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council	8 April.
Appointed to command in the army under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition against Copenhagen	July.
Affair at Kioge	29 Aug.
Appointed to negotiate the capitulation of Copenhagen	5 Sept.

1808.

Receives the thanks of Parliament for his conduct at Copenhagen, in his place in the House of Commons, and replies to the Speaker	1 Feb.
Returns to Ireland	

SERVICES, OFFICIAL COMMANDS, AND PUBLIC HONOURS OF

Appointed to command an expedition assembled at Cork	July.
The expedition sails for Corunna and Oporto	12 July.
Finally lands at the mouth of the river Mondego, in Portugal	1 to 3 Aug.
Affair of Obidos	15 Aug.
——— Roliça	17 Aug.
Battle of Vimiero	21 Aug.
Superseded in the command of the army by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Burrard	21 Aug.
By the desire of Lieutenant-General Sir H. Dalrymple, the Commander of the Forces, he signs the armistice with Lieutenant-General Kellermann, which led to the con- vention of Cintra	22 Aug.
A piece of plate, commemorating the Battle of Vimiero, voted to Lieutenant-General Sir A. Wellesley, by the General and Field Officers who served at it	22 Aug.
Commands a division of the army under Sir H. Dalrymple	22 Aug.
Convention of Cintra	30 Aug.
Returns to England	4 Oct.
Court of Inquiry on the Convention of Cintra	17 Nov.
His evidence before it	22 Nov.
Returns to Ireland	Dec.

1809.

Receives the thanks of Parliament for Vimiero, in his place in the House of Commons, and replies to the Speaker	27 Jan.
Appointed to command the army in Portugal	April.
Resigns the office of Chief Secretary in Ireland	April.
Arrives at Lisbon, and assumes the command	22 April.
The Passage of the Douro, and Battle of Oporto	12 May.
By a decree of the Prince Regent of Portugal, appointed Marshal-General of the Portuguese army	6 July.
Battle of Talavera de la Reyna.	27 and 28 July.
Created a Peer, by the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera	26 Aug.
Meets Marquis Wellesley at Seville and Cadiz	2 Nov.

1810.

Thanks of Parliament voted for Talavera	1 Feb.
Pension of £2,000 per annum voted to Lord Wellington and his two succeeding heirs male	16 Feb.
Appointed a member of the Regency in Portugal, in conjunction with Lord Stuart de Rothsay, then Mr. Stuart, his Majesty's Minister at Lisbon	Aug.
Battle at Busaco	27 Sept.
Takes up a position to cover Lisbon in the Lines, from Alhandra on the Tagus, to Torres Vedras and the Sea	10 Oct.
Follows the retreat of the French army, under Marshal Massena, to Santarem	16 Nov.

1811.

Again follows the retreat of the French army to Condeixa, and from thence along the line of the Mondego, to Celorico, Sabugal Almeida, and Ciudad Rodrigo	5 Mar. to 10 April.
Affairs with the French army on its retreat :—	
At Pombal	11 Mar.
At Redinha	12 Mar.
At Casal Nova	14 Mar.
At the Passage of the Ceira, at Foz d'Arouce	15 Mar.
At Sabugal	3 April.
Thanks of Parliament for the liberation of Portugal	26 April.

FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro	3 and 5 May.
Fall of Almeida	11 May.
Battle of Albuera	16 May.
Siege of Badajoz raised	10 June.
Concentration of the army on the Caya	19 June.
Carries the army to the north	1 Aug.
Affair at El Bodon	25 Sept.
— at Aldea di Ponte	27 Sept.

License granted in the name of the King, by the Prince Regent, to accept the title of Conde do Vimiere, and the insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword, from the Prince Regent of Portugal	26 Oct.
General Hill's surprise of General Girard, at Arroyo Molinos	28 Oct.

1812.

Storm of Fort Renaud, near Ciudad Rodrigo	8 Jan.
Siege and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo	19 Jan.
Created by the Regency a Grandee of Spain, with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo	Feb.
Thanks of Parliament for Ciudad Rodrigo	10 Feb.
Advanced in the British Peerage by the title of Earl of Wellington	18 Feb.
Vote of Parliament of £2,000 per annum, in addition to the title	21 Feb.
Siege and capture of Badajoz	6 April.
Thanks of Parliament for Badajoz	27 April.
Forts at Almarez taken by General Hill	19 May.
Siege and capture of the fortified convents at Salamanca	27 June.
Battle of Salamanca	22 July.
Charge of Cavalry at La Serna	23 July.
The Order of the Golden Fleece conferred by the Regency of Spain	Aug.
Enters Madrid	12 Aug.
Appointed Generalissimo of the Spanish armies	Aug.
Advanced in the British Peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington	18 Aug.
Advanced by the Regent of Portugal to the title of Marquez de Torres Vedras	Aug.
Marches towards Burgos	4 Sept.
Siege and failure of Burgos	22 Oct.
Retreat to the frontier of Portugal, to the	19 Nov.
Thanks of Parliament voted for Salamanca	3 Dec.
A grant of £100,000 from Parliament, to be laid out in the purchase of lands to that value, as a reward for his services, and to enable him to support the dignity of his peerage	7 Dec.
Advanced by the Regent of Portugal to the title of Duque da Victoria	18 Dec.
Visits Cadiz, where he is received by a deputation of the Cortes	24 Dec.

1813.

Appointed Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards	1 Jan.
Returns to Portugal by Lisbon, where he is received by the whole population	16 Jan.
Fêtes given by the Regency, and at San Carlos	Jan.
Letter on quitting the 33rd Regiment as Colonel	2 Feb.
Elected a Knight of the Garter	4 Mar.
Advance into Spain in two columns; the left column, under Lieutenant-General Sir T. Graham, by the north bank of the Douro; the right column to Salamanca	6 May.
Quits Freneda for Salamanca	22 May.
Affair near Salamanca	25 May.
The Commander of the Forces proceeds to the left column, at Miranda de Ducro	29 May.

SERVICES, OFFICIAL COMMANDS, AND PUBLIC HONOURS OF

Affair of the Hussar brigade at Morales de Toro	2 June.
Junction of the two columns at Toro, and advance of the army on Valladolid and Burgos	4 June.
The Castle of Burgos blown up	12 June.
The Ebro turned at San Martin and Rocamundo	14 June.
Affair at San Millan	18 June.
Battle of Vittoria	21 June.
Promoted to Field Marshal. (<i>Gazette</i> , 3rd July)	21 June.
Pursuit of the French army to France by Pamplona, and the passes of Roncesvalles and Maya in the Pyrenees; and by Tolosa, San Sebastian, and Irun	June.
Thanks of Parliament for Vittoria	8 July.
Siege of San Sebastian	17 July.
The Regency of Spain, on the proposition of the Cortes, offer to bestow on the Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo the estate of the Soto de Roma in Granada, "in the name of the Spanish nation, in testimony of its sincere gratitude"	22 July.
First assault and failure at San Sebastian	25 July.
Advance of the French army under Marshal Soult, by Maya and Roncesvalles; the right and centre divisions of the army concentrating near Pamplona	24 to 27 July.
Battle of Sorauren	28 July.
Retreat of the French army into France	30 July.
Affair at the Puerto de Echalar	1 Aug.
Re-occupation of the positions on the Pyrenees by the Allied Armies	2 Aug.
Second assault and fall of San Sebastian	31 Aug.
Affairs on the Bidassoa and San Marcial	31 Aug.
Castle of San Sebastian capitulated	8 Sept.
Passage of the Bidassoa, and entrance into France	7 Oct.
Thanks of Parliament for San Sebastian, and the operations subsequent to Vittoria	8 Oct.
Surrender of Pamplona	31 Oct.
The whole of the army descend into France; passage and battle of the Nivelle	10 Nov.
Passage of the Nive	9 Dec.
Marshal Soult attacks the left and right of the British army, and is successively defeated	10 to 18 Dec.

1814.

Leaves two divisions to blockade Bayonne, and follows Marshal Soult with the remainder of the army	Feb.
Affair at Hellette	14 Feb.
Battle of Orthez	27 Feb.
Passage of the Adour at St. Sever	1 Mar.
Affair at Aire	2 Mar.
The permission of the Prince Regent granted to the Marquis of Wellington to accept and wear the insignia of the following Orders:—	4 Mar.
Grand Cross of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Teresa.	
_____ the Imperial Russian Military Order of St. George.	
_____ the Royal Prussian Military Order of the Black Eagle.	
_____ the Royal Swedish Military Order of the Sword.	
Detaches two divisions to Bordeaux	8 Mar.
Affair at Tarbes	20 Mar.
Thanks of the Prince Regent and the Parliament for Orthez	24 Mar.
Passage of the Garonne	4 April.
Battle of Toulouse	10 April.
Advanced in the British Peerage by the titles of Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington	3 May.
Visits Paris	4 May.

FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Visits Madrid. King Ferdinand confirms all the honours and rewards conferred upon him in his Majesty's name by the Regency and the Cortes	24 May.
A grant of £400,000 voted by Parliament, in addition to the former grants	June.
Arrives in England	23 June.
Proceeds to pay his respects to the Prince Regent, then at Portsmouth with the Allied Monarchs	24 June.
His reception in the House of Peers on taking his seat as Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke	28 June.
Returns thanks at the bar of the House of Commons, and is addressed by the Speaker	30 June.
Appointed Ambassador to the Court of France	5 July.
Banquet given by the Corporation of London	9 July.
Heraldic honours bestowed	25 Aug.
Assists at the Congress at Vienna	1 Nov.

1815.

On the arrival of Bonaparte in France, appointed Commander of the British forces on the Continent of Europe, and from Vienna joins the Army at Bruxelles	11 April.
Puts himself in communication with Prince Blücher, in command of the Prussian army on the Meuse	2 May.
Moves the allied army towards Nivelles, on the French army, under Bonaparte, crossing the frontier at Charleroi	15 June.
Battle of Quatre Bras	16 June.
Retires to a position to cover Bruxelles, on the border of the Forest of Soignies	17 June.
Battle of Waterloo	18 June.
Created Prince of Waterloo by the King of the Netherlands	June.
Thanks of the Prince Regent and Parliament for Waterloo	22 June.
Pursuit of the fugitive remains of the French army to Paris	June.
Surrender of Cambrai	25 June.
——— of Peronne	June.
Paris capitulated	3 July.
By his interference, prevents the Column in the Place Vendôme and the Bridge of Jena being destroyed	6 July.
A grant of £200,000 voted by Parliament, in addition to the former grants	July.
Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies of Occupation in France	22 Oct.

1818.

Assists at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle	Oct.
Appointed Field Marshal in the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Armies	Oct.
The evacuation of France by the Allied Armies	1 Nov.
Appointed Master-General of the Ordnance	26 Dec.

1819.

Appointed Governor of Plymouth	9 Dec.
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1820.

Appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade	19 Feb.
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1821.

Attends George IV., King of England, to the field of Waterloo	1 Oct.
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1822.

Statue of Achilles inscribed to the Duke, in Hyde Park	18 June.
Assists at the Congress of Verona	22 Oct.

1826.

Proceeds on an especial embassy to St. Petersburg	Feb.
Removes from the Government of Plymouth to be Constable of the Tower of London	29 Dec.

SERVICES, OFFICIAL COMMANDS, AND PUBLIC HONOURS.

1827.

Appointed Colonel of the Grenadier Guards	22 Jan.
Appointed Commander-in-Chief	22 Jan.
Resigns	30 April
Re-appointed	27 Aug.

1828.

The King having called upon him to serve in the office of First Lord of the Treasury, he resigns the command of the army	15 Feb.
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1829.

Appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports	20 Jan.
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1830.

Resigns the office of First Lord of the Treasury	Oct.
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1834.

Elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford	Jan.
Intrusted by the King with the whole charge of the Government and the Seals of the three Secretaries of State	Nov.
Continues Secretary of Foreign Affairs	Dec.

1835.

Resigns	April
Receives Queen Adelaide, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford	19 Oct.

1837.

Received with great cordiality by the people at the corenation of Queen Victoria	28 June.
Presides at a meeting to erect a monument to Lord Nelson	1 Aug.

1839.

Grand entertainment given to the Duke at Dover	30 Aug.
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1841.

Peel Ministry: the Duke in the Cabinet, without office	Sept.
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1842.

Her Majesty visits the Duke at Walmer Castle	
The Duke appointed Commander of the Forces	Dec.

1844.

Equestrian statue of the Duke inaugurated at Glasgow	8 Oct.
Equestrian statue of the Duke, Royal Exchange, inaugurated	18 June.

1845.

Her Majesty visits the Duke at Strathfieldsaye	20 June.
First stone of the Waterloo barracks, in the Tower, laid by the Duke	14 June.

1846.

Peel Ministry resigns: the Duke retires from the Cabinet	6 July.
Colossal equestrian statue of the Duke erected upon the arch, Green Park	30 Sept.

1848.

Publication of the Duke's letter to Sir John Burgoyne, on the national defences	Jan.
The Duke directs great preparations to prevent a Chartist outbreak	Mar.
Statue of the Duke erected in the Tower	Oct.

1850.

The Duke sponsor at the baptism of the infant Prince Arthur	22 June.
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1852.

Equestrian statue of the Duke at Edinburgh inaugurated	18 June.
Death at Walmer Castle	14 Sept.

THE LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF WELLINGTON.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY HISTORY.

THOUGH Napoleon has been styled by the author of the *History of the War in the Peninsula*, "the greatest of captains," and "the first of all generals,"* and by Berton, in his *Précis Historique des Batailles de Fleurus et de Waterloo*, "le génie de la guerre" (the genius of war), ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the late Duke of Wellington, may be said, without any hyperbolical exaggeration, to have been the greatest captain of modern times, and the most successful general that ever appeared on the theatre of warfare. He was born at Dangan Castle, on the 1st of May, 1769, and was the sixth child of a family nine in number. His ancestors, the Cowleys, Cooleys, or as the name is now written, Colleys, were originally of English extraction, being descended of an old Saxon family long settled in Rutlandshire, but migrated to Ireland in the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, for the purpose of promoting and strengthening the protestant religion in that country, offered grants of lands and high salaried offices to men of talent

and family. Robert and Walter Colley accepted the proffered reward, and settled in the counties of Meath and Kildare. They obtained the grant of the clerkship of the crown in chancery during their joint lives, with the benefit of survivorship; and, in 1537, Robert became master of the rolls, and Walter was appointed solicitor-general. A monument bearing date 1408, in the parish of Glaiston, in the hundred of Wrangdyke, Rutlandshire, and erected to the memory of Walter Colley and his wife Agnes, still remains a memorial of the English origin of the duke. The name of Wellesley, and the possession of Dangan castle, and its appurtenant estates, were obtained by intermarriage with the Wesley, Wellesley, or according to early orthography De Welesley family.

The family was raised to the peerage in 1746, by the title of baron Mornington, in Ireland. The second lord Mornington, the father of the duke, married the eldest daughter of the viscount Dungannon; and

* Among the numerous overstrained laudations, and the misplaced idolatry of his hero, by the author of the *History of the Peninsular War*, some of those that occur in the sixth volume of his work are rather startling, if not outrageously extravagant. He there informs his readers, that his "greatest captain" and "first general," was "untainted by any private vice," and, lest the astounding piece of intelligence should be lost among the blaze of virtues with which he has endowed the god of his idolatry, he again propounds a no less extraordinary piece of intelligence, namely, that he was endowed with "freedom from all vices;" and, lastly, to give due effect to the hyperbolical fictions of his rapturous admiration of his idol's perfection and immaculateness, he gravely declares, that he was of "inflexible probity of character," and was "devoid of all selfish ambition." Never did the most rabidly idolatrous worshipper (even in the guise and semblance

of a Gaulish devotee) of Napoleonic virtues and perfections—of Napoleonic probity and morality—draw more largely on his own imaginative powers, and require greater credulity on the part of his readers, than the otherwise judicious and instructive author of the *History of the Peninsular War* has done in favour of his "golden calf." It is to be regretted, that before he penned those misjudged and unfounded notions, and had suffered his judgment to be overlaid by his overweening admiration, he had not read and formed an accurate estimate of sir Walter Scott's more temperate and just estimate of Napoleonic probity and disinterestedness. "With a firm and unremitting attention to his own plans and *his own interest*," says that cautious and trustworthy authority, "Bonaparte proceeded from battle to plunder, less like a soldier than a brigand or common highwayman." Scores of other authorities of the highest credibility might be cited to the same effect.

was created viscount Wellesley and earl of Mornington in 1760. In his childhood he was distinguished by a great natural talent for music. His glees, songs, and some of his church compositions, obtained so much popularity, that the university of Dublin conferred on him, as a testimony of their respect for his skill and eminence in the science, the degree of doctor and professor of music. Among the most admired of his vocal productions are: "Come Forest Nymph," "Gently hear me, Charming Maid," and "By Greenwood Tree." One of his chants still continues to be performed in the churches of Dublin.

On the death of the earl in 1781, he was succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Richard Colley Wellesley, who, in 1797, was raised to the British peerage, and in the same year was appointed governor-general of India. He was a man possessed of high classical attainments, and great oratorical powers. The other brothers, except the duke, were men ordinarily gifted in respect of mind, or were at farthest, but little above mediocrity in intellectual endowments.

Arthur Wellesley was sent with his eldest brother to Eton; but his mind, like that of

Napoleon, being of a scientific structure, after a brief struggle with the heroes and poets of antiquity, he was sent by his mother (a woman of strong and cultivated intellect) to the military college of Angiers, in the department of Maine and Loire, in France, then under the superintendence of the celebrated Pignerol. There, as at Eton, it is said, that he exhibited no indication of superior and commanding talent:* all he could pretend to was a fair and creditable proficiency. Neither did he in parliament, to which he was returned for the borough of Trim, in 1790, evince, as sir Jonah Barrington reports, "much promise of the unparalleled celebrity which he reached afterwards;" but as one (a member of the celebrated society of the "Monks of the Screw") of sir Jonah's friends said, "when he did speak, it was always to the purpose:" a remark which indicates, that sir Jonah's friend possessed more penetration than himself.

On leaving the college of Angiers, he was appointed, March 7th, 1787, to an ensigncy in the 73rd regiment of infantry; and on the 25th of December, in the same year, was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 76th. After various purchases and exchanges,

* Such is the general and unvarying report of the duke's biographers; but to those who possess a knowledge of human nature, and who take a deeper insight into the character of man than superficial observers usually do, it is well known, that it is scarcely possible that a mind of the duke's structure and direction could pass through the routine of school-discipline without evincing some indications of ability—some promise of future superiority and mastery in the great game and business of life. Be it, however, as it may, as to the duke's evincing talent or not during his school noviciate, the absence of indication of precocious talent during the period of academical life, and of oratorical powers in the early stage of parliamentary career, has not occurred only in the person of Arthur Wellesley. Among scores of instances that might be readily cited, of unpromising students and orators, who afterwards rose to distinction in their respective vocations, the names of Goldsmith and Curran stand conspicuous; the first, while an undergraduate in Trinity College, was considered a dull, heavy scholar; the second, in his first essays in the debating societies of London, an ungainly and awkward speaker. The late Adam Clarke, the dissenting minister, was, during his school noviciate, deemed "a grievous dunce." Liebig, the celebrated German chemist, was distinguished at school as "a booby." Even sir Isaac Newton was considered, while at school, "a backward and unpromising scholar:" according to his own statement, he "ranked very low in the school until the age of twelve." The mother of Sheridan pronounced him "the dullest and the most hopeless of her sons:" and Isaac Barrow's father used to say,

"that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising." Neither did Shakspeare, Molière, Swift, Gibbon, Johnson, Niebuhr, Franklin, Davy, or Walter Scott, display any indications of precocious capacity; but rather the contrary. Gesner, the Swiss poet, at the age of ten years, was declared by his preceptors incapable of any attainment. Nor are these singular cases. Those who ultimately rise to great distinction, either in civil or military life, are seldom distinguished for early proficiency. Besides, generals are not, like poets, "heaven-born:" they do not come into the world intuitively gifted and inspired. They acquire that knowledge which they are to be called on to put into practice through the medium of instruction and experience; they derive nothing by intuition: all their knowledge is obtained through the medium of the other sciences; and for this obvious reason, great military commanders have rarely given indications of precocity of that talent by means of which they have become eminent when engaged on the theatre of warfare. Marlborough, Turenne, Frederick of Prussia, Sobieski, Charlemagne, and even Napoleon (though his biographers have been profuse in their declarations to the contrary) gave but little prognostication, when school-boys, of military genius; and had we the means and opportunity of knowing the whole details and circumstances of the lives of the great Grecian, Roman, Carthaginian, and Asiatic commanders—the Cæsars, the Scipios, the Alexanders, the Hannibals, the Genghis Khans, &c.—there cannot be much doubt but that we should find the case to have been similar with them.

namely, into the 41st foot, the 12th light dragoons, the 58th foot, the 18th light dragoons, and the 33rd foot, his eldest brother purchased for him the lieutenant-colonelcy of the last-mentioned regiment, which was, at the time, stationed at the Cove of Cork.

From that port he embarked, May, 1794, with his regiment, for Ostend, where he remained in garrison, until the earl of Moira disembarked at that port the expedition which he commanded for the purpose of creating a diversion in Brittany in favour of the army under the command of the duke of York, then serving in Austrian Flanders. But the duke, in consequence of the defeat of the Austrians, under Clairfait, at Fleurus, being driven from his position at Tournay, and compelled to adopt a retrograde movement, for the purpose of falling back on Antwerp, and the republican forces at the same time advancing on Ostend, lord Moira evacuated Ostend, and marched by Bruges and Ghent, to the Scheldt, crossed that river at the Tête de Flanders, and effected a junction with the English army, which was then in front of Mechlin, or Malines. On its march, the force under the earl was attacked at Alost, July 6th, but repulsed the enemy. This was the first battle-field on which Wellington had been present, and on which he received his first practical lessons in the art of war.

The Republican forces were so vastly superior, both in numerical and physical strength, that the British army continued to retreat, first on Breda, and then on Boisle-duc. On the 14th of September, the advanced posts were attacked at the village of Boxtel, and though the enemy was repulsed in two successive assaults, the army was compelled to resume its retrograde movement. The duty of covering the operation was confided to colonel Wellesley. In that arduous and responsible task, the rear-guard, under their spirited and able commander, always presented so steady and determined an attitude, that the attack of the enemy was either averted, or the assailants were repulsed. At the posts of Meteren and Geldermascan, the enemy was not only repulsed, but repossession was obtained of the guns that had been taken. While the army was clearing the village of Schyndel, the cavalry covering the rear-guard being compelled, by a superior force, to fall back, colonel Wellesley, halting the 33rd, and deploying it into line, at the same

time opening his centre files, allowed the disordered cavalry to pass through, when, closing up his files, he resolutely charged the pursuing foe, and compelled him to fall back on his main body. Throughout the whole of the disastrous retreat from Holland to Bremen, he displayed the greatest judgment and skill, and the most conspicuous gallantry in the discharge of the important duty which had been confided to him.

The hardships and privations sustained by the troops during this retreat were excessive. The route from the frozen banks of the Lech to those of the Issel, lay through the flat and desert heaths of the dreary and inhospitable provinces of Guelderland and Over-Issel. On that dreary and barren waste, the unbroken covering of the snow was so deep, that the roads could not be traced, even by those who knew the nature of the country; and the snow continued to fall so thick and fast, that the track of the line of march was obliterated, so that hundreds of the stragglers lost their way and perished; a lot to which the sick and wounded were unavoidably exposed, as the waggons could not proceed on account of the deepness of the ruts in the roads. To add to the sufferings of the fugitive, but not dispirited troops, a piercing and biting wind drove a cutting sleet direct in their faces. The inclemency of the season—winter being at the time in its utmost rigour, and the thermometer being frequently down at 15° and 21° below zero of Fahrenheit, which Jomini, *Vie de Napoléon*, says was never so low in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, which, for its horrors, throws all other retreats, except that from Cabool, into the shade—the long and rapid marches, and the dark and tedious nights of ceaseless watching, without food, fuel, or proper clothing, broke down the spirits and hopes of the men, and increased the severity of their destitute and forlorn condition. If the exhausted soldier, overpowered with fatigue, sat down to rest, and allowed the influence of slumber to steal on his senses, unless his companions quickly aroused him, he slept the sleep of death. The tears that the cold caused to trickle from their eyes, congealed as they fell on their cheeks, and the breath that escaped from their mouth and nostrils, was converted into icicles on their beards. Their hardships were further increased by the almost absolute want of food, the only available means of supporting life being “a mere drink of water.”

And to add to the sum of their calamities, they were often assassinated by the Dutch peasantry. From this dismal scene of suffering and privation—of bad faith and hostility shown to them by those who had solicited their assistance and confederation, they were at length relieved by their reaching Bremen. In the spring of 1795, they embarked for England at Bremerleche on the Weser, and soon reached its shores, ready to prove to the world that they had not degenerated from their forefathers, the victors of Agincourt, Poitiers, and Crecy—of Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, but that the bright examples of courage and patriotism there displayed, would be nobly and faithfully imitated by their descendants. That the inglorious and disastrous affair had not implicated the character and credit of the British soldier, we have the impartial testimony of general Jamini, who, in his *Histoire Critique et Militaire des Guerres de la Révolution*, has honourably acknowledged that the affairs were all between the bulk of the French army and merely the advanced posts of the British; and in another passage he adds, “L’armée Anglaise gémissait elle même sur rôle singulier qu’on lui faisait jouer;” by which expression he infers that the glory of the English arms had not been tarnished or diminished, but that the gallantry and efficiency of the British soldier had been foiled and frustrated by the ignorance and blunders of the allied commanders; and he closes his opinion of those leaders with this emphatic expression, “that the inefficiency and ignorance they exhibited are beneath all criticism, however severe.”

This inglorious campaign was a series of ill-advised and badly executed movements on the part of the allied generals; and the French leaders proved that they were equally incompetent, as they never availed themselves of the opportunity of taking advantage of those errors. The leaders of both sides were equally ignorant of the great principles of military science. When you design to assail your enemy, or are assailed by him, instead of occupying an extensive line of operations, and adopting the old and exploded cordon-system of posts and positions, you should group and concentrate your forces, ready to attack and overpower your foe where he presents his weakest points; or if you direct separate divisions of your forces against several distant points of an enemy’s frontier, you should have

made provision for their rapid concentration when an entrance has been effected, and while the opposing forces are in a state of disunion, which was necessary to guard against simultaneous attacks from different quarters. These great and first principles of the science of war were violated by both parties—the assailant and the assailed. They were formalists and pedants in the science; men of mere routine, devoted exclusively to one-sided views of their art. The consequence was, the one was discomfited, and the other was unable to derive all the advantages which fortune presented him.

Thus ended Wellington’s FIRST FLEMISH CAMPAIGN, or, in more subdued language, his first military services on “the great prize-fighting stage of Europe,” as Sterne, in his *Tristram Shandy*, makes his hero, “My Uncle Toby,” style Flanders. In it he gave the first dawn of that reputation which has filled the whole horizon of the civilized world with its splendour and effulgence; and in it, while he “heard those grand sounds with which he was to have so long and so glorious a familiarity in after life—the distant boom of the hostile gun, the rough thunder of batteries of cannon, the rolling of musketry, the tread of columns, the trampling of squadrons, and the dauntless cheers, the loud hurrah of those soldiers whom, under happier auspices, and on a more glorious theatre of action, he was so often to lead against the enemies of his country, and to guide to victory and glory”—he first learned and put into practice that “*patientia inediae, algoris, vigiliæ, supra eiquam credibilis*,” which laid the foundation of his “*iron constitution*,” and contributed, in conjunction with his extraordinary sagacity and well-poised mind, to save Europe from the most galling and tyrannous subjugation.

On the return of the British army to England, colonel Wellesley, as soon as the 33rd was reported fit for service, embarked (1795) with his regiment on an expedition fitted out against the French for the West Indies, but the fleet being repeatedly driven back by tempests, before it could proceed on its destination, the colonel and his regiment (1796) were ordered to India, which destination they reached in February, 1797. “Thus,” as a tasteful biographer of the duke has observed, “a star which might have set early in the west in obscurity—perhaps in death—arose in the east with life and brightness.”

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGNS.

FROM the swamps and dykes of Holland, in which he had given an earnest of the future eminence he was destined to attain, we have now to accompany Wellington to the sultry and burning plains of Hindustan, on which he was to lay the foundation, and display that superiority of talent and genius which was to entitle him to rank among the most consummate masters of military science.

As it has been correctly said, much misconception has been entertained respecting Asiatic warfare and Asiatic soldiers. It is generally supposed that Asiatic armies are mere hordes of undisciplined barbarians—that the Asiatic soldier has but little bodily power and personal prowess—"is an effeminate, silken slave, whose nerves tremble at the report of a cannon;" but the bloody and severe combats which the armies of India have maintained with the hardy and veteran troops of Europe, the fierce impetuosity of their assaults and attacks, led and directed by French officers and British deserters, of whom more than three-fourths of the officers of Tippoo Saib and the Mahratta powers consisted, prove that this "fancy picture" is not true. Both in ancient and modern times, the Asiatic soldiers have shown that they are not deficient either in physical courage and energy, or in ability to support fatigue and privation. They resisted, in a succession of well-contested engagements, Alexander's army, consisting of 120,000 men, whom he had collected as he traversed the various regions in his march to India. In the Mysore, Mahratta, Nepaulese, and Sikh wars, they have shown all the requisites of the soldier, either in the battle-field or in the breach of fortified places. And a very high military authority tells us, that "in the best requisites of a soldier, the Indian auxiliary might serve as a model to every service in Europe." In the field, the sepoy soldier emulates his European comrades in gallantry and discipline; and in the camp he surpasses them in sobriety and good conduct. In danger the Hindu exhibits a calm resolution which no reverses can overturn; want and suffering never induce him to desert his officers; and death alone detaches him from his colours, which, whether in victory or defeat, he regards with

a devotion that borders on idolatry. The fidelity of the Hindu soldier is never to be shaken; the strongest human tie, even that of kindred or affinity, never induces him to swerve from his duty. When circumstances require the sacrifice, he seals his loyalty with his life, and abandons everything but his faith. Numerous are the instances in which the Hindu soldiers have shown the most devoted affection for their officers. During the march of Baillie's army, in 1790, across the country, after their surrender to Tippoo Saib, the Hindu privates, who were kept separate from their officers, in hopes that they might be induced to accept service under the sultaun, often swam, during the night, tanks and rivers, by which they were separated from their officers, to carry them a part of their pittance of provisions. In Malcolm's *Life of Lord Clive*, we are told that when provisions were becoming scarce in the fort of Arcot, when besieged by Morari Row, the sepoys proposed that Clive should limit them to canjee, the water in which the rice is boiled, and which resembled very thick gruel. "It is," said they, "sufficient for our support; the Europeans require the grain." But warm and devoted affection is not the only good feeling displayed by the Hindu soldier; his fidelity and attachment to the military point of honour is unalterable, and greater than he bears to his country or kindred, or even his religion. When Warren Hastings was engaged at Benares, in his dispute with Cheyte Sing, not a corps showed any reluctance to engage the rajah and the people of Benares; not a single case of desertion occurred, though the sepoys engaged in the suppression of the insurrection were, for the most part, men of the same tribe and country as those against whom they acted; many of them were natives of Benares and the surrounding districts, and, as such, had been accustomed to consider Cheyte Sing as their legitimate prince. In the mutiny also occasioned at Vellore by the injudicious order to reduce the beard and mustachios of the sepoys to a regular standard, the swords of the native Madras cavalry were as deeply stained as those of the 19th dragoons, in the blood of their mutinous countrymen. And in the insur-

rection at Cabool, and during the siege of Jellalabad, the fidelity of the native portion of the troops engaged in that ill-fated affair, remained unshaken amidst the severe privations and sufferings to which they were exposed, notwithstanding the most insidious endeavours were repeatedly made by the enemy to seduce them from their allegiance.

The capture of Indian fortresses and towering strongholds, also, is not that easy and harmless affair that many persons suppose it to be. Many of the fortresses in the Indian peninsula are very strong, and had they been properly defended, would have been difficult to capture, often absolutely impregnable. They are occasionally situated on rocks that present a perpendicular face varying in height from 80 to 100 feet, and sometimes the walls of those fortresses are 40 feet in height, without a rampart, and therefore afford no room to stand upon, or means for descent. "It is quite fearful," says the eloquent author of *Recollections in India*, "to stand upon the walls which our soldiers have mounted in hot blood and carried by escalade in our Indian wars." Another reason, also, of popular apathy and indifference on this subject is, that Indian warfare is not deemed so glorious as that which takes place on the theatre of Europe, and that Indian nomenclature is not so grateful and musical to the ear as that of the classical vocabularies of Europe. "Ahmed-nuggur and Gawilghur are not quite so euphonious as Fuentes d'Onore, Talavera de la Reyna," or those classical and historical associations, the sound and mention of which afford delight and satisfaction to the refined and cultivated mind. But to resume the narrative.

At the time of the arrival of colonel Wellesley in India, the British interests in that quarter of the globe were environed with perils and difficulties. The greater part of the native powers were either avowedly inimical, or secretly disposed to assume a hos-

* Among the other displays of his hatred of the English, he caused the walls of the houses in the principal streets of Seringapatam, to be ornamented with rude paintings caricaturing the English. In one place there was a tiger seizing a trembling Englishman; in another, there was a Mysorean horseman rivalling the feats of Aulor, and cutting off two or three English heads at a stroke; and in other places, there were Englishmen placed in positions, and subjected to treatment too disgusting for description. But he took good care to have these exhibitions of his silly and impotent rage erased as much as possible when he found that his capital was to be invested

tile attitude, when a favourable opportunity offered; and in this disposition they were encouraged by the agency and intrigues of French emissaries. Tippoo Saib, the sultaun of the Mysore, inheriting the deadly and immitigable hatred (a feeling that the loss of half his dominions, by virtue of the treaty of Seringapatam, in 1792, with Lord Cornwallis, had rendered more bitter and rancorous,) which his fierce and semi-barbarous father, Hyder Ali, had manifested in life, and recommended in death, carried his vindictive spirit to so great a degree of frenzy, that he was constantly indulging his fancy in schemes of vengeance, and devising plans for inflicting the most cruel torments on his foemen, the English, whom he contemptuously termed "Nazarenes." Some of his devices, to indicate this spirit, were as singular as they were childish. Among the curiosities found in the Jamdar Khana at the capture of Seringapatam, was a piece of mechanism, or big toy, for his amusement, representing a tiger in the act of tearing to pieces the body of a Nazarene; and when it was put into motion, a hideous noise issued from the mouth of the victim, and its arms were raised as if in supplication, intended to represent the growls of the tiger, and to express the agonies of the sufferings of its victim. This curiosity is now deposited in the Museum of the East India House, in Leadenhall-street; but it is greatly deranged by the frequent attempts of the visitants to put it into motion.* A copy of one of his letters to the French Directory was also found in his bureau, in which he says that, "in a short time, not a Nazarene should be found in India," but that "all the accursed ones should be sent to hell." So bitter and implacable was his hatred of the British nation, that it was, as sir Hector Munro informs us, "death for any man to be known as one who could speak or read English." His hatred of that nation, and its expulsion from India, were the ruling passions of his heart, the mainspring of his policy, the fixed fund by the British army, by having the whole of the walls whitewashed. Those that remained on the walls of the tyrant's superb mausoleum, still appear unobliterated by time and weather, having been retouched by colonel Wellesley's orders, and those of successive governors of Seringapatam, as a memorial of Tippoo's cruel and vindictive disposition. Sir Arthur also caused the native representations of Baillie's defeat (which were highly exaggerated to the prejudice of the English), exhibited in one of the halls of the palace of Doolut Bang, in which he resided during his governorship of Seringapatam, to be renovated, and restored to their original condition.

damental principle of his councils and government. To indicate his tiger-like ferocity towards the English, and perpetuate the recollection of the hatred which actuated his heart from the cradle to the grave, he altered the imperial crest of the elephant, which his father, Hyder, had adopted on his usurpation of the Mysorean throne, to the emblem of the tiger; and caused the same emblematic representation to be emblazoned on everything about his palace, as an indicative testimony of his fierce and bitter intentions.*

To put his designs into execution, he had recourse to the profoundest intrigue, practised the deepest duplicity and cunning, and spared no exertions and contrivances, to be in a condition to compete with his enemy. For this purpose, he secretly dispatched envoys to M. Malartie, the governor of the Mauritius, or Isle of France, soliciting the aid of men and arms; and was, at the same time, in correspondence with Buonaparte, then at Cairo with the army of Egypt. While practising these secret machinations, he professed to the British government in India, that "it was the desire of his heart to pay every regard to truth and equity, and to strengthen the foundations of harmony and justice between the two nations." At the same time, he put his army into an efficient state, by the introduction of the improved system of European tactics; and this he was enabled to accomplish by the great encouragement and reward of French officers. His infantry was tolerably disciplined and appointed, his artillery effective, his cavalry active and courageous; and though the last-mentioned force was unequal to repel the combined charge of European cavalry, they were, as irregulars, formidable from their rapid movements, sudden assault, and celerity of retreat. His European, or French force, sent by Malartie, consisted of ten officers, ninety privates, and four hundred and fifty half-castes and Caffres. Prior, however, to their arrival, he had a considerable body of Frenchmen, under M. Lally, in his service.

And the sultann of the Mysore was not the only enemy that the British had to contend with in that critical and ominous aspect of their Oriental affairs. Besides the alliance, offensive and defensive, which he had entered into with the French Directory, he had, by

his intrigue, stirred up enemies throughout the Indian peninsula against the British interests, and his emissaries were aided in their endeavours by the numerous French adventurers who were in the service of the different native powers. The Mahratta chiefs, Scindiah and Holkar, the rajah of Berar, and Zemaun Schah, prince of Candahar and Cabool, were either avowed or secret enemies.

To meet these difficulties, lord Mornington, the eldest brother of the duke, and afterwards marquis Wellesley, the new governor-general, on his arrival in India, May 22nd, 1798, directed all the energies of his mind. He had the sagacity not only to discover the secret machinations of the native powers, but he possessed the wisdom and decision requisite to concert measures to disconcert and counteract them.

Having failed in his endeavours to effectuate amicable relations with Tippoo, and convinced of his duplicity and dissimulation, he made vigorous preparations for war. He strengthened his alliances with the nizam (the soubahdar, or chief prince in the Deccan), and the peishwah, the head of the Mahratta states; obtained the surrender of the French subsidiary force in the service of the first mentioned prince, at Hyderabad; and to obviate the consequences which had compelled lord Cornwallis to break up the siege of Seringapatam, in 1791, on account of the sudden rising of the river Cauvery, he ordered all the disposable forces (about 19,000 infantry, and 2,700 cavalry, of which force 6,500 were Europeans,) that were encamped at Wallajahabad, under the temporary command of colonel Wellesley, until general Harris assumed the command, to hold themselves in readiness to advance, so as to be able to terminate the siege of the capital, before the monsoon, or rainy season should set in; as from the swelling of the rivers from the rain, it would be impossible for an army to approach that city, from the month of June to the month of December. A Bombay force, under lieutenant-general Stuart, amounting to 6,400 men, of whom 1,600 were Europeans, had been assembled at Cannamore, a town on the Malabar coast, about one hundred miles south-west

* His name, in the native dialect, means tiger. He called his soldiers "tigers of war;" tigers were his pets, and often his executioners. The attendant that offended him, or the prisoner that was brought into his presence, was not unfrequently turned into a

barred room, or a large cage, and tigers were let loose upon him. Tigers were even his guardians and body-guards. On the capture of the fortress, a large tiger was found chained near the door of his treasury.

of Seringapatam, for the purpose of acting in combination with the Carnatic army. Two other divisions of 5,000 and 4,000 men, under lieutenant-colonels Reid and Brown, were also in motion, from the southern districts of the Carnatic, for the purpose of gathering in the fruits and resources of the productive country of Barrahmahal, in order to bring supplies to the grand army through the Cavcrypooram Pass. The preparations for the campaign being completed, war was declared, and the Carnatic and Bombay armies received orders to march upon Seringapatam.

The Carnatic army reached the frontier on the 4th of March, 1799, and, on the 5th, crossing the boundary line, invaded the Mysore territories. Colonel Wellesley commanded the Nizam contingent, together with the 11th, the 33rd, and part of the 2nd and 4th British regiments, two battalions of native infantry, and two brigades of artillery; amounting in all to eleven battalions.

Tippoo, determining to be the assailant, broke up his cantonments before Seringapatam, and marched with the *élite* of his army to attack the Bombay division, before it could effect a junction with the Carnatic force. Having crossed the Indus at Attock, the place where Alexander had passed that river, he on the 5th of March encamped in an extensive plain north-east of Periapatam, and on the 6th, having stimulated his "tigers of war," (11,000 men of all arms), as he called them, with opium and bang, made furious and repeated attacks on the rear and in front of colonel Montessor's brigade, consisting of four native battalions, amounting to 2,000 men, posted near the village of Seedaseer, and which was about eight miles in advance of the main body, and the park and provisions encamped at Seedapoor, a post not above three or four marches from Seringapatam; but on the advance of general Stuart, with the 77th European regiment, and two flank companies of the 75th, to the assistance of Montessor and his gallant brigade of sepoys, who had sustained the unequal contest for near six hours, and whose ammunition was almost expended, he was compelled to retreat with precipitation through the jungles, and with the loss of 1,500 men, to his original encampment; from which he retired on the 11th to Seringapatam.

The Carnatic army, having reduced several hill-forts on its march, crossed, on the 28th,

the Cauvery, by the ford of Sosilay; while Tippoo, who on the 14th had broke up his cantonments at Seringapatam, and moved forwards to meet that army, was waiting with the main body of his forces at the ford of Arakery, thinking that the passage would be attempted there. On the advance of the Carnatic army to Mallavelly, (March 27th,) the army of the sultaun was observed drawn up in order of battle, on the high-road to the westward of that village, having bivouacked on the preceding night on the left bank of the Maddoor. Tippoo, opening a distant cannonade from the elevated position upon which the Mysorean army was posted, an engagement immediately ensued; in which the army of Tippoo was routed, with the loss of one thousand killed. In that engagement, colonel Wellesley, observing a favourable opportunity of turning the right flank of the enemy, formed his division into echéllon of battalions, and advanced to the attack. The 33rd regiment advanced against 2,000 of the best disciplined of the turbaned infantry—Tippoo's favourite "cushoon"—and when within fifty paces, having received the enemy's fire, delivered its own with the most decisive effect; and immediately charging with the bayonet, annihilated the whole of their enemies. At the same time, general Floyd seizing this critical moment, ordered a charge of cavalry, by which great numbers of the enemy were destroyed, six standards taken, and the retreat of the Mysorean army became general. The loss of the Anglo-Indian army was sixty-six in killed, wounded, and prisoners; that of Tippoo near 2,000.

On the 1st of April, the Anglo-Indian army was within twelve miles of Seringapatam; and on the 5th took up its ground in front of that city. The encampment was made at the distance of 3,500 yards or paces from the western face of the works, amidst the topes or groves (which were thickly planted with cocoa, areka, betel, and bamboo trees); and, because a bastion constructed at the north-west angle, which had been selected for lord Cornwallis's attack in 1791, furnished a fire which swept the whole extent of the two faces, the south-west front of the fortress was selected as the point of attack. Many improvements and additions had been made to the works since the English army lay last under them; an idea of the extent of which may be formed from the circum-

stance, that 6,000 men had been constantly at work on the fortifications during the last six years. Since the last siege, a new line of entrenchments had been constructed within 700 yards of the walls. Between these works and the river, Tippoo had encamped nearly the whole of his infantry.

The town of Seringapatam, in the native language called *Patana*, and in their maps *Sre Ranga Patana*, stands on an angle of an island formed by the junction of the rivers Cauvery and Coleroon, which breaking against the rocks, separates itself into two streams, one flowing on each side of the city walls. Two walls encircle the town. The population at that time exceeded 150,000 souls, and the garrison amounted to above 20,000 men.

As several ruined villages, and an aqueduct terminating in a tope or grove, called the Sultaun-pettah, in front of the British camp, presented the enemy the means of effecting advantageous lodgments, on the night of the encampment a body of troops under major-general Baird, was detached to scour it. This was effected without opposition, but that officer missing his way, found that he was marching into the enemy's lines, instead of returning to his cantonments. The serious mistake was first discovered by lieutenant Lambton, an officer on his staff, who, observing from the stars, that they were marching in a northerly direction instead of a southerly (a mistake which would have brought the party direct on the fort

of Seringapatam), Baird, who had a pocket compass with him, putting a fire-fly upon the glass, ascertained his mistake; when, halting his party, he faced about in order to regain the British camp, which he reached about four o'clock in the morning.

On the following day, a part of the position in front of the enemy's advanced posts, being assailed from the pettah and the adjoining ruined villages, with a hot fire of musketry and rockets, colonels Wellesley and Shaw were ordered to dislodge the assailants. The attack was made in the night, Shaw carried the village, and had established himself in the nullah or water-course; but the entire chain of posts, forming the tope, village, and enclosure, was so strongly fortified, and so resolutely defended, that Wellesley was repulsed.* The attack, however, being renewed on the following morning, by the Scotch brigade and two battalions of sepoys under colonel Wellesley, for the purpose of supporting Shaw in the post which he had retained during the night, as also for the recovery of the tope, &c., the enemy abandoned his whole line of defences, or chain of posts, along the front of the besieging army, from the river on the left to the village of Sultaun-pettah on the right; and thus a ready-made first parallel was obtained to commence the approaches against the fortress, within 1,800 yards of the works, and extending two miles.† The business of the siege now went on vigorously.

* The following note written to general Harris on receiving the order for the attack, is no indifferent prestige of the military genius which the duke subsequently so eminently displayed.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and shall therefore be obliged to you, if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines, and show it to me. In the mean time, I will order my battalions to be in readiness. Upon looking at the tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the nullah, you have the tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I shall be ready.—I am, my dear sir, your most faithful servant,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

† At the time, much ill-natured and misapplied criticism took place on colonel Wellesley's first attack on the Sultaun-pettah, and silly comparisons were made between his failure and Baird's scouring the post the preceding night, without any loss. The circumstance excited the sneers of the find-fault writers of the time, and is still alluded to by those liberalised patriots who love to depreciate their country's military renown. But without alluding to the hazardous nature of night-attacks, especially when the enemy is prepared and waiting for you,

the best answer is to be found in the following playful remark of one capable of explaining the cause of such failures:—"Men moving gently in the dark, may consult the stars, and read their high decrees; but nothing disturbs planetary observations more than a shower of musketry, accompanied with a flight of rockets." The fabulous circumstances alluded to by the late Mr. Theodore Hook, in his *Life of Baird*, and adopted by Mr. Alison in his *History of Europe*, and the startling scene which they credulously state to have taken place early in the morning of the 6th, partake, as a judicious writer has properly said, of the same character as those which are generally related of the early career of nearly every brilliantly successful general. "We have seen," adds the same writer, "in French books, and have heard from French lips, stories about young Buonaparte's skulking at the siege of Toulon, during which he first made his name known to the world." Mr. Hook's story of colonel Wellesley's being frightened, "spreading like wild-fire through the camp," and Mr. Alison's tale of his falling fast asleep upon a dining-table after his return from the night attack on the pettah, are as fabulous as "the solemn whispers" which Mr. Lushington, in his *Life of Lord Harris*, facetiously tells us he heard "in the Poligar counties, in 1800, to the same effect."

On the 9th, Tippoo being disappointed in his expectations of assistance on a large scale, from the governor of the Isle of France, addressed the following note to general Harris:—

“TIPPOO SULTAUN TO GENERAL HARRIS.

“The governor-general, lord Mornington, sent me a letter, the copy of which is inclosed. You will understand it. I have adhered firmly to treaties. What, then, is the meaning of the advance of the English armies, and the occurrence of hostilities? Inform me.”

To this laconic and peremptory communication, which, in style and spirit, bears a similitude to Napoleon's composition, though free from his inflation and magniloquence of language, general Harris referred the sultaun for an answer to the letters he had received from the governor-general. The British chief's reply was as brusque and as oriental in style as that of Tippoo:—

“Your letter, enclosing a copy of the governor-general's letter, has been received. For the advance of the English and allied armies, I refer you to the several letters of the governor-general, which are sufficiently explanatory on the subject. What need I say more?”

The Bombay army joined on the 14th, and took up its position on the north bank of the river. On the 20th a battery was opened to enfilade the front of the fortress against which the attack was directed; and on the evening of that day a parallel was opened within 780 paces of the works. The same day presented the contending chiefs with another opportunity of displaying the peculiar style of oriental diplomatic literature, in the communications which passed between them; Tippoo's note ending with the concluding sentence of his first communication—“What can I say more?” and general Harris's with that of his—“What need I say more?”

On the morning of the 22nd, the garrison made a furious sortie, with 6,000 infantry, and the French auxiliary corps, under Lally, but was repulsed with the loss of above 600 in killed and wounded. On the 26th, the working parties being much annoyed by the fire from a line of intrenchments in possession of the enemy, colonel Wellesley being ordered to dislodge them, advanced with two columns, under the cover of a cannonade, and effected the object. On the 30th, the first breaching battery was opened on the south-west bastion of the fortress; and on the 3rd of May, the breach in the fausse-braie, or outer work, for securing the covered way and the fosse,

being reported practicable, an immediate assault was determined on.

In the course of the night, the scaling-ladders, fascines, gabions, sand-bags, and other necessary *matériel* for the assault, were conveyed into the trenches; and before dawn of the following morning, the troops selected for the assault moved thither. The storming party consisted of about 4,400 men, of whom 2,500 were Europeans, and was distributed into two columns, the right commanded by lieutenant-colonel Sherbrooke, and the left by lieutenant-colonel Dunlop; major-general Baird having the chief command. The reserve corps, consisting of the foreign (Meuron's) regiment and four battalions of Sepoys, were posted in the advanced trenches, under the command of colonel Wellesley. The instructions for the assault were—that after the breach was carried, the storming party was to file off to the right and left along the ramparts, and sweeping them, to enter the body of the town. The time chosen for the assault was one o'clock (May 4th), an hour selected, because, to avoid the meridian influence of the sun, the native of the East then indulges in sleep and repose. But in that expectation the assailants were disappointed; for instead of finding the garrison buried in sleep, they found it ready to receive them.

At the hour appointed, the troops, “hot, panting, breathless for the signal,” moved from the trenches, crossed the rocky bed of the river under a very heavy fire, passed the glacis and ditch, and rushing up the ruins, crossed the breach, and, after a brief struggle with a few gallant Mysoreans on the slope, planted the British colours on its summit. The face of the wide breach was soon covered with assailants, who, on entering the rampart, filed off to the right and left, driving the enemy before them. The left division could not have passed the ditch, filled with water, between the inner and outer ramparts, had it not been for the scaffolding which had been raised for the use of the workmen who had been repairing the walls. On that side the assailants met with a vigorous opposition. The last resistance was in and round the principal mosque, where the carnage was very great, the resistance of the true Mussulmen, who would neither flee nor surrender, having been deadly and desperate. The sultaun, who is said to have been the last man to quit the traverses, as they were successively

carried, was found dead, pierced with four wounds, three in his body and one in his head, among a heap of slain, under the sally-port or covered gateway that leads into the interior of the fort.* Despite the wounds, the sultaun's countenance wore an expression of stern composure. This intrepid warrior, when news was brought him that the assault was made, hastily washing his hands,

called for his arms, and while buckling on his sword, was told that Syed Goffer, his best officer, was killed. "Syed Goffer has never afraid of death!" was his exclamation; "let Mohammed Cassim take charge of his division." And with these words he went hastily forth to meet the assault. On the evening of the assault the body of the sultaun was conveyed, with military

* Though Tippoo possessed great personal courage, and considerable energy of character, he proved in the siege of his capital his incapacity and unfitness as a leader. Instead of exerting himself, and animating his troops by his presence and example, he merged the character of the general in that of the sharpshooter, employing himself in discharging from behind a traverse carbines handed to him ready loaded by his servants. He was destitute of the military character and enterprising boldness of his father Hyder. Had he possessed either, instead of the formal attack on the Sedaseer post, he would suddenly and secretly have pushed forward under the cover of the jungle, and have taken Montessor's brigade by surprise. Instead, also, of becoming the assailant at Mallavelly, and attacking his opponent in the open field, he would have laid waste the country, harassed the outposts, intercepted the supplies, strengthened his hill-forts, and maintained a desultory warfare; with his description of troops, and the character of the enemy to whom he was opposed, no other mode promised a chance of success. In his misjudged plans, he forgot the mode of strategics which had been adopted by his father Hyder, and had been the means of promoting his success. When that chieftain was upbraided with cowardice by a British officer who pursued him, he coolly replied, "Give me the sort of troops you command, and your wish for battle shall soon be gratified. You will understand my mode of warfare in time. Shall I risk my cavalry, which cost me one thousand rupees each, against your cannon-balls which did not cost you two pice (a currency of almost only nominal value). No; I will march your troops till their legs shall become the size of their bodies. You shall not have a blade of grass, or a drop of water. I shall hear of you every time your drum beats, but you shall not know where I am once a month. I will give your army battle, but it shall be when I please, not when you desire it." Had Tippoo adopted his father's strategy, better success might have attended his measures. But he was wholly incompetent to the task; he possessed no military talent, nor any of the qualities that adorn the soldier. He was a ruthless and wayward barbarian; cruel, vindictive, and remorseless. The whole of the prisoners taken during the siege, were either hacked to pieces, or put to death by having nails driven into their skulls, or their necks twisted in a sudden and violent manner, so as to dislocate the vertebrae. Baird, who had been among those who surrendered under general Mathewa, had been kept chained in a dungeon during three years. His only brother, Kerim Saheb, had sighed away, in a dungeon, the prime of life, beneath a weight of bolts and fetters rivetted on him by his brother's hand. The cruel punishments he inflicted, often on the most groundless suspicions, put an end to all private correspondence in his dominions; his nearest relations dared not venture

to write to one another; their only communication was by verbal messages. On his accession to the throne, he compelled all the European soldiers in his dominions to submit to the Mahommedan rite of circumcision, and hanged those who refused to submit. Of those Hindu women who would not adopt the Mahommedan custom of covering the bosom, he cut off the breasts, and exposed them to the greatest indignities. He occasionally gratified his cruel and vindictive disposition on an extensive and systematic scale. When his prisoners, confined in the bungalow built on the summit of the Nundydroog rock, which was above 1,200 feet in perpendicular height above the level of the plain, became too numerous, they were thrown over the precipice, and left to be devoured by wild beasts. From the same rock he, on one occasion, cast several hundred sepoy, sewn up in sacks, who had been taken prisoners, because they refused to enter his service. And he was as capricious as he was cruel and vindictive. He indulged his whims of change and innovation to so great an excess, that he almost alienated even his Mahommedan subjects. He changed the dates of the ancient Mahommedan festivals, gave new names to the days and months—to weights, measures, coins, forts, towns, and offices, civil and military; in fact, he changed everything—government, law, religious institutions, and military tactics. His vanity was equal to his cruelty and capriciousness. Besides keeping in pay a corps of authors to record his exploits, he was an author himself; and never executed or meditated an evil deed, without writing himself, or causing to be written, some pedantic proclamation, treatise, or book, to extol his project. The book entitled *The King of Histories*, found in his palace at the storming of his capital, and which contains orientally exaggerated accounts of his bravery and exploits, and alludes to general Macleod's curious challenge to him, and of course gives a favourable version of the affair in behalf of himself, was written under his dictation. Yet this was the man whom Philip Francis and his coadjutors, in the unjust and vindictive prosecution of Warren Hastings, designated as "an inoffensive prince, sacrificed to English ambition and thirst of conquest." In person, Tippoo bore some resemblance to Buonaparte. Like him he was corpulent; and his hands and feet were remarkably small, and finely formed. Like him he was of temperate habits; fruits, milk, and jellies were his principal diet. Like him also he was licentious. At the time of the capture of his capital, 620 women were found immured within the walls of the zenana; and, like Buonaparte, he spent but little time among his female favourites. Like him, war and politics were his delight; but in military and diplomatic talent, and all the great qualities of the head and heart, there was an immeasurable disparity between them. In stature, Tippoo was about three inches shorter than the French emperor.

honours, to the mausoleum of Lang Bang, erected to his father, Hyder Ali. The loss of the garrison, in killed and wounded, exceeded 8,000 men; that of the Anglo-Indian army, 1,403. During the siege a spent ball struck colonel Wellesley's knee.*

The booty that fell to the lot of the victors was immense. The succession of quadrangles filled with ranges of storehouses and magazines in the Jamdar Khana, were stored with jewels, gold and silver plate and ornaments, costly fire-arms and swords, china, looking-glasses, pictures, telescopes, &c. The shawls, muslins, silks, satins, velvets, and rich gold and silver cloths

deposited there, were sufficient to burthen 500 camels. The value of the jewels of the zenana, or harem, alone, was estimated at a crore of rupees, equal to a million sterling. Gold and diamonds, to a very large amount, were carried off by the soldiers from the treasury and the zenana, and vast quantities were shared among the captors on the spot.† The military stores captured were, 520,000lbs. of powder, 424,000 of round shot of different calibres, 99,000 firelocks and carbines, and 929 pieces of ordnance.

Colonel Wellesley having, on the night following the storming of the town, been

* The escapes from wounds are often owing to very trivial circumstances. A button, a piece of money in the pocket, the handle of a watch, and even the locket of hair or the image of "a beloved one" deposited in the bosom, have arrested the fatal ball in its errand. At the action of the Coa, under general Robert Crauford, an officer of the 95th rifles happened to be reading a pocket volume of *Gil Blas*, and while in the middle of one of his interesting tales, when the order was issued for the regiment to prepare for action, not liking to throw his book away, he thrust it into the breast of his jacket. In the course of the day the friendly burden received a musket-ball which fate had ordained the heart of the reader was to have stopped had not the volume interposed its kind offices. Miss Pardoe, in her account of the transactions of her father's life, entertains her readers with the following singular occurrence; which proves that "the saving of one's bacon is sometimes the salvation of one's self." While captain C—, of the —th regiment, in the Peninsular war, was taking "a hasty snack," the bugle sounded for all to "fall in." The captain having often before experienced the woes of being without prog on "glory's field," clapped the piece of bacon of which he was partaking with his brother officers, into his bosom. When "the noble fray" was over, and the captain took his "snack of bacon" out of his breast to regale his famished stomach, to his astonishment he observed a musket-ball snugly deposited in its contents. At the skirmish of Aire, a musket-ball struck one of the buttons of the regimental jacket of lieutenant-colonel Dodgin, and entered the groin above the right hip. When extracted it bore a correct impression of the two sixties, the number of his regiment. Kincaid, in his entertaining work, *Random Shots of a Rifleman*, says, that in the action of Sabugal, while he was addressing a passing remark to an officer near him, who, in turning round to answer, raised his right foot, "I observed a grape-shot tear up the earth in the print which the foot had but that instant left in the mud." Henry, in his *Events of a Military Life*, tells us of a grenadier of the 77th regiment having been wounded by a ricocheting cannon-ball that was nearly spent, and which striking the soldier's knapsack with the tin over it, was turned downwards, so that it ploughed its way through the soft parts, "carrying the lid of the tin before it, which cut every thing down to the bone sheer off." Castello, in his *Memoirs*, mentions an instance where a ball was arrested in its passage by the serpent or buckle of the leather band that

encircles the waist. But of all the hair-breadth escapes of "heads doomed to stop bullets in their way," perhaps none exceeds Captain Kincaid's account of the officer (lieutenant Worsley of the 95th rifles), who, at the storming of Badajos, received a musket-ball in the right ear, which came out at the back of the neck, and though, after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was compelled to wear it looking over the right shoulder, until at the battle of Waterloo, receiving a shot in the left ear, which came out within half-an-inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, his head was set right again. War, however, amidst all its horrors, often presents very ludicrous incidents. Few of those who shared in the perils and honours—the incidents and marvels—of the Peninsular war, but are in possession of a store of them. Among those known to the writer of these notes, the following is not the least laughable. A captain of artillery was to be seen walking about the streets of Bayonne presenting the following ludicrous plight. A cannon-shot had shaved off the skirts of his coat close to his posteriors, and as he was rather Dutch built, or squatty set, he looked like a fat cock-pheasant whose tail had been shot away by a bungling sportsman.

† Some idea may be formed of the amount of property that disappeared in this manner from the following statement:—"Dr. Mein, of the medical department, purchased from a soldier of the 74th regiment, for a mere trifle, two pair of bracelets, set with diamonds, the least costly of which was valued by a Hyderabad jeweller at £30,000 sterling; the other pair was, he declared, of so superlative value, that he could not fix a price. Valuable pearls were frequently bought in the bazaars from the soldiery for a bottle of spirits."—*Major Price's Journal*. "The throne, which consisted of an armed chair, covered with a thick plate of gold, encircled with steps silver-gilt, and thickly set with jewels, was sold to general Gent, of the engineers, for £2,500; and he obtained for the gold and silver alone nearly £25,000."—*Ibid*. The canopy was thickly set and decorated with jewels and fringes of costly pearls. A gold figure of a bird, covered over with the most precious stones, was fastened to the top of the canopy. Its beak was a large emerald, its eyes were carbuncles, the breast was covered with diamonds, many large jewels were fancifully arranged on its back, and its long tail so closely studded with diamonds, that the gold was scarcely visible.

appointed governor of the captured city, immediately proceeded to repress the excesses of the soldiery and protect the inhabitants. On the morning of the 5th he went in person to the houses of the chief inhabitants, placing guards for their protection. He removed the family of the late sultaun, and that of his father Hyder, together with their zenanas, to Vellore; and for their maintenance a sufficient income was allowed. He so restored the confidence of the inhabitants, and re-established order in the city, that in the space of three days the townspeople resumed their usual occupations, and the town assumed the appearance of an eastern fair. He conciliated the adherence of the late sultaun's chief officers and servants, either by granting them employment or by pensions. In a short time he restored the tranquillity of the whole kingdom (to the portion of which that had fallen, by virtue of the partition, to the lot of the East India Company, he had been appointed governor), and the population returned to their peaceful occupations, thankful for the happiness and security they enjoyed under the mild administration of the company.

The conquered dominions were partitioned among the East India Company, the nizam, and the lineal descendant of the rajah of the ancient Hindu dynasty of the Mysore, who had been conquered and deposed by Hyder Ali. The claimant of the vacant musnud or throne, was a grandson of the deposed monarch, and at the time of the partition was not above five years old, and passing his life in great indigence with the female branches of his family. To him was assigned about one-half of the conquered dominions, and the city of Mysore was appointed the seat of his government. The company received as their share the territory on each coast, below the Ghauts, the forts commanding these important passes into the highland of the Mysore, with the fortress and island of Seringapatam. The revenue arising to the company from their new acquisition, was about two-and-a-half millions sterling; and by a subsidiary treaty with the restored rajah, they obtained about the same amount.

But the tranquillity which the prudence and ability of colonel Wellesley had secured to the people of Mysore, was soon disturbed by the predatory incursions and cruelties of the reckless brigand, Dhoondiah Waugh, who had been liberated with the rest of

the prisoners immured in Tippoo's dungeons. That man, who was a native of the Mysore, but a Patan or Mahratta by descent, had been a trooper in Hyder's cavalry, and had obtained a petty command in the service of his son. Being of an ambitious and a restless disposition, he deserted during the siege of Seringapatam by lord Cornwallis, and collecting a band of desperate followers, acquired, by his depredations, great robber-reputation in the country near the Toombudra river. But Tippoo trepanning him to an interview, had seized, and having circumcised him, had thrown him into prison. On his liberation from prison, he resumed his old vocation of plunder and murder, and soon found himself at the head of a large predatory force, of which 5,000 were cavalry. Many of the disbanded troops of Tippoo flocked to his standard, and many of the killedars had betrayed their trusts, and surrendered many hill-forts and towns in Biddnore to him, before general Harris could send a sufficient force against him. He fancied himself so powerful, that he assumed the sounding and absurd title of "The King of the Two Worlds."

To suppress this brigand and his banditti, who had assumed a formidable aspect in respect of numbers and violence, and were committing the most inhuman atrocities, as also to suppress the hordes of other Pindarees, or robber bands, that had spread themselves over the Mysore, and to intimidate the Mahratta chiefs who were indicating their hostility to British interests, colonel Wellesley was, in September, 1799, appointed to the extensive command of the Ghauts, which are extensive ranges of mountains that divide the Deccan and Mysore from the low and flat country bordering on the sea. He immediately put himself in pursuit of the robber-duplicate monarch and his banditti band, and, after a long and harassing chase, with many doubles and crosses, he came up with one division encamped at Malowny, on the Malpoorba, and having sabred or driven into the river all the followers of his two-fold majesty, captured his baggage and guns, and soon after he attacked the brigand himself near the village of Conahgull. As his host of followers was strongly posted, having their rear and flank covered by the village and rock of Conahgull, the British commander, that he might not be outflanked by the superior extension of the enemy's line, formed four regiments of cavalry, the 19th and 22nd

dragoons, and two regiments of native horse, in all about 1,200 men, into single line, and, immediately charging, put the lawless host to rout, and slew his felon-majesty himself. Thus a desperate villain met with a soldier's death, instead of the ignominious fate of a malefactor; Colonel Wellesley having been instructed, when he captured his *Majesty of the Two Worlds*, to hang him on the first tree he came to. The dominion and career of "The King of the Two Worlds" having been thus brought to a close by Wellesley and his "regicide army," as sir Thomas Munro facetiously termed them in a letter to their gallant leader, tranquillity was restored to the Mysore and the whole of the Malabar country.

Shortly after this service, colonel Wellesley was appointed by lord Mornington to join an expedition, under general Baird, against Batavia, and to expel the French from the Indian seas, by the ultimate conquest of the isles of France and Bourbon; but the plan was frustrated on account of the demur to the governor-general's power, by admiral Rainier, who commanded in these seas. Thus the natural policy of freeing the trade of the East India Company from the losses occasioned by the enemy's cruisers was defeated by private pique.

The marquis was concentrating a large force at Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon, to be employed as events should require, either against the enemy's eastern islands, or to proceed to any part of India which the French should menace, when, reports having reached the Indian government of the invasion of Egypt by Bonaparte, he appointed colonel Wellesley to its command. But before the colonel knew the governor-general's resolution as to the point of destination, the duplicate dispatch from London to the marquis Wellesley was transmitted to him from Madras, announcing the intention of the home government, that a diversion should be made from India by the Red Sea, in support of the expedition under general Abercrombie, against the French in Egypt. Colonel Wellesley, aware that the monsoon favourable for a voyage to the westward was near its termination, and that if the expeditionary force was not immediately put into motion, it must be retarded for some months, determined, on his own responsibility, to move

the fleet and army to Bombay, where it would be some thousand miles in point of space, and many months in point of time, advanced towards its Egyptian destination. This movement, which, for boldness, sagacity, and foresight, exceeds the same qualifications of Cæsar in his expedition to Pontus, receiving (by overland dispatch) the sanction of the home government, he advanced part of his expeditionary force to Mocha, on the Red Sea, before the arrival of general Baird to supersede him. Though deprived of the command to which he was originally destined, and in which he was confirmed by the home government, by whom he was appointed (1801) to the local rank of brigadier-general in Egypt—Baird claiming the appointment as senior officer, and alleging that Wellesley's appointment was an injustice, being a violation of the rules on which military command is based—he furnished that officer, for his assistance and direction, with memoranda on Egyptian affairs, and the operations to be assumed by the expedition, which he had drawn up for his own use; and as he was then labouring under a kind of jungle fever, exasperated by a cutaneous disorder, as soon as his health permitted, he returned to his government in the Mysore, and on the 11th of April, 1801, resumed his command as governor of Seringapatam, and chief of the army of the Mysore, and immediately devoted himself to the perfecting of the organization of the civil and military establishments of the country. By his mild conciliatory bearing, he no less gained the esteem of the people, than he commanded their respect and confidence by his moderation and justice.

In 1802 the political horizon began to darken through the whole of the extensive empire of the Mahrattas, particularly in the direction of Poonah. The Mahratta chieftains, though always ready to confederate for the overthrow of the British power, their mutual jealousies and suspicions of one another, and desire of securing only their own individual advantage, prevented him from adopting any enlarged political views for their general good. Though the five states into which the last empire was divided (namely, those of Scindiah, the Peishwah, Holkar, Guickwar, and the rajah of Berar),*

* All these men were usurpers, and were indebted for their elevation either to the unceasing contests for power and plunder in which the petty warrior-robbers, of whom that land of violence, of misrule,

and never-ceasing strife, India, has always been so prolific; or to the circumstance of the descendants of the ancient rulers having abandoned themselves, like the caliphs of Spain, or the Merovingian kings

were all united in one confederacy, under the nominal control of the rajah of Sattarah, whose power Scindiah had usurped, they were always at variance, each having only his own interest in view. Holka, fearing the consequences of the interest of Scindiah* at the court of Poonah, marched against the united army of the two rajahs, and defeating it, seized Poonah, dethroned the peishwah, and, setting another puppet on the throne, reigned there in his name. The peishwah fled to Busscin, in Guzerat, and there, to enable himself to recover his dominions, formed a defensive alliance with the company.

During this dispute between the Mahratta chieftains, the governor-general had received secret information that Scindiah, Holkar, and the rajah of Berar had entered into a confederacy against the British; and that their animosity was fomented by French emissaries and adventurers, located in large numbers among them. To anticipate the effects of that confederacy, and neutralize French influence and intrigue, he ordered a *corps d'armée* of 20,000 men to assemble at Hurrypoor, on the north-west frontier of

the Mysore, for the protection of the company's territories, as well as those of the nizam, the rajah of the Mysore, and the peishwah, in pursuance of the recent treaty entered into with these powers. The object was also to counteract the machinations of the French in the service of Scindiah, in the Deccan, who were watching for a favourable opportunity for prosecuting the views of the French government, to effectuate the establishment of a French empire in India; the invasion of Egypt by Buonaparte having been undertaken for the express purpose of making it an entrepôt between France and India. The French adventurer, Perron, was already, under Scindiah's protection, forming an independent state in Delhi and the surrounding territory, having under his command 16,000 or 17,000 regular and well-disciplined infantry, a well-appointed and numerous train of artillery, commanded by his own countrymen, a body of irregular troops, and from 15,000 to 20,000 horse ready, while he looked for reinforcements of cavalry from the petty chiefs who were his tributaries or allies. His head-quarters were established near Coel, on a command-

of France, to sloth and sensual gratification, and having resigned the reins of government into the hands of their favourite ministers, who soon became possessed of all power, and usurped their authority. Thus, the rajah of Sattarah, the descendant of Sevajee, the founder of the Mahratta empire, was displaced by his prime minister, the peishwah. Thus Scindiah, Holkar, Guickwar, and Bhoomslah, had obtained power, either directly or collaterally. Scindiah was the grandson of a husbandman, by name Ranajee, who, enlisting among the predatory troops of Bajee Rao the First, was of so great service to his employer, that, at the partition of the spoils of the Mogul empire, he was rewarded with extensive grants of land, and raised to high rank. Holkar was the great-grandson of an agricultural labourer, who also had been a follower of Bajee Rao. The origin of the other specimens of Indian majesty was equally low and obscure. Scindiah had dethroned the Mogul emperor, Shah Allum, and had installed a French adventurer, of the name of Perron, as his viceregent on the throne of Delhi; but general Lake, by his victory, unseated the Gallic viceroys, as also his successor, Bourguien, from their musnuds, and restored the displaced monarch. Besides the Mahommedan and Hindu natives, some European aspirants had the "Oriental twist in their imaginations" of becoming rajahs and nabobs, and playing the game of royalty. Thus, rajah George Thomas, originally a boatswain of an English man-of-war, finding himself supplanted in the good graces of the begum Somroo, or, according to her Gallic orthography, Sombé (the old lady being tired of her *liaison* with the aforesaid George Thomas), by a Neapolitan rival, one signor Levasso, set up for himself as founder of an independent sovereignty in the county of Hurrianna, which is a vast tract of the Delhi province, and fixed

his royal residence at Hansi, about 90 miles north-west of Delhi. Like other rajahs, or anointed rulers, he coined his own money, had his zenana or harem, his court, and held his durbar in state. His views even extended to the conquest of the Punjab and all the country to the mouths of the Indus. But untoward incidents, and the treacherous combinations among his officers and subjects, compelled him to throw himself into the hands of the company, and the ex-rajah shortly afterwards died in India, when on the point of returning home to his native cot in Tipperary. Adventures of this kind have ever abounded in India, and the eastern Dugald Dalgetties have always found adherents ready to promote their aspirations for performing their part in the drama of royalty. The begum Somroo, *alias* Sombé, was the widow of a Swiss or French adventurer, whose real name is lost in his Indian designation of Somroo, and who went to India as a serjeant in the French service. Deserting his country's standard, he enlisted under that of Meer Cossim, and was distinguished for his massacre of the English at Patna, while in that chief's service. In the course of time, having a *penchant* for royalty, he carved out for himself a rajahship, which he bequeathed in his royal will to his widow, "The little, queer, old-looking begum, with brilliant but wicked eyes," as major Thorn designates the old dame in his *Memoir of the War in India*. It was from this "queer-looking old begum" that Mr. Dyce Sombre, whose eccentricities have gained so much notoriety, derives his descent and parentage.

* This chieftain was the most powerful of the Mahratta princes; he not only undid his own sovereign, but he was master also of the mogul's person; holding thus in actual subjection the descendants and representatives of Sevajee and Aurenzale.

ing position on the frontier of the British possessions, and on their most vulnerable part. To counteract these designs, a campaign was planned on a much more extensive scale than had ever been contemplated in India. It comprehended almost the whole of Hindustan, from Calcutta and Madras on the eastern, to Bombay on the western side, and from Delhi to Poonah and Orissa. In the Deccan, general Wellesley had to oppose the confederated force under Scindiah and the rajah of Berar, and to protect the nizam and the peishwah. On the Oude frontier, general Lake had to destroy the influence of the French, and rescue the blind emperor, Shah Autum, from these adventurers. Major-general Wellesley (who had been so gazetted on the 29th of April, 1802,) was ordered to put himself at the head of 9,700 men, including one European regiment of cavalry, and two of infantry, to which were added 2,500 Mysorean horse, the whole being part of the force assembled at Hurrpooor, on the north-west frontier of Mysore, with directions to march upon Poonah, and drive Holkar from that place. The subsidiary force furnished by the nizam, and under the command of colonel Stevenson, as also that from Bombay, were ordered to co-operate with him.

On the 9th of March, 1803, he crossed the Toombuddra, in basket-boats, covered with double leather-skins, and entering the Mahratta territory, began his advance on Poonah. He chose that season of the year to begin his operations, because the rivers being then high (the monsoon having set in,) would prevent, in a great measure, the movements of the Mahratta forces, which chiefly consisted of cavalry. On the 15th of April, he was joined by colonel Stevenson at Akloose, on the Neera, about seventy miles from Poonah; and on the 19th of May, the Bombay force effected a junction with him. Amreet Rao, the father of Holkar's puppet, having taken to flight, he, on the 20th, entered Poonah without

any opposition, after a forced march of sixty miles in thirty-two hours, the last forty miles during the night, and rescued the peishwah on his throne.

As the governor-general had invested the major-general with the discretionary power of declaring war or making peace, he judged the alternative of conciliation preferable; but after above two months of procrastination, finding Scindiah availing himself of the usual duplicity and evasion of Oriental diplomacy, he, on the 4th of June, marched from Poonah, and moved on Ahmednuggur, one of the strongest fortresses in India, situated about eighty miles from Poonah; which, though defended by 3,000 Mahrattas, and 1,500 Arab mercenaries, he carried by assault, on the 12th of August, with the loss of 140 killed and wounded. The fort surrendered on the second day after the attack on the pettah or town, from which it was separated after the manner of European towns and fortresses. The gallantry exhibited by the British soldiers and officers on that occasion was so conspicuous, that Goklah, a Mahratta chief, who was present at the assault, makes, in a letter to a friend, the following observation:—"These English are a strange people, and their general a strange man; they came here in the morning, looked at the pettah-wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast! What can withstand them?"*

On the 21st of August, the Anglo-Indian army moved towards the Godavery, and crossing that river in wicker boats at Toka, reached Aurungabad on the 29th, once celebrated for its magnificence, and as the seat of the emperor Aunneggebe's government, but now, from the hand of time, the changes of fortune, and the revolutions of empires, a mere heap of splendid ruins—the mere shadow of its former self. Here, general Wellesley learning that Scindiah and the rajah of Berar had entered the nizam's territories, and were menacing Hyderabad, marched forwards to prevent their passage

* There is a great coincidence in this opinion with that expressed by another Indian chieftain. Dhoondiah Khan having repulsed three successive assaults made on his fortress of Kamona, in the Dooab, the garrison descended into the ditch to bring away their wounded comrades lying among the dead and dying. Among the rest, they brought a wounded European soldier, in a state of insensibility, and laying him down in the presence of Dhoondiah and his sirdars, an effort was made to revive him. In a short time he opened his eyes, and, gazing on the martial throng around him, faintly exclaimed, "Killa lia?"

(Have we got the fort?) and almost instantly expired. "A wonderful people are these Feringhees," said Dhoondiah to his attendants, struck with this exhibition of "the ruling passion strong in death." "Here is one of them almost cut to pieces, and yet the moment he comes a little to himself, his thoughts run on victory, and his first and last question is, if his countrymen have gained the day! It is in vain to contend against such men. Beat them back a dozen times, and they will return again and succeed at last."

of the river; but, by subsequent information, understanding that they were encamped near Bokerdun, he, on the 20th of September, broke up his cantonments on the Godavery, and advanced to give them battle. To obviate the delay which would be occasioned by marching *en masse*, through a narrow and difficult defile, or traet of hilly country, between Budnapoor and Jaulna, as also to prevent the enemy escaping to the southward by one of the defiles, the united force of the Anglo-Indian army pursued different routes; general Wellesley taking an eastward direction, and colonel Stevenson's column a westward one, round the hills. On reaching Naulniah, general Wellesley, ascertaining that the armies of the confederated chieftains were encamped between the villages of Bokerdun and Assaye (or, as it is sometimes written Assye,) with that decision and promptitude that have ever distinguished his military exploits, determined to attack them without delay. Dispatching a messenger to colonel Stevenson, who was then advancing in a parallel line of march with his own, at a distance of eight miles to his left, with orders to effectuate a junction as quickly as possible; and leaving the rear-guard to protect the baggage and stores at Naulniah, he advanced to the Kaitna, with the 19th light dragoons and three regiments of native cavalry, under colonel Maxwell, to reconnoitre from an eminence on its banks, the enemy's position. From a hill in front of their right, he beheld it to be strong, extending from Bokerdun to the fortified village of Assaye; having the Kaitna in front, and its tributary the Juah, which united with it at an acute angle, about half-a-mile beyond the left of the position, in its rear. The right of the line, which consisted of cavalry, rested on Bokerdun; the left, of infantry, the best in the service of the allied native powers, on the fortified village of Assaye; while the artillery, which consisted of above 100 guns, many of large calibre, formed a grand battery in front of the left and centre. Among the spoils taken were a number of orderly books kept by Europeans, by which it appeared that the enemy's force consisted of 10,800 infantry, and 30,000 cavalry.

General Wellesley, perceiving that the enemy being penned up between the rivers, had confined himself within a space so narrow, that he could neither present a more extended front than he already presented,

nor be able to turn the flank of his assailant; and fearing, should Seindiah assume the initiative, that the Anglo-Indian army would be greatly harassed in its retreat by the vastly superior numerical force of the enemy's cavalry, determined on instant attack; trusting that courage and discipline would compensate for the appalling disparity of force. Desiring Maxwell to keep his present position, while he himself brought up the infantry, as soon as his whole force was united he issued orders for the army, which was but just off a march of fourteen miles under a vertical sun, to descend from the rocky heights of the river, and cross the ford of Peepuglaon, which was a little beyond the left of the hostile army, and which the English general judged to be a ford from a few houses being on the opposite banks. The passage was effected without loss, though the enemy directed a cannonade on the line of march.

As soon as the troops reached the opposite bank, the British chief effected his formation of battle, though a field battery had opened its fire on the troops, as soon as the head of the column began to ascend the banks of the river. The army advanced in two lines; the first, consisting of the 78th highlanders, two battalions of sepoys, and advanced pickets, to the right; the second, of the 74th regiment of the line, and two sepoy battalions. The 19th regiment of dragoons, under colonel Maxwell, and the 7th native cavalry, took their battle station, as the reserve, in the rear. The Mahratta and Mysorean horse, consisting of the troops of the peishwah and the rajah of Mysore, amounting to about 2,500, were stationed at the ford of Peepuglaon, to protect the baggage and stores, cover the advance of the army, and hold in check a large body of the enemy's cavalry, that had crossed the Kaitna, and followed the rear of the Anglo-Indian army in its march.

The disposition of battle adopted by the major-general best adapted to ensure victory, was:—As each of the flanks of the enemy rested on a river, he determined to reduce the field of battle to so confined a space, as to neutralize his numerous cavalry, or, at least, to subject its operations to very confusing disadvantages; while, at the same time, he prevented them from surrounding him by their superior numbers, by having both his flanks covered by the two rivers, which, from the scarped nature of the banks, could be crossed by cavalry only at a few

places. He also determined to make a flank attack on the infantry, in hopes, from the general inefficiency of the native troops in field movements, that they would not be able to effect the necessary evolution or change of position, in order and time, to meet his movement. By this brilliant conception and judicious reduction of the principles of mechanical science to the art of war, he displayed the talent of an accomplished general; and his success was commensurate. He had confined the enormous force of his adversary within so narrow bounds, that he could neither form a large front to oppose his handful, nor turn his flanks.

To meet the collateral attack of the British, the chiefs of the allied native army were obliged to make a correspondent movement of their formation of battle, and present a new front, by converting the left of their alignment into the right, and *vice versa*. This they effected in good order and with much greater ease than the English general had expected. Their front now presented one vast battery, so numerous and weighty were the guns.

The appointed order or disposition of battle made by the British chief was, that the attack should commence on the left flank of the enemy; but the officer commanding the pickets, or light infantry of the first line, either miscomprehending his orders, or urged on by a misjudged impetuosity, marched direct towards the village of Assaye, instead of making a detour to escape the raking fire of the artillery placed in that direction; his command and the 74th regiment which had been ordered to support the pickets, were overwhelmed by a murderous fusillade from the village, supported by continuous showers of grape; and at the same moment a large body of Mahratta cavalry, which had wheeled round the village unperceived, dashed through the broken ranks with fearful effect, and a forest of sabres appearing among the discomfited troops, a dreadful slaughter ensued. At the same time the whole of the Anglo-Indian line was assailed with so rapid, furious, and terrible a discharge from the enemy's numerous and heavy artillery, that its few light and feeble guns (only seventeen in number), were not only silenced and rendered unfit for use, the gunners dropping fast and the cattle lacerated beside them, but the Anglo-Indian ranks were falling before the withering and destructive

tempest of iron, as a field of standing corn before the hurricane—with so consummate skill and terrible effect was the enemy's artillery served.

To remedy the evil of the destruction of the unity of the line, which the loss occasioned in the pickets and the 74th, and their separation from the left wing had produced, a charge of the 19th dragoons was ordered. That regiment, by a rapid and brilliant movement, repulsed the enemy's cavalry attack; and, at the same moment, amid a shower of musketry and grape, it burst through the enemy's left wing; and the whole line of the Anglo-Indian right, hailing it with a shout of triumph, sprang forward, and driving the artillerymen from their guns at the point of the bayonet, broke their adversary's right wing. But the battle was not yet won. The enemy's centre remaining untouched, closed in upon the ground which had been occupied by the left wing, and uniting with the routed battalions, formed itself into a crescent, with its right resting on the river Juah, and its left on Assaye—a movement to which they were incited by the hopeful sound of discharges from the artillery on the rear of the victorious battalions that had overthrown the enemy's, and who, in their hot pursuit, had passed over the enemy's gunners, who had thrown themselves upon the ground—a practice common in the native armies of India—on the supposition that they were dead. To remedy this disastrous event, the British general, putting himself at the head of the 78th regiment, which had stood firm and compact, and as many of the 7th native cavalry as could be collected, rushed on the gunners and the enemy's new-formed line, and sabring them, carried Assaye at a rush, and obtained a complete victory. In this decisive charge, the 19th dragoons, which had re-formed on the left of their own infantry, materially contributed to the victory; but, in this good service, that regiment, making an oblique charge on the enemy's front, sustained considerable loss, among which was their gallant colonel. Thus ended the fiercest battle ever fought in India, and in which the most terrific fire on record in Indian annals had taken place. The Mahrattas had fought this battle with incredible stubbornness; and their French leaders showed consummate skill and readiness in taking up every available position.

With possession of the field of battle

(on which they remained during the night), the victors captured seventy-six brass guns and howitzers, and twenty-two cannon; seven stand of colours; the whole of the camp equipage; a great quantity of stores; and all the ammunition, except the powder, the tumbrils having been blown up either by accident or design. The number of the enemy slain was about 1,200, but that of the wounded could not be ascertained, as they were carried off the field by their comrades. Of the victors, whose little band of heroes consisted only of 4,500 men,* of whom 1,700 were Europeans, 408 were slain, and 1,575 wounded. Thirty-six rank and file, and twenty-two officers were missing. So great had been the slaughter of the pickets and the 74th, that only four men survived of one company of the former, and scarcely more, in the whole, than the complement of one company of the latter. Two horses were killed under general Wellesley; one was piked, the other shot. Every officer of his staff had one or two horses killed; and his orderly's skull was torn off by a cannon-ball, as he rode close by his side, while he was effecting the formation of the troops as they ascended the bank of the river. Colonel Stevenson, whose march had been delayed by getting entangled in a nullah, or watercourse, reached the field of battle on the following morning.

On the 25th, the colonel was sent in pursuit of the enemy, who had halted for the night about twelve miles from the field of battle; but, on Stevenson's advance, he fled across the Ghauts, by the Adjuttee pass, losing, in the pursuit, many elephants, with the light or camel guns, and much of his baggage. The reason that an immediate pursuit was not ordered was, that the army was too much enfeebled, and the sun had gone down on the blood-stained field before the last struggle was over. The British cavalry, also, which in the original order of battle had been intended as a reserve to pursue and cut up the enemy when defeated and broken, having been greatly diminished in its brilliant charge to save the pickets and the 74th, as also on that of the hostile battalions, that had faced about on hearing their own artillery playing in the rear of the British army, was in too feeble a state

to undertake the task. In the course of a few hours after the battle, the adjutant, or Indian stork, though seldom met with but at Calcutta, and in the immediate vicinity of the Hooghly, had collected in vast numbers on the battle-field. This bird, like the grey vulture of the Pyrenees, has the instinctive faculty, or discriminating power—a sort of prescience of carnage and the devastations of death—of ascertaining the results of a well-foughten field, in an incredibly short time, and at a great distance from the occurrence. At Fuentes d'Onore, and the other battle-fields of Spain, the vulture was to be seen regaling on the bodies of the slain in the course of a few hours after the battle.

Such was the battle-field of Assaye. In every stage of the contest, the greatest talent and genius on the part of the general, and the most perfect valour and discipline on that of his troops, were manifested. If ever rapid and accurate conception, skilful and decisive manœuvres, prompt and vigorous action, were displayed in emergency and untoward crisis, they were eminently displayed at the battle of Assaye, and connected a prestige with the name of Wellesley which his future exploits eminently realized. "Never," says an eloquent critic, "was any victory gained against so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference of force; but it would be the least part of this day's glory to say, that the number of the enemy was as ten to one: they had disciplined troops in the field, under European officers, who, themselves alone, nearly doubled the British force: they had 100 pieces of heavy artillery, and about 650 camel guns, which were served with perfect skill, the former of which the Anglo-Indian army, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet." Among the episodal occurrences of this battle were the following:—Captain A. B. Campbell, of the 74th, who had lost his arm in the combat in the Shereweje jungle, and who had, a short time previous to the battle of Assaye, broken his remaining arm at the wrist, was in the thickest of the fight, with his bridle in his teeth, and a sword in his mutilated hand, dealing destruction around him.

* Namely, two European regiments, the 74th and 78th (900 men); four native battalions, viz., the first of the 4th regiment, the first of the 8th, the first of the 10th, and the second of the 12th, amount-

ing, in all, to 2,400 infantry; the 19th dragoons (300); and the 4th, 5th, and 7th native cavalry (300 each); making a total of 4,500 men, of which only 1,200 were Europeans.

The wisdom of the British general's hazarding a battle with a force so disproportionate to that of the enemy, has been the subject of considerable controversy, and has even been impugned by some writers. But the following facts justified his policy:—

1. The misapprehension occasioned by the name of the district being confounded with that of a village in it; and the consequent conclusion, that the enemy was posted in the district of Bokerdun, instead of at the village of Bokerdune; a mistake that induced the English general to suppose that he was six miles more distant from the enemy than was the case. He also learned from two horsemen taken during the march, that he was only five miles distant from the enemy, while from his previous information he supposed that he was twelve miles off.

2. From the intelligence he received from the two horsemen taken, that Scindiah and the rajah had put their cavalry in motion, he inferred that the intention of the enemy was either to escape, or to advance to attack him in the plain.

3. That on account of the numerous cavalry of the enemy, if he allowed his adversary to adopt the initiative, or had attempted to fall back to his camp at Naulniah, where he had left his baggage and stores under a slender guard, his retreat would have been difficult, if not impossible.

These considerations fully justified the English general's determination to deliver battle, and the event proved the soundness of his judgment, and the propriety of his

determination. The moral effect produced on the minds of the Indian population by a victory gained in so unequal a combat, stamped the dominion of Britain over prostrate India. Hindustan from that fatal day was viewed by its inhabitants as having passed into the hands of its invincible conquerors: they attached to it a mysterious agency, which partook deeply of the supernatural.*

Frustrated in his measures, Scindiah had now recourse to his usual artifice and duplicity. He sent a vakeel (*i.e.* an ambassador or envoy) to general Wellesley, with proposals of peace; but finding that the British chief was not to be deceived by his specious professions, he and his confederate, the rajah of Berar, collected their shattered forces, and with these and their fresh reinforcements, amounting to 11,000 infantry and between 30,000 and 40,000 horse, and marching in a western direction along the banks of the Taptee, with the intention of advancing on Poonah, took post at Argam.

On account of this apparent breach of the truce, the English general put the Anglo-Indian army in motion, and on November 28th reached that village; in front of which the army of Scindiah and the rajah of Berar was drawn up in order of battle, extending in line above five miles. In the centre were posted the rajah's infantry and artillery, commanded by Bhoonslay, the rajah's brother, flanked by his own cavalry. On the right was Scindiah's army, consisting of a heavy mass of horse, on whose right hovered a vast cloud of

* Twenty-five years after the battle of Assaye had been fought, a military officer visited its site, which he thus describes:—"Around the once scene of carnage and havoc—the roar of artillery, the peals of musketry, the clangor of swords, the groans of the dying, and the shrieks of the wounded, with which the battle-field of Assaye resounded, everything now was repose; the verdure rich, the fragrance of the wild flowers delightful, the foliage of the peepul trees glittering and luminous, and the short and occasional bellowings of the Indian cows, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the scene. A tope or grove of mangoes shaded a Moslem eedgah, or house of prayer, outside the village. Round the small fane reposed many of the officers who had been slain in the action; and high over head, attached to a pole, on one of the umbrageous mangoes, fluttered the triangular white flag of a fakcer, or religious mendicant. Under a single banian tree was the grave of a staff-officer, upon which lay a heap of stones, with a small lamp at the head. The trunk of the banian was hollow, and in it had lived a fakcer, who had nightly lighted the lamp on the tomb. The tree near which general Wellesley had stood in the commencement of the action, had been so shattered with shot, that after struggling for life,

had been dead ten years before the writer had visited the spot." The veneration with which the natives regard the memories of those Europeans whose kindness had won their affection, is by no means rare. Their tombs are honoured as the tombs of saints—a lamp is kept constantly burning, and the ground around is constantly and carefully preserved from all impurity. The natives never pass the spot without saluting it; and those who may have served under the direction or orders of him whose resting-place it is, offer up prayers for his soul. Among other instances that may be mentioned, the tomb of general Wallace, at Seroor, a cantonment of Western India, is a place of peculiar veneration. The guard of the place, called "the Picket Hill," turns out at a stated hour of the night, and presents arms to the imaginary vision of the general seated on his favourite white charger. At the tomb, in the neighbourhood of Rajmhal, of Augustus Cleveland, an English resident who filled the office of judge at Boglipoore, two fakeers are employed to keep a lamp continually burning, and once a year a festival is held at the spot to celebrate the apotheosis of that highly revered individual, whose memory is regarded with feelings approaching to idolatry, as a testimony of esteem for his impartial administration of justice.

Pindarries and light troops. General Wellesley, determining to give instant battle, formed his infantry into a single line, and stationing his cavalry as a reserve, in the second line, advanced to the attack. The enemy opening a brisk cannonade, and the Mahratta horse and Persian cavalry in the service of the rajah charging at the same moment, three battalions of the native troops being panic struck, took to flight; but the British general, rallying the fugitives, stationed them in prolongation of his line to the right; when the 78th regiment, the 29th native infantry, and the remaining fragment of the 74th regiment, advancing against the enemy's cavalry, the confederated army made a precipitate flight, leaving two thousand dead on the field; above twenty standards, thirty-eight guns, and all their stores and ammunition. In their flight they lost also their elephants and baggage. The loss on the part of the Anglo-Indian army, was forty-six killed and three hundred wounded. The two thousand Arabs, called the Pharsee Risaulah, or Persian battalion, who were posted on the left of the enemy's line, singling out the 74th and 78th European regiments, advanced with a tremendous shout, but they were instantly repulsed with the loss of six hundred in killed and wounded.

Fortress after fortress now fell into the hands of the victors. Gawilghur, situated in Berar, upon a rock in a range of mountains between the sources of the rivers Poorna and Taptee, and one of the strongest fortresses in India, was at length invested; and as colonel Stevenson, on account of ill health, was about to retire from the service, general Wellesley determined that he should have the opportunity of encircling his brows with the mural crown; he therefore waived the right of being the captor of that fortress in favour of the colonel, who stormed it on the 14th of December. On the acquisition of the fortress, a scene of horror challenged the attention of the victors, that made them shudder at their success. On entering the killadar's palace, they were startled at the sight of above a dozen young and beautiful women weltering in their blood and struggling in the last agonies of death. They had all fallen victims to the mistaken sense of the honour of their fathers and husbands, who, to save them from the expected licentiousness of the victors, had been guilty of the cruel act. Those men were rajpoots of distinguished caste and determined character,

and fell, together with the garrison of 5,000 men, disdaining or deeming it hopeless to ask for quarter.

The signal defeats of Assaye and Argaum, and the loss of that hitherto supposed impregnable fortress, left no other hope to the Mahratta chiefs than that they could obtain from pacification. They therefore sued for peace, and preliminaries were entered into with them in the month of November, and ratified with Bhoonslay on December 17th, 1803, and with Scindiah on February 15th, 1804, on condition that neither of them should employ any subject of any European or American power at war with Great Britain, and the cession of all the territory and numerous forts between the Jumna and the Ganges to the company. During this marvellous campaign, the services of general Lake and the army of Hindustan were signally eminent. Perron, on the advance of that army to Delhi, retiring before it, the victorious English entered that city, and delivered the blind emperor from his degradation and bondage. The fort of Ally Ghur, the usual residence and grand depôt of the French adventurer, was taken by storm, though deemed impregnable. The capture of Agra and the battle of Leswaree, completed the destruction of the French force, Perron and his officers throwing themselves on the protection of the British.

With the capture of Gawilghur, and the reduction of the formidable banditti termed Pindarees, with which the country was infested, general Wellesley's military services terminated in India; for though he was subsequently appointed to a command against Holkar, the reduction of that chieftain was effected by general Lake.

Having thus triumphed over every advantage arising to the enemy from local position, numerical strength, and well-served trains of artillery formed under French training and discipline, general Wellesley resumed his government of Seringapatam, and continued in the execution of its duties till the month of February, 1805, when he resigned all his political and military offices and appointments in India, together with his local rank of major-general in the army. On the 25th of February, notification had reached India that he had been invested with the Order of the Bath.

The reasons of his resignation and leaving India were, discontent at the treatment he had received from the directors of the East

India Company, and the neglect with which his services had been treated by the British government. In a letter to general Stuart, he says, "I think it desirable I should leave this country. The peishwah has manifested a most unaccountable jealousy of me personally, and has refused to adopt certain measures, evidently for his advantage, only because I recommended them. He has allowed their benefit, and has avowed this motive for refusing to adopt them. We have always found it very difficult to manage him; but it will be quite impossible to do so, if this principle is allowed to guide his conduct. I therefore think that it is best that I should go away as soon as possible; and I am certainly very desirous of getting some rest." He embarked from Fort St. George in March, 1805, and arrived in England in September of the same year.

On his leaving India the most lively demonstrations of respect and esteem were shown to him. The inhabitants of Calcutta presented him with a sword of the value of £1,000; and a gold vase (for which a service of plate was afterwards substituted,)

of 2,000 guineas value, was voted to him by the officers of the division of the army of the Deccan that had served under his command, as "a testimony of their admiration of his exalted talents and splendid achievements; of his consideration and justice in command, which had made obedience a pleasure; and of that frank condescension in the private intercourse of life, which it was their pride individually to acknowledge." But the highest and most grateful tribute of homage paid him was that contained in the parting address of the inhabitants of Seringapatam, who implored "the God of all castes and of all nations, to hear their constant prayer, to bestow on him health, glory, and happiness."

Thus ended the Indian career of the military and political life of Arthur Wellesley, a career which had secured, not only the gratitude and affection of the people of Mysore, for the tranquillity and happiness they had enjoyed under his government; but had been marked by a succession of victories uninterrupted by a single disaster or defeat.

HOME SERVICE, AND AT COPENHAGEN.

AFTER a voyage of five months, sir Arthur Wellesley reached England from India. In November of the same year he sailed for Hanover, in command of a brigade in the expedition under the earl of Cathcart, for the purpose of effecting a diversion in favour of the Austro-Russian army then on the banks of the Rhine; but in consequence of the disastrous battle of Austerlitz, and general Mack's inglorious surrender at Ulm, in the February following, the object of the expedition was frustrated.

On his return to England, he was appointed to the command of a brigade, in the Sussex district, and was returned to parliament as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In the same year he married the honourable Catherine Pakenham, sister of the earl of Longford, and in 1807 he was appointed chief secretary in Ireland, and member of the privy council, during the vicereignty of the duke of Richmond. In

the summer of that year he sailed, as second in command of the army under lord Cathcart, to Copenhagen, for the purpose of taking possession of the Danish fleet. The military operations undertaken against the Danish troops were entirely under his direction. He drove the Danes from their positions of Fredericksverk, Kioge, and Hersolge, into Copenhagen, with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. He negotiated the capitulation, and drew up its conditions. On his return to England, in 1808, he resumed his duties as secretary for Ireland and member of parliament. In the thanks voted by the house of commons to the generals and commanding officers of the army and navy, the speaker thus particularized the services of major-general Wellesley: "I should be wanting to the full expression of those sentiments which animate this house and the whole country, if I forebore to notice that we are this day crowning

with our thanks one gallant officer, long since known to the gratitude of this house, who has long trodden the paths of glory, whose genius and valour have already extended our fame and empire, whose sword has been the terror of our distant enemies,

and will not now be drawn in vain to defend the seat of empire itself, and the throne of his sovereign." In this just and eloquent eulogium, the future glorious career of Wellington was foreshadowed, and he nobly fulfilled the expectations of his country.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

THE late Peninsular War, the greatest and the most vital that has been waged in modern times, will, as its tasteful historian, the late Mr. Southey, has observed, ever be memorable. It was no common war, of which a breach of treaty, an extension of frontier, a distant colony, or a disputed succession, a struggle for pre-eminence or political ascendancy between ambitious powers; such was not its cause and motive; but it was a struggle, a deadly conflict "for the life or death of national independence, national spirit, and those holy feelings, which are comprehended in the love of our native land." Had England been conquered, her existence as a free and an independent state would have been erased from the scroll of nations; she would have become the vassal and tributary of France, and besides being denationalized, would have been humbled to the dust, and compelled to submit to every insult and degradation that French vanity and vengeance could devise; massacre, rapine, and lust, would have stalked at large and unrestrained throughout the land: every holy tie and feeling would have been violated, and the most galling tyranny and bondage been inflicted. The leader of the French armies had unreservedly declared, that it was in his mission to triumph on British liberty; and his lieutenants Massena and Bessi  res gave expression to still more furious intentions. The former declared, that if he could land with an army in England, he would pledge himself, "not only to effect the conquest of the country, but to reduce it to a desert, not fit for the habitation of wild beasts." That England escaped that dire calamity, she should be eternally grateful to Wellington and his companions-

in-arms. Never were honour and gratitude more justly due to the defenders of their country. It is not the desolation of the land over which war passes—it is not the rivers of blood that flow in its prosecution—it is not the sufferings and horrors to which the inhabitants of the country in which it prevails are exposed, that makes warfare horrible; "it is the utter demoralization of the people with whom it comes in contact; it is the shock it gives to all those arts, and institutions, and influences, which ameliorate the condition and elevate the character of man; it is its burnings, its murders, its violations," that impart its dread and direful character to its visitations. Had the tide of battle during the contest with Bonaparte turned on the shores of England, as the duke of Wellington, with equal humanity and patriotism, observed in a letter to lord Liverpool, dissuading him from withdrawing the English army from the Peninsula, "then the English people would discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; then the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants, would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor, in the scene."

At the commencement of this great and arduous struggle, Napoleon Bonaparte, "the scourge and wonder of the age" in which he lived, saw all the states of continental Europe prostrate at his feet; every banner of its various states had veiled its glories before his victorious eagles; France, Italy, Poland, Holland, the Austrian Netherlands,

and all the German confederated states of the Rhine, were immediately subject to him; Switzerland was under his protection, and the Germanic empire under his uncontrolled authority: all covered before the magic of his name, all furnished contingents of men and arms for his projects and aggressions. From Spain, Portugal, and other countries, he drew large sums of money for his tacit allowance of their infringement of the continental system of non-intercourse with England; and he contrived to withdraw the flower of the armies of those degenerate nations, under the pretence of assisting him in enforcing the observance of the Berlin and Milan decrees in the north of Europe. Even Russia, duped by his insidious professions, and blindly subservient to his ambition, and seduced with the promise of being allowed to assume the empty title of "The Empire of the North," consented to his project of extinguishing the dynasties of Spain and Portugal, and seating his brother Joseph on the vacant throne, and Louis, Jerome, and his brother-in-law, Murat, on those of Holland, Westphalia, and Naples. In short, by the treaty of Tilsit, he had become omnipotent on the continent; all Europe tamely submitted to his will, and waited his bidding; throughout its whole extent there was only one solitary exception to his universal sway and dominion, and that exception was his hated rival—England.

The whole of continental Europe was fascinated with a craven-hearted dread of his supposed irresistible power; a silly wonder and admiration of his fancied stupendous, aye, even supernatural genius and ability. His name was "the nightmare" of all the continental nations, and his armies were regarded as invincible, and dignified with every moonshine appellation that folly, sycophancy, and stupidity could invent. "The terrible legions," "the invincible legions," "the famed and dreaded legions" of Napoleon, were the stupid and infatuated expressions from one end of Europe to the other. "They were," says general Foy, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, "considered as heroes of a superior species; as colossi, demigods, before whom Europe was dumb and prostrate." England alone, at least the sensible and true-hearted part of the nation, scorned to entertain so craven a spirit, so ridiculous a fantasy. To the honour of our country be it known, that no real and informed Englishman was ever subject to the stupid hallucination, the ab-

ject supposition of French invincibility and superiority; and I venture to predict that the same will be the case with every right-minded and brave-hearted man, when, as M. Michelet, in his bobadil and coxcombical style, vapours, "the day arrives in which the world conspires to take a clear view of France," although his "plebeian, weak people," the English (who "have no literature, no history or tradition, no hereditary glory," as he kindly condescends to inform us), shall have to contend against "thirty-four millions of nobles," armed with "the holy bayonets of France," and though the aforesaid M. Michelet pronounces that that "day will be hailed by the soldiers of France as the proudest in their lives."

Such were the power and resources of Napoleon Bonaparte, at the commencement of the Peninsular war, and though, "as the map of Europe lay spread before him, and the crossed swords of Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, told silently of defeated armies, and subjugated kingdoms, of continental Europe prostrate at his feet, and ready to do his bidding, he turned dissatisfied and unsated away; there was 'a precious isle set in the silver sea,' which, in his eyes, disfigured that map, for it disputed his title and defied his power:" it remained, as one of his own satellites has truly and nobly said, "the bulwark of civilization, and the last refuge of liberty."—*Histoire de la Guerre de la Péninsule*, par Foy. The means to destroy that hated isle—that "nation of shopkeepers," and "heretical cotton-spinners," occupied all his thoughts; and his appetite for conquest was unsated while England remained free, and mocked and curbed his power. Degenerate Spain and Portugal presented him the likely means of putting his scheme into execution.

In furtherance of the tremendous system of "this enemy of liberty and the human race," for the desolation and subjection of the world, every country was compelled in succession, against which he turned his arms, to furnish men for the conquest of others. If any one of his vassal states presumed to be dissatisfied, the population of another was driven in arms to oppress it; and if any portion of his compulsory army exhibited signs of discontent, it was marched to some wasteful point of service, and it was thus destroyed before it had become dangerous; and yet not till it had performed a certain quantity of needful work for its fell destroyer. At the conference with the abbé

le Pradt, at Warsaw, when the abbé hinted the difficulty of finding men sufficient for the fearful expedition on which he was engaged, the heartless reply of the immolator of his fellow-men on the shrine of his criminal and insatiable ambition was, "Je ferais la guerre avec du sang Polonnais."* The best of his troops consisted of the natives of that nation and the German states, and by their aid he had enslaved nearly the whole of Europe. By the same means he contemplated the subjugation of England, when he had reduced the Peninsula under his power. To further this, the highest object of his ambition, he ordered the building of ships of war to proceed on a large scale throughout the ports of France, Spain, and Holland. He hoped, before the end of the year, to have above 130 vessels, in conjunction with the Russian fleet, ready for sea, and which were to receive the annual augmentation of about thirty more. Three hundred thousand men were to be stationed in the neighbourhood of the principal harbours, from Copenhagen to Venice, ready to embark at a moment's notice on board the various squadrons. This gigantic design of crushing hated England, and subjecting it, as Mr. Canning said in the debate for co-operation with the Spanish patriots (the 18th of June, 1808), to "the tyrant of the earth—the common enemy of all mankind;" and as Mr. Sheridan, on the same occasion, said, with equal truth, "to insults and injuries too enormous to be described by language,"—was frustrated and brought to nought by the energy and talent of the duke of Wellington, and the valour and patriotism of his companions-in-arms.

With the population of those countries in his armies, and the vast line of coast which they present for the training and supply of seamen, he thought that he saw England, like the rest of Europe, submissive at his chariot-wheels. A concurrence of circumstances at length presented him the opportunity for endeavouring to put his projects into execution. This was the corrupt and feeble state of Spain, labouring under the evils of an imbecile government, a profligate court, and a crafty and sanguinary priesthood. The mean submission of the meek and terrified prince of the Brazils, Dom Pedro, presented him the like facility of possessing Portugal, and declaring in his curt and imperious style, that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign."

* *Histoire de l'Ambassade de Varsovie.*

To present the reader with a connective view of Spanish affairs, it is necessary to take a retrospective glance of the current events for the last twelve or thirteen years preceding this period of Spanish history.

At the outbreak of the French revolution, Spain, fearful that "the divine rights of kings" were likely to be jeopardized by the diffusion of political knowledge, which was by that event shed over the understandings of men, and alarmed at Mirabeau's expression, that "the tricoloured cockade was about making the tour of Europe," entered into an armed coalition with the other monarchies of Europe, to resist the dissemination of democratic principles. In the prosecution of this regal crusade, the soil of republican France was trodden by Spanish armies, under Ricardo and Ventura; and even some fortresses, as Bellegarde, &c., in Roussillon, had been taken, and the battle of Cerite won. But the French republic reinforcing its armies on the frontier of Spain, the Spaniards were driven back, Figueras was taken, and the Basque provinces were overrun. The court of Madrid, apprehensive of the advance of the republicans on the capital, entered into the disgraceful treaty of Basle, on the 12th of July, 1795, by virtue of which, among other conditions, all in favour of her "faithful ally," the "great and indivisible republic of France," she was compelled to declare war against England, and receive a French fleet into the harbour of Cadiz.

When, by the battle of Jena, Prussia lay prostrate at the feet of the conqueror, the king, queen, and minister of Spain, were thrown into the greatest consternation; and from fear of the vengeance of the arbiter of the destinies of Europe, they professed that the proclamation, or as general Foy terms it, "the unseasonable rhodomontade," which had been issued on the eve of battle, and in which a mysterious allusion was made to some approaching crisis—"some terrible struggle at hand"—and calling on the Spanish people to arm—was apocryphal, and had been forged by the enemies of the government, and those who wished to produce a breach of amity between them and their "august ally." Gold and presents were also lavished, without stint, among the minions of Napoleon, in order to secure their good offices in propitiating his favour. As Napoleon had still to contend with the disjointed fragments of Prussia, and the unbroken strength of Russia, he deferred

his vengeance until it should harmonize with his policy. To lay the train for this fell purpose, he demanded a contingent of troops to aid him in enforcing his anti-commercial or non-international system against England. The Spanish minister, to conciliate his favour, and neutralize the effect of his foolish proclamation, sent him 16,000 of the best troops, under the command of the marquis Romana, and 6,000 under general O'Farill; who, by forced marches, were hurried to Holstein and Tuscany. He also extorted large contributions of specie, both from Spain and Portugal; from the former for the forgiveness of her perfidy, and from the latter for his permission of allowing her to become neutral in his contest with England, and for being the carrier of the Spanish dollars from the transatlantic dominions of Spain.

Affairs continued in this condition till Napoleon Buonaparte found matters ready to put his projects into execution. On the 29th of October, 1807, a secret treaty was entered into between the cabinets of Fontainebleau and Madrid, for the dismemberment of Portugal, and the military occupation of that country. By the terms of the convention, the country was to be divided into three portions; one, (namely, the province of Entre-Minho-c-Ducro and Oporto, under the title of the kingdom of Lusitania,) was to be given to the queen of Etruria; the second, (the Alentejo and Algarves,) to be erected into an independent principality for Godoy; and France was to hold the central provinces of Estremadura, Beira, and Tras-os-Montes, with Lisbon. The ultra-marine dominions were to be similarly divided; and "the royal wittol" of

Spain, Charles IV., was to assume in three years, the title of "protector of Lusitania and the principality of the Algarves," and that of "emperor of the two Americas."* France was to take military possession of the country with 28,000 men, and Spain with 27,000. An army of observation, consisting of 40,000 men, was to be assembled at Bayonne, to advance in case of need.

To give some shadow of excuse for his violence and usurpation, the French emperor ordered the cabinet of Lisbon to close the Portuguese ports against the English; to arrest all the English residents in the country; to confiscate all British property which might be in that country; to contribute a contingent force† to enable him to carry out the continental system; and to furnish a war-contribution of one hundred million of francs, as "a ransom for the state," to enable him "to carry out his plan for the amelioration of Portugal, and save it from the tyrant of the seas." These conditions were pusillanimously conceded to by the prince of the Brazils, Dom Pedro; and he, moreover, agreed to declare war against England as soon as the transatlantic possessions of Portugal could be placed in a state of defence against English aggression.

To put this design into execution, the French contingent force, under the appellation of "the army of Gironde," under the command of Junôt, advanced from the frontiers of France, through Spain, on Portugal; and had nearly reached the capital, when Pedro observing in the *Moniteur* the announcement, that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," fled on the

* For this effort of political wisdom, "the royal wittol" with "the foolscap crown on the fool's head," created his connubial helpmate—Manuel Godoy, "The prince of peace." That man (Godoy) was originally a subaltern in the Spanish body-guard; but possessing a pleasing exterior and being of large dimensions (a great subject of attraction with vicious women) he attracted the notice of the worthless and profligate wife of the aforesaid "royal wittol." His ignorance was so great, that he could scarcely read; but he possessed those qualifications which please frivolous and weak-minded women—he could sing, touch the lute, and possessed the faculty of chatting on light and trivial subjects. By the interest of the profligate and adulterous wife of the "royal wittol," he was created minister of the crown, in the place of the patriotic Florida Blanca, who was dismissed to make room for him; grand commander-in-chief of all the forces, naval and military, admiral of Spain and the Indies; and protector of commerce. Moreover, he had a body-guard assigned

him, and was dignified with the title of most "serene highness." He had espoused the niece of the king, and his daughter was destined in marriage to the heir apparent to the throne. He was a man of the most profligate and depraved morals. His vanity was equal to his ignorance: he wished to be thought of high and illustrious descent. To gratify his vanity in that respect, one of his minions undertook to prove that he was descended from Montezuma, the emperor of the Incas; and another maintained that he derived his origin from the kings of the Goths. Friend Munos, the "duke of Reazanarès," Madame Christina's *cher ami*, is still of lower origin, and has even less pretensions to knowledge.

† This force consisted of between 8,000 and 9,000 men, under the command of the marquis d'Alorna; and the last miserable remnant of it perished in the calamitous retreat from Moscow, under the appellation of La Légion Portugaise. The Spanish contingent force under O'Farill had perished in Germany.

27th of November, on board of the English fleet in the Tagus, and had scarcely got without the range of the batteries when he beheld the ensign of France* waving on the towers of Lisbon. On his entering the capital, Junô immediately substituted the arms of the emperor for those of the house of Braganza, over the gates of the palace, and issued a proclamation, declaring that the emperor willed that Portugal should henceforth be governed in his imperial name. At the same time, the estates of the crown were confiscated, and heavy contributions levied on the inhabitants. All the fortresses throughout the country were taken possession of by the French troops and the Spanish contingent force. To the eternal disgrace of the Portuguese military reputation, Lisbon, which contained 300,000 inhabitants, and above 14,000 regular troops, abjectly submitted on the anniversary of the day on which Portugal had freed herself from the Spanish yoke, to a wretched force of 1,500 men, scarcely able to bear their muskets on their shoulders, the greater part of the invading army in their advance from the frontier having perished, whole companies and squadrons having been washed away in ravines by the swollen mountain torrents, or perished through the severe hardships sustained in their advance. On the arrival of the French troops under Junô, "his eminence" cardinal Mendoga, the patriarch of Lisbon, commanded, in a proclamation, dated 8th December, 1808, "his dearly beloved sons in Jesus Christ" to obey "the man whom past ages could not have foreseen, the man of prodigies, the great emperor whom God had called to establish the happiness of nations." In the same memorable patriotic document, "all opposition to the divine mission of the magnanimous ally of Portugal" was denounced "a crime against God." Don José Maria de Mello, bishop of the Algarves, also issued a proclamation in the same spirit of patriotism, and of fidelity to his trust; and the other bishops, like veritable "fathers

in God," were responsive to the revered and sanctified voice of the holy and faithful patriarch, in their charges to their flocks and clergy. The magistracy in their edicts vied with one another in recommending, as a civil and religious duty, a kind reception of the French, and obedience to their magnanimous general.

As an excuse for co-operation in the fulfilment of the articles of the treaty of Fontainebleau, the army of observation on the frontiers of Spain was put into motion. Two formidable corps, amounting to 53,000 men, under Dupont and Monecy, advanced into the very heart of Spain, and 12,000, under Duhesme, penetrated through the Eastern Pyrenes, at La Jonquera, and established themselves at Barcelona. All the key fortresses of the frontiers, namely, St. Sebastian, Figueras, Pampeluna, Barcelona, and Mont Jonic, were obtained possession of by cunning and artifice so mean and despicable, that war, in its dignity, disdains their practice; and all the principal passes across the Pyrenees being secured, the three main roads from France, by Perpignan, Navarre, and Biscay, to Madrid, were in possession of the French troops.

The devices by which the French obtained possession of those strong fortresses, and the stupidity of the Spaniards in acceding to those devices, are graphically described by general Foy, in his work entitled, *Histoire de la Guerre de la Péninsule*. His information is as follows:—Two battalions of the 2nd regiment of infantry, commanded by the general of brigade, Nicolas, halted at Figueras, under pretence of waiting there for a great personage, who, it was whispered, was the emperor himself. As there were no barracks in the town, the general demanded permission to quarter his troops in the strong citadel of San Fernando. The governor, who was a weak-minded man, acceded to the request, and the Spanish garrison, quitting that almost impregnable fortress, took up their quarters

* When the standard bearing the arms of Portugal was surmounted by the foreign colours, the feelings of those Portuguese who felt as they ought to feel, are touchingly commiserated by general Foy. Veteran warriors, who, after their lives had been spared by war, have dragged out existence long enough to see the banner under which their blood had been shed, insulted by hostile hands, can imagine the anguish which was produced in the bosoms of the faithful sons of Lusitania. Their hearts were overwhelmed with the bitterest afflictions at the

humiliating sight. The fallen standard was consecrated by every remembrance of religion and glory. According to the legendary belief of every true and faithful Portuguese, Jesus Christ, in his invariable partiality for the Portuguese, had given it on the eve of the battle of Ourique, 1139, to Alphonso Henriquez, the first king of Portugal, and had impressed on it the marks of his passion; and while confiding that sacred labarum to such valuable keeping, had said to the favoured hero, "Behold the sign under which thou shalt conquer."

in the town. Thus Figueras fell into the possession of new masters.

In the intermediate time, the remainder of the army of the eastern Pyrenees, under Duhesme, had arrived at Barcelona, and bivouacked in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. On the following morning they were under arms, on pretence of being inspected before they commenced their march for another destination. Lecchi, the commander of the Italian division, ranged his troops in order of battle, with their backs to the fortifications. All the idlers of Barcelona, and even the Spanish soldiers of the guard, hastened to the review. While they were listening to the music, and their attention was fixed on the minute vigilance with which the officers and the general himself examined every part of the dress of the battalions, two companies of the right turned short before the citadel gate, and covered the drawbridge before it could be raised. At the same time, Lecchi, advancing at full gallop, called out to the Spanish soldiers, that intending to pay a visit of compliment to their commandant, he had sent the two companies to the drawbridge as his body-guard. During this parley, Barcelona was in the possession of the French, a fortification of such ponderous strength, that Napoleon, in his subsequent communication to Gouvion St. Cyr, impressing the necessity of its preservation, said, that it would cost 80,000 men for its recapture, should it be lost. "Thus," adds general Foy, "without striking a blow, the largest city (Barcelona) of the Spanish monarchy fell into the power of the French—that city which, a century before, when all the rest of Spain had been subjugated, had contended singly against the armies of Louis XIV. In the means which were employed to obtain possession of it," adds the general, with the noble scorn and indignation of the soldier at the practice of fraud and duplicity, "there was a mixture of the craft of weakness and the arrogance of strength."

The rock of Mont Jouic, on which was situated the fort, was too difficult of access to allow of the troops reaching it unperceived: Duhesme, therefore, went to count Ezpeleta de Veyre. "My troops occupy your citadel," said the Frenchman; "open instantly the gates of Mont Jouic; for the emperor Napoleon has ordered me to put garrisons into your fortresses." The stupid Spaniard obeyed the mandate, and gave up

the keys of Mont Jouic. Possession of Pampeluna, Figueras, and St. Sebastian, were obtained by the same kind of stratagem.

The plot was now ripe for development. The feuds and animosities that had been artfully fomented between the imbecile Charles and his worthless son Ferdinand, had now risen to the pitch that the crafty Frenchman had designed. Ferdinand had solicited aid against his father, and a matrimonial alliance with the Napoleonic dynasty. Charles, his vicious consort, and the expectant or reversionary prince of Portugal, her paramour Godoy, had invoked the assistance of their "august ally" against the alleged treason and contemplated matricide by Ferdinand, whom they denounced as a rebel and an usurper. To the recriminating solicitations of Charles and Ferdinand, Napoleon, for some time, paid no attention; but finding his schemes now fully ripe for development, and the country sufficiently occupied by his armies, which succeeded each other as the waves of the ocean, and had already inundated the northern and middle provinces of Spain, he commenced his professed mediatory measures.

Charles, in the mean time, had abdicated his crown, on condition that Ferdinand interposed his influence and authority with the people, who had seized Godoy as a traitor to his country, and were about to inflict the summary vengeance of death upon him, to release his wife's paramour. Ferdinand was accordingly proclaimed king; and the people hailed his elevation, while they welcomed the abdication of Charles.

In consequence of these events, Murat advanced from his cantonments at Aranda de Duero, and entered Madrid, March 23rd, with a strong corps of infantry and cavalry; and when Ferdinand made his appearance on the following day, with his father's crown tottering on his head, the lieutenant of the French emperor refused to acknowledge his title. A supreme junta was therefore appointed, of which Don Antonio, Ferdinand's uncle, was constituted president; and Murat was elected a member.

Napoleon now saw the moment had arrived for the *dénouement* of his plot, and the extreme folly of the parties who were to be his dupes gave an apparent sanction to his acts. Both Charles and Ferdinand had, with the most extravagant flattery, solicited him to extend to them his protection. Both parties had been indirectly encouraged to believe, that he was disposed to favour them

respectively. They were both, by stratagem and artifice, induced to visit him at Bayonne, having been lured to the meeting by the artful Frenchman's hollow profession of "cementing their friendship," and "finding him their best and firmest friend." Napoleon having prepared them for the exhibition, confronted Ferdinand (who, notwithstanding that Napoleon had offered him one of his nieces in marriage, and had proposed to carve out a kingdom for him in some part of Europe, manifested a determined resistance to the resignation of the crown of Spain) with his father, his adulterous mother, and her paramour, Godoy; when an infamous reerimination took place between the royal brood, that would be scarcely credited, were it not confirmed by indisputable authority. The queen, with the rancorous hatred of an adulterous mother, thus broke forth to her son—"Traitor, you have for years meditated the death of the king, your father; but, thanks to the vigilance, the zeal, and the loyalty of the Prince of Peace, you have not been able to effect your purpose—neither you, nor any of the infamous traitors who have co-operated with you for the accomplishment of your designs. I tell you to your face, that you are my son, but not the son of the king! and yet, without having any other right to the crown than that of your mother, you have sought to tear it from us by force. But I agree and demand, that the emperor Napoleon shall be umpire between us;—Napoleon, to whom we cede and transfer our rights, to the exclusion of our family. I call on him to punish you and your associates as so many traitors, and abandon to him the whole Spanish nation." The parallel of this disgusting scene—this outrage on human nature—is not to be found in the pages of history: the case of Savage, the author of *The Bastard*, whose profligate mother, the countess of Macclesfield, who gloried in proclaiming her infamy, for the base purpose of disinheriting her talented but unfortunate son, bears but a faint approach to it.

After this memorable interview, the weak-minded and despicably-souled old king ceded all his rights to the crown of Spain "to the great man who has already shown himself my beloved friend;" and Ferdinand, who had no other alternative but to follow the same course, or to meet death (Napoleon having told him in express terms—"There is no alternative, prince, between submission

and death"), declared his renunciation of all right of succession in favour, as he phrases it in the form of his abdication, of "the hero who was destined by providence to save Europe and support thrones." As a recompense for their mean and dastardly conduct, the imbecile father was pensioned and placed with his adulterous wife and her paramour in the palace of Compeigne, and the son sent a prisoner to the castle of Valeneay.

Ferdinand, to propitiate Murat's favour, had, previous to this drama, delivered to him the sword of the French king, Frances, which had been surrendered at the battle of Pavia, and which the Spaniards had preserved with the highest veneration, fondly regarding it as a proud trophy of their former greatness. To give effect to its transfer, its delivery was accompanied with great pomp and pageantry.

The artful and insidious Napoleon having thus extinguished the Bourbon dynasty of Spain, and laid his train of designs for the subjugation of the Peninsula, convened, June 13th, at Bayonne, an assembly of notables, which was composed of the grandees and chief ecclesiastics of the state, "to devise," as he alleged, "a plan under him as protector of Spain, for the security of the happiness, and the regeneration of the country, and to render the Spaniards a great, glorious, and happy nation." Of the one hundred and fifty members summoned, ninety-one obeyed the call, and when Napoleon proposed his brother Joseph as their king, they all, with the most servile acquiescence, swore fealty and homage to him, declaring with abject and fulsome adulation that they submitted "to branches of a family destined by an overruling providence to reign over mankind;" and some of them accepted places of trust and confidence about his court and person.

Neither was this the whole of Spanish perfidy to Spain; in the course of the Peninsular war, the peasantry which had been armed at the expense of England, were also found fighting in the ranks of the enemy; and the French convoys were often under the care and guidance of Spanish commissaries and conductors. Joseph Buonaparte's ministry consisted of Spaniards, and he had a large body of Spanish troops in his service.

The intrusive king set out on his journey, to take possession of the vacated throne of the Bourbon dynasty of Spain, accompanied

by 10,000 Italian mercenaries,* and his faithful adherents, the members of "the assembly of notables." He entered the capital, May 20th, and was proclaimed "king of Spain and the Indies" on the 24th of the same month; the supreme junta, the council of Castile, the municipality of Madrid, and cardinal Bourbon, primate of Spain, and first cousin of Charles, having sent in their adhesions; the last-mentioned person having written a letter to Napoleon Buonaparte, congratulating him on the event.

While the farce of the digestment of the new constitution was enacting at Bayonne, which was "to secure the happiness of Spain, and make her a great and glorious nation," under "the protection of the magnanimous Napoleon," an event happened at Madrid which seemed likely to disconcert all the craft and duplicity of the French emperor.

Murat, in obedience to the commands of his master, to send him all the branches of the Bourbon family, sent off the various cargoes of the royal brood "duly packed and ticketed;" but in his attempt to transmit the queen of Etruria (the daughter of Charles,) and her son, the infante, the population of Madrid surrounding the carriage to prevent their departure, a riot ensued, May 2nd, and in the sanguinary conflict which took place, and which Murat continued while a pretext for resistance could be found, above 700 of the French, and nearly the same number of the Spanish population, were slain. Numbers of peasantry, who had flocked from the surrounding country to inquire about the fate of their friends in the city, were shot and sabred immediately that they approached the French position; and to deter the Spaniards from a repetition of resistance, the streets of Madrid were brilliantly illuminated throughout the night, to present to the inhabitants the ghastly exhibition of their dead and dying friends and relatives; nor were the bodies permitted to be removed till the evening of the second day from the occurrence of the bloody tragedy. A military commission was immediately appointed for the trial of the prisoners, and a number of them were shot, in batches of forty, tied two and two together, near the

church of Señora de la Solidar, and the promenade of the Prado.

The following extract from the *Memoirs of a Voltigeur in the French Service*, furnishes some interesting information on this subject:—"It is with grief I speak it, but truth compels me to acknowledge, that every conceivable atrocity marked the conduct of the French soldiery on this dreadful occasion. The troops took deadly vengeance, sparing neither age nor sex; the child and the adult, the male and the female, were cut down and pierced alike by the edge of the sabre or the point of the bayonet. Even the penitent at the altar found no protection from the soldiers' mad vengeance; and the unhappy individuals confined by sickness to the wards of the hospitals, were torn from their beds and inhumanly lacerated. One of our grenadiers encountering a young woman holding an infant in one hand, and brandishing a poniard in the other, stunned the mother with a blow of the butt-end of his musket, and impaled the child on the bayonet. To consummate the horrors of the dreadful scene which took place on this occasion, as soon as the insurrection was quelled, the matron and the virgin were the victims of the most brutal and unbridled lust."

The example which had been set by the capital was electric. The exalted display of courage and self-sacrifice of the Madrilenos, "the first among the patriotic and martyred brave who set the stern example of defying the oppressor of their country," was too inciting, and carried too home an appeal to every man's heart and soul, not to awaken every feeling that animates the heart. The pride and patriotism of the Spanish nation had been outraged and insulted. From a sense of the humiliation of their nation, the thirst for vengeance burst at once on their imagination. One universal cry for arms was heard throughout the land, and at the same moment a general insurrection took place; the first outbreak was at Santander. In Valentia, Rodrigo, Cadiz, Seville, Carthagen, Valladolid, Granada, Badajoz, and many other cities, the French, and all Spaniards, the supposed partisans of Godoy and Napoleon, were massacred. Provincial and local juntas were constituted captains, and had established the dominion of Spain in the Milanese and the kingdoms of the Two Sicilies. Thus, in the revolution of events, the shoots that Spain had thrown out in foreign conquests, were now returned to strike at her very root and existence as an independent state.

* Many of the officers of the Italian regiments, particularly the Neapolitans, who were now engaged in assisting in the subjugation of Spain, were descended from Spanish families, whose founders had served and found fortune in the Spanish armies that had subdued Italy, under Gonsalvo de Cordova and other

for the conduct of public affairs, and the levying of money and troops. Deputies were sent from the Asturias to the cabinet of London, to solicit arms, clothing, money, and the other *matériel* of warfare.

When the intelligence of the Spanish insurrection reached Portugal, insurrectionary movements immediately took place in that country, to resist French oppression, and to endeavour to liberate the country from their galling tyranny. Melgaço led the way; the city of Oporto followed; and the example was imitated by almost every town throughout the provinces of Duero-e-Minho and Tras-os-Montes. At Coimbra, a considerable city midway between Oporto and Lisbon, a junta was established; and, in imitation of the Spaniards, deputies were sent to England to solicit money, arms, ammunition, and the other warlike necessities.

A treaty of alliance was concluded by the English government with both the Spanish and Portuguese deputies; and British agents were sent to both countries for the purpose of ascertaining their resources, and organizing their military levies. The Spanish prisoners were equipped with arms and clothes, and shipped for the purpose of being transported to their own country;* as were also those in the service of Napoleon in Holstein,† under the command of the marquis of Romana. Specie, arms, money, and all the necessary *matériel* of

warfare, were sent in profusion, almost without stint or limit, to Corunna, Santander, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, and other places. "They were all," says Napier, "incessantly demanded, and as profusely granted." Within twelve months from the commencement of the war, England had sent to the Spanish armies (besides £2,000,000 sterling, 150 pieces of field artillery, 420,000 rounds of ammunition, 200,000 muskets, 61,000 swords, 75,000 pikes, 23,000,000 ball cartridges, 6,000,000 leaden balls, 15,000 barrels of gunpowder, 92,000 suits of clothing, 356,000 sets of accoutrements and pouches, 310,000 pair of shoes, 37,000 pair of boots, 40,000 tents, 250,000 yards of cloth, 10,000 sets of camp-equipage, 118,000 yards of linen, 50,000 great coats, 50,000 cantcens, 54,000 havresacks, with a variety of other stores, far too numerous to be recapitulated." And all this profusion was being made to the worthless government of Spain, while the British army was left neglected and without any funds. To men so imbecile was the government of England then entrusted.‡ The enormous demands of aid and supplies made by the Spanish juntas were scarcely credible. A rivalry often subsisted between the provincial juntas who should make the highest demand on the British government. And there was not much cause for surprise; Mr. Canning having instructed the accredited diplomatists, Stuart, Duff, and the

* These men, forgetful of the obligations and gratitude due to the English nation for its bounty and generosity, mutinied on the passage, and seizing the transports, carried them into different ports of the Peninsula, and disembarking, proceeded to their homes. This was the first display of Spanish ingratitude for British generosity.

† The late poet-laureate, Southey, in his classically written, but not very scientific and trustworthy *History of the Peninsular War*, introduces to the notice of his readers the following singular and interesting anecdote:—"The author of *The Plain Englishman* (vol. i. p. 294), tells us on the authority of sir Richard Keats, admiral of the English fleet in the Baltic, that when the Spanish troops under the command of the marquis Romana, in the service of Napoleon in Holstein, were about being embarked on board of English vessels, for the purpose of being transported to Spain, in order to co-operate with the Spanish patriot armies, it not being possible to take the fine, black, long-tailed Andalusian horses of the two regiments of cavalry, and the marquis being fond of horses, and knowing that every man was (like the German dragoons, between whom and their horses, there subsists an attachment more like that which takes place between human kindred than between man and beast) attached to the beast that had carried him from his native land to the shores of the Baltic, was not able to order that they should, according to the usual practice of warfare,

be shot, to prevent them falling into the hands of the French, ordered that they should be turned loose on the beach. As they moved off, they passed some of the country horses and mares which were feeding at a little distance; but turning back again they attacked the native horses. These resenting the aggression, a general conflict ensued, in which the Spanish horses, retaining their regimental discipline, charged in squadrons of ten or twenty together. The opposite combatants soon adopted the same tactics. Then both sides closely engaged, each party striking with their fore-feet, and biting and tearing one another with the most ferocious rage, trampled over those which were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of a quarter of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at some distance, but they no sooner heard the roar of the battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. 'Sublime as the scene was,' as Southey entitles it, it was too terrible to be long contemplated; and the marquis giving way to his merciful disposition, gave orders for shooting the surviving combatants; but it was found impossible to put the order into execution; and after the last boats had quitted the beach, the few horses that remained alive, were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."

‡ Jones's *Account of the War in the Peninsula*.

other agents, to apprise the Spanish authorities, that no conditions were required as to the application of the pecuniary assistance afforded by the English government, and that the amount of money required to be granted was of no signification. In pursuance of these unlimited conditions, the central junta, in an application to Mr. Stuart, the plenipotentiary to the Spanish government, peremptorily demanded the following supplies to be furnished "without delay," namely: 10,000,000 of dollars, 500,000 yards of cloth, 4,000,000 yards of linen, 300,000 pair of shoes, 30,000 pair of boots, 12,000,000 of cartridges, 200,000 muskets, 12,000 pair of pistols, 50,000 swords, 100,000 arobas of flour, besides a large quantity of salt meat and fish. The gratitude displayed in return for the profuse grants of the English government may be estimated from a postscript to one of the duke of Wellington's letters to his brother the marquis of Wellesley:—"Just to show you the kind of people the Spaniards are to deal with, I mention that I cannot station even a corporal's party, in the Sierra de Gata, or the Sierra de Francia, without giving the corporal money for rations for the horses and men of his party, while the French have everything in the same district for nothing."* We shall also see in the course of the following pages their heartless and cruel conduct to the wounded at Talavera, as well as at other places in the course of the Peninsular war, and their treachery at the storming of Badajoz.

Of this improvidence on the part of the English government, Portugal took advantage, as well as the various juntas of Spain. Intending to convert the grants to their own private advantage, they demanded considerably more of every article than they had any occasion for, or could possibly find means of employing. The bishop of Oporto demanded accoutrements, arms, and ammunition for 40,000 infantry and 8,000 cavalry, with an immense quantity of ammunition, clothing, &c., though he knew that not one-tenth of his demand could be made use of. "The arms were," says the author of the *History of the War in the Peninsula*, "generally left in their cases to rot, or to fall into the hands of the enemy;† the clothing seldom reached the soldier's back; and the

money, in all instances, misapplied, was in some embezzled by the authorities, into whose hands it fell, in others employed to create disunion, and to forward the private views of the juntas, at the expense of the public welfare. It is a curious fact, that from the beginning to the end of the war, an English musket was rarely to be seen in the hands of a Spanish soldier.

While these transactions were in progress of operation, hostilities broke out between the French forces in Spain and Portugal, and the natives of those countries. The Spaniards were defeated during the months of June, July, and August, 1808, at Logroño, Torquemada, Segovia, Cabezon, Soucillo, Huesca, Mallen, Kalon, Epila, Arbos, Moncada, St. Pol, Cabrillas, Melinos del Rey, Cuença, Quarte, St. Felipe, the passage of the Kucar, near Almanza, at Alcolea, and at Medina del Rio Seco, the loss of which last mentioned battle was the cause of Madrid opening its gates to the intruder. In the battles of Cabezon, Torquemada, and Cuença, of Huesca and Epila, under Palafox, and that of Medina del Rio Seco, under Cuesta and Blake, they sustained great loss, both in men and artillery. Amidst the un pitying and unsparing severity with which the enemy used the sword upon the fleeing and defenceless Spaniards, the French cavalry shone in the rank of slaughter. After the battles of Logroño and Tudela, the French generals, Verdier and Lefebre Desnouettes, put all the leaders of the Spaniards to death. During the same period the patriots were successful at the pass of Bruch; repulsed the French twice from Geroux, and twice from Valencia and Saragossa, and obtained the ignominious surrender of Dupont's army at Baylen. The Portuguese, during the same period, were beaten at Castro d'Airo, Villa Viciosa, Beja, Leyria, Montemor, Alobaça, Evora, Guarda, and Attalaya; but obtained some partial success at Oporto, Coimbra, Faro, and Figueira da Foz.

The two sieges of Saragossa, or as it is sometimes written Zaragossa, have been embellished with many romantic and exaggerated legends of Spanish heroism, both male and female, by the late poet laureate Southey, and credulously adopted by those writers who are so carried away with the

* *Wellington's Despatches.*

† After the defeat of the Spanish army at Rio Seco, under Cuesta and Blake, many thousand English muskets, and an immense quantity of stores and

ammunition, of clothing and provisions, all of which had been supplied by the English government, were captured at Benevente and Mayorja. The same loss happened on several other occasions.

love of the marvellous and impossible as to disqualify them for the examination of the truth. Neither the men nor the women did more than is generally done when brought to the push. Mr. Southey's extravagant laudation of Spanish gallantry and Spanish endurance were formed on the traditions of chivalry and romance with which the works of fiction of that nation abound, and in which he was very conversant. Had he had the opportunity of being personally acquainted with the defeats and disasters, the panics and flights, to which the rabble armies of the patriots, under their imbecile and arrogant leaders, were constantly subject, he would have been more circumspect and sparing in his eulogiums. The late Mr. Southey was not, however, singular in his exaggerations of Spanish heroism and other patriotic virtues; many other persons, among whom the political agents sent to that country, contributed to mislead the English public on the subject. Those gentlemen, in their reports, over-rated the power and capacity of the patriots, and mistook popular feeling for physical power and warlike capability.

On the termination of the first siege of Saragossa, notwithstanding the destitution to which the inhabitants were reduced, heavy contributions were levied on the woe-struck city. Junôt, among his other spoiliations, demanded for his own use a superb service of china, and fittings-up for a tennis-court. Lannes rifled the church of Our Lady of the Pillar, of jewels to the amount of nearly half a million of francs. Many of the monks were enclosed in sacks, and thrown into the Ebro. Palafox's chaplains, Gontiego Sao and Baulio Boggiero, met with the same fate, having been first bayoneted on the banks of that river.

Honourable as the sieges of Saragossa, as also that of Gerona, were to the Spaniards, the gallant defence of Mesolonghi, in the war of Greek independence, may vie with any similar event recorded in ancient or modern history, for the heroism displayed by all of every age and sex, from the opening of the siege to its dismal close.

The partial successes which the Spanish and Portuguese patriots had obtained, gave free scope for the display of the inordinate pride and arrogance, the absurd confidence and presumption of the first mentioned people, and for the vapouring and extravagant boastings of the second. By the surrender of the French army, under the timid and incompetent

Dupont, to Castanos and Reding, (the errors of the former of whom ought to have placed him and his army prisoners in the hands of the French, if their leader had possessed the ability of availing himself of them), all the innate pride and presumption of the nation burst forth, and was inflated to the highest degree; "the glory of past ages seemed to be renewed; every man conceived himself to be a second Cid, and perceived in the surrender of Dupont not only the deliverance of Spain, but the immediate conquest of France. 'We are obliged to our good friends the English,' was a common phrase among them when conversing with the officers of Sir John Moore's army; 'we thank them for their good will, and we shall escort them through France to Calais; the journey will be pleasanter than a long voyage; we shall not give them the trouble of fighting the French, but will be pleased at having them spectators of our victories.'"*

The brains of their ignorant and arrogant leaders teemed with the most extravagant projects; instead of devising means to resist the enemy, they employed themselves in composing manifestoes and decrees in inflated and bombastic language, or in making lofty and empty boasts. They also invoked the aid of religion and superstition to give greater nerve and spirit to their hearts. According to their version of affairs, the deity had signified that the cause of the Spaniards was his own. The priests reported, that the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe was struck by lightning on the very day on which Ferdinand VII. entered Bayonne. The tapers which were burning round the sacred image were extinguished, but the mother of God remained untouched. In the cavern of Covadenga, in the Asturias, so famous for having been the asylum of Pelago and his brave followers, attentive and devout devotees saw large drops of sweat trickle down the face of Our Lady of Battles. At Compostella, a clinking of arms was heard during the night, on the tomb of St. James, announcing that the war was begun, and that the glorious nation of Spain would again lead her armies to victory.

This humility of opinion of themselves was not confined to the Spaniards; their peninsular neighbours, the Portuguese, had formed a like estimate of their valorous propensities. When the British army approached the lines of Torres Vedras, that intriguing member of the regency, Souza,

* Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*.

proposed that the Portuguese troops should remain outside the lines, while the English took shelter within their protection. He was, no doubt, fearful that the French would escape the valorous clutches of his countrymen.

In Portugal, also, the junta, instead of teaching the people to practise the drill, to erect batteries, and to throw up trenches, employed them in puerile rejoicings, beating drums, ringing bells, and firing feu-de-joies. The Spaniards, in conformity with their accurate notions of military science, appointed their tutelar saint, Narcissus, generalissimo of all their forces; and the Portuguese, in the same spirit of wisdom and patriotism, conferred the like responsible and arduous employment on their unsubstantial friend, Don Antonio. Results proved how capable their saintships and their confiding votaries were to compete with their active and enterprising adversaries, who invoked no other assistance than common sense and common courage.

Such in the course of three short months had been the defeats and disasters, the panics and flights, to which the armies of the Spanish patriots were subject, in their unequal contests with the veteran and disciplined armies of France; and they experienced the same disasters and defeats, and were subject to the same panics and flights, during the whole six years of their contest for national independence. But it is impossible not to admire the untiring patriotism and unsubduable spirit of the people in their fearful struggle with the oppressors of their country. Though army after army had been routed and scattered as chaff before the wind, they returned again to the conflict with their

* Historians have talked largely and loosely about the former military superiority of the Spaniards; but they have omitted to state, that the causes of that superiority were:—1st, That the Spaniards were the first nation who made use of artillery in the field of battle; and 2nd, That the introduction of that powerful and main arm of military superiority, infantry, owes its origin to them. Their success at Pavia, Rocroi, and in the Low Countries, was entirely attributable to these causes. Readers should be cautious in giving implicit credence to facts taken from Spanish and Portuguese writers, who often wrote under fear, and subject to inquisitorial authority.

† The loss of the Flemish, and also the Italian provinces, was a blessing to Spain, instead of an injury, as it is stated by some authors; it freed her from wars and much useless national expenditure. And their loss was not only beneficial to Spain but to the whole of Europe. For while Spain, and other countries, which had no local proximity with the Netherlands, had any portion of them as their tributary, that part of Europe was the battle-field of dis-

powerful foe, undismayed and undisheartened. They were the victims of the folly and imbecility (often the treachery) of their leaders; but they still made the most heroic exertions for their deliverance from their moral and political degradation. History told them, that the military feeling of their ancestors was once their pride and boast,—that “Spain,” according to their historical annals, “had been the most warlike nation in Europe* till the battle of Rocroi, and the four-score years of warfare in the Netherlands,† when they unfortunately lost their provinces.” Though these glorious scenes had passed away, and might be considered the grave of Spanish military renown, pride, patriotism, and all those feelings that make life acceptable and dignify human nature, they still inclined them to hope that the national spirit might be resuscitated, and their country freed from the bondage of the foe, and restored to its former dignity and political importance. But the great and primary constituents of the military character‡ having been deteriorated and debased by the despotism and degradation, the benumbing and blighting influences of kingcraft and priestcraft, for a succession of ages; and the ignorant and arrogant leaders of the nation, both civil and military, not possessing sufficient talent, energy, and patriotism to awaken and elicit the requisite spirit, all the exertions and sacrifices of the patriots were fruitless and abortive.

During the contests above described, between the Spanish and Portuguese population and their fierce and haughty foes, all the terrors and dreadful visitations of war were practised by both sides, and on a putants, or as Sterne makes his hero term it, “the great prize-fighting stage of Europe,” for thirty centuries, and had occasioned many unnecessary and ravaging wars during that long succession of ages.

‡ The Spaniard naturally possesses all the qualifications necessary for the formation of the soldier: he is disposed to subordination, sober, patient, abstemious. General Foy, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, says that the Spanish soldier is capable of living on a pilchard and a bit of bread rubbed with garlic. If the readers of the general's work should be disposed to believe this statement in its literal sense, they will labour under a serious error. The duke of Wellington, with his usual discrimination, and strict regard for truth and fact, will be found a safer authority. “It is a mistaken popular notion,” says the British authority, “that the Spanish, or any other troops, can subsist on a smaller quantity, or a coarser kind of food, than the British. I have had the opportunity of knowing, that the Spanish are more clamorous for it, and are more exhausted, if they did not receive it regularly, than the English are.”

scale of frightful magnitude. The most horrible excesses were perpetrated, and the most rancorous spirit of hatred and revenge subsisted between both parties. On each side human nature was degraded by the commission of the most fiendish barbarities and torments that the ingenuity and malice of man could devise. By the French, conflagration, murder, rape, pillage, and even desecration of churches, and every kind of atrocity and wanton outrage which the most demoniac wickedness could conceive, were practised. As a lively writer, who was an eye-witness of what he relates, has well expressed himself: "the progress and retreats of the French armies in the Peninsula were marked by acts more suited to the ruthless and savage deeds of a horde of barbarians—to the followers of an Attila, a Timour Bec, or a Ghenghis Khan—than to those of a European military force; they left behind them scenes of horror unparalleled in the annals of war, but which are the inevitable results of the revengeful passions inspired in a licentious soldiery, who are the instruments of evil and insatiable ambition. Many of their deeds are too revolting to human nature, and too indecent, to relate."

The French often burnt the towns and villages through which they passed, plundered the inhabitants, and not unfrequently massacred them, or hung them on the trees by the road-side. Even the generals, except Dorsenne, Monçon, Macdonald, Marmont, Brune, Mortier, Travôt, Brennier, Charlôt, and a few others, were rapacious and cruel, and sanctioned the excesses of the troops. Besides their rapacity in their public capacity, they forced the chief people in the towns and cities to keep open table for them. Junôt, at Lisbon, obliged baron Quintilla to supply his table with forty covers daily; and Loisson visited signor Bandero in the same fearful manner. Many French generals (among whom Vandamme and Davoust shone conspicuous) acted even more extravagantly in Germany, and the other conquered countries. The lower and more abject the origin of the man had been, the more sumptuously and ostentatiously he required to be treated; and the more fearful and exorbitant were his exactions. What a beautiful contrast do the following proclamations of the duke of Wellington and the duke of York form to the cruelties and licentious proceedings of the French generals and their troops, among whom, not to mention

the atrocious massacres, violations, conflagrations, and devastations, "pillage and plunder were systematically pursued by all grades, from the commander-in-chief to the common soldier."

We subjoin a few extracts from the proclamation of the duke of Wellington to the French people, when the British army was in France, dated at his head-quarters, Vera, November 13th, 1813:—That he would "prevent the evils that usually attend the advance of a hostile army, and which your government allowed to be committed by its armies in Spain." At the same time, to protect the French population against the licentiousness of the Spanish troops, he issued another proclamation, authorizing the people of the districts which the British army had overrun, to arm themselves for the preservation of order, and the protection of their lives and property, under the direction of the mayors and civil authorities of the towns and villages; and he moreover invited them to arrest all plunderers and evil-doers, and to convey them to British head-quarters, with proof of the crimes committed, promising to punish the culprits, and pay for all loss and damage. The justice of his proceedings, and the good discipline he enforced, not only among the Spanish troops, but throughout the allied army, so won the esteem and confidence of the French population, that the peasantry, to save their property from the pillage of the French soldiery, and the exactions and forced contributions of the French generals, passed into the British lines, and put themselves, their carts, implements of husbandry, and other property, under the protection of the British general. Also by his rigid probity in paying for all the supplies furnished to the British army, a preference was given by the French dealers in the supply of the British troops to those of their own country; but the consequence was that the value of commodities was greatly enhanced, the daily cost of the rations of each man having been at one period above six shillings British specie.

The order of the duke of York issued to the army under his command, in reply to the decree of the National Convention of France, issued in April, 1794, directing that no quarter should be given to the British troops, was equally honourable to the British character:—"Remember, soldiers, that mercy to the vanquished is the brightest gem in the character of the soldier."

The following observation of general Foy,

when speaking of the mode in which England carries on war, is as highly complimentary to our country, as it is honourable to the candour of that high-minded man, and his regard for truth:—"Plunder and exaction in foreign countries are regarded with generous aversion by men, who, even in war, show every respect to institutions and private property." In pursuance of this principle, the general proceeds to remark, that "10,000 English, with money in their hands, would die of hunger where 20,000 French would live for nothing."

The *lex talionis*, or law of retaliation, was adopted by the Spanish and Portuguese patriots, in its most extensive and unrelenting manner; but it must be admitted, that it was not to be expected, that a wild peasantry, and an oppressed and insulted people, who beheld their dwellings burnt, their property plundered, their fields laid waste and devastated, and their wives and daughters violated, and often massacred, before their very eyes, could restrain their vengeance and moderate their violence; such an expectation is in opposition to nature, and in contradiction of those feelings that were given us for the wisest and most obvious purposes: the unbridled perpetrations of lust, rapine, and cruelty, by an insolent foe, invoke and put into operation all the energy of patriotic hatred, and all the vengeance of outraged morality. Assassinations and cruelties were, therefore, adopted in the spirit of the wildest and severest retaliation. The barbarities practised against the stragglers and sick of the French armies, were horrible; they were the victims of either shocking lingering deaths, or frightful mutilations. As the author of *The Recollections in the Peninsula*, says, in one of his works, *The Tales of the Wars of our Time* (and his narrative is not the suggestions of fancy, but a true and faithful portrait)—"Blows and exactions, pillage and rapine, insults and cruelties, filled the bosoms of the Spaniards with deadly and vindictive hatred, which found a thousand secret and silent modes of exhibiting its awful power. While the veteran conquerors of Italy, Egypt, and Germany, marched into the battle-fields of Spain with a laughing insolence, which their easy and cheap-bought victories and trifling losses, had made natural to them, their ranks were daily thinned and wasted by the stiletto or the dose of poison, by the massacre of the sick and stragglers, by the overpower-

ing of small detachments, by the waylaying of small convoys, by the poisoning of wells and food, and by all the other means that revenge and insulted national honour could devise." Of the sickening and abhorrent atrocities put into execution in furtherance of this purpose, the following transactions afford but a faint and an imperfect conception.

A party of French soldiers who had been captured in Navarre, were buried in the ground up to their chins, and the heads of the leaders having been struck off, were bowled by the guerillas against those of the living; and that monstrous diversion was persisted in for some time, and with the most fiend-like delight. The prisoners were sometimes literally hacked to pieces; many were roasted alive; and often the ligaments of their arms and legs were separated, the limbs being left pendant to the body, to increase the pain and torture of the sufferer. In short, all the innate cruelty of the Spanish character was called into action to devise new modes of torture and punishment. All the atrocity and cruelty practiced on the Peruvians and other offenceless tribes of the South Americans by Pizzaro and the other Spanish marauders, seemed to be revived, and to assume new vigour and activity in the hands of the descendants of the savage and remorseless conquerors of the New World.

Brigadier-general René, on his return from Portugal, to which country he had been on civil affairs, being taken prisoner, was plunged alive into a cauldron of burning oil. Many officers, among whom were captain Cagnier and commissary Vaugier, were put between planks, and sawn to pieces. Several of the followers of the Empecinado having been nailed to the trees in the passes of the Guadarama mountains, by the French, and left there to expire slowly by thirst and hunger; before a week elapsed from the display of that act of barbarous cruelty, a like number of French prisoners were affixed to the same trees by the guerillas. And in this spirit a war of extermination was carried on by both parties with the most relentless fury. The 14,000 prisoners who surrendered at Baylen, were either massacred or sent to the desert island of Cabrera, in the Mediterranean, where, from the severest privations and the most cruel treatment, but few of them were found alive at the termination of the war. The cruelty inherent in the Spanish character at last reached to so high a pitch,

that the slaughter of prisoners, and of the sick in the hospitals that happened by the fortune of war to fall into their hands, was lightly and unfeelingly termed *asegurar*, that is, *make sure of them*. Indeed, hatred and vengeance had become so inveterate and predominant against the French, that

they were blended, not only in all acts and ideas of the Spanish population, but were even introduced into their national songs and ballads. Neither were the Portuguese less revengeful than their neighbours. Both nations rivalled each other in the fierce and vengeful passions.

THE FIRST PORTUGUESE* CAMPAIGN.

A.D. 1808.

THE deputies from the Portuguese juntas having solicited the aid of a British force to enable them to expel "Gaul's locust host" that infested the Peninsula, 9,000 men, who had been assembled at Cork for the destination of South America, sailed the 12th of July, 1808, under the command of lieutenant-general sir Arthur Wellesley (who had been so gazetted on the 25th of April), for the coast of Portugal. The landing was appointed to take place at Figueras, a little fort near the mouth of the Mondego; but as the line of coast of that country is extremely rocky, and exposed to the full sweep of the Atlantic, the whole of the troops, artillery, stores, &c., was not landed till the 5th of August, the weather having not been propitious for the purpose, as the slightest breeze from the seaboard occasions a surf to break along the coast, which ren-

ders all approach to it dangerous at the time. On the evening of the disembarkation of the last of the forces, the expedition under major-general Spencer hove in sight, which had been dispatched to co-operate with the Spaniards in the south of Spain, and when at St. Mary's, near Cadiz, had been sent for by sir Arthur.

When the whole of the forces had effected a junction, the advanced guard moved from its ground on the Mondego, on the 9th, and was followed on the following day by the main body. The army advanced by the coast-road to Leyria, reached Alcobaça on the 14th, Caldos and Obidos on the 15th, at which last-mentioned place an affair of advanced posts took place between the hostile armies, in which, on account of the precipitancy of the pursuit of the French piquets, by the riflemen of the 95th, the

* The configuration which Portugal presents in geographical maps, and as it is described in the various books on the science, give a very erroneous and imperfect idea of that country, as it has been formed by the hand of Nature. To one who casts his eye on the map of the Peninsula, it appears as if he had only to step over the boundary line, and he immediately transfers himself from one country to another. But a personal knowledge of that locality would soon convince him that he had formed a very erroneous conception of the geographical attributes which constitute the boundaries of Spain and Portugal. This may appear from the following sketch of its peculiarities:—The frontier of Portugal is very rugged; and this is occasioned by the country being intersected by several ridges of mountains, throwing off numerous offsets, which cover the face of a great part of the country. The parent-ridges are continuations of the chains which cross Spain from east to west, and which have a general inclination north-east to south-west. Another cause of the frontier ruggedness of Portugal is, that its physical geography varies from that which is peculiar to other maritime countries. In all other maritime positions, as rivers ap-

proach their mouths, the mountains dip and the valleys widen; but such is not the case in Portugal. There the mountains increase in height, and the valleys become narrower. The provinces of Tras-os-Montes and Entre-Douro-e-Minho, are more mountainous than the bordering provinces of Spanish Galicia and Leon. This peculiarity is occasioned by physical causes, dependent on the antagonist or counteractive powers of land and water; nature having, in her provident provision, formed the coast bold and rocky to resist the weight of the volume of the waters of the Atlantic, which is thrown upon them with great force and violence. The boundary line, besides ranges of mountains, consists of rivers. The Minho forms the boundary line from Melgaco to its mouth. The other river boundaries are formed by the Turones, the Erjas, the Lener, the Guadiana, and the Chanza; the banks of those rivers are very steep and rugged. All the great rivers of Portugal as the Minho, the Douro, the Tagus, and the Guadiana, have their rise in Spain, and belong to Portugal, only in their lower basins. The Mondego is the only river that has its source and whole course in Portugal.

latter lost some prisoners. At Leyria, the British army had been joined by 5,000 Portuguese, under Freire; but that general refused to advance, and appropriated to his own use the stores of provisions that had been collected in that city by the bishop of Oporto for the British. The only effect of sir Arthur's appeal to his honour and imputation against his patriotism and spirit, was the placing of 1,400 infantry and 250 cavalry under the orders of the British general. "It was now," to adopt the vivid and elegant language of the tasteful author of *The Military Memoirs of Wellington*, "on the wide theatre of fierce and sanguinary warfare that the careless whistle and the cheerful laughter of the English soldier was first heard. He, stranger alike to the violent and vindictive feelings which animated the invader and the inhabitant, marched gaily forward, looking for a combat as for some brave pastime; and panting to prove at home that the favoured jacket of blue covered not bolder hearts than those that beat proudly under his own crimson uniform;" and in the words of another eminent historian of English prowess, from this same source was to flow, "that mighty stream of battle, guided by the genius of Wellington, bearing the glory of England in its course, which burst the barriers of the Pyrenees, and, while it left deep traces of its fury on the soil of France, gave peace and happiness to Europe."

On information of the landing of the British army, the French commander-in-chief in Portugal, Junôt, had ordered Delaborde, Loisson, Thomières, Kellerman, Travôt, and Manganon, to advance towards Lisbon, leaving garrisons in the fortresses of Elvas, Almeida, and Peniche, and keeping advanced posts at Thomar, Santorem, Obidos, &c. He himself advanced with the

reserve from Lisbon. The design was for all the different corps to proceed in concentric lines to a given point (Leyria), at which it was arranged that the attack was to be made upon the British army.

To prevent the junction of Delaborde and Loisson, and thus force one of them to action, before the meditated junction could be effected, was the object of the commander-in-chief of the British army. This object he accomplished by severing the line of communication of the forces under those generals who were advancing from Abrantes and Lisbon, with the intention of forming their junction at Leyria. Thus Loisson was obliged to make a circuitous march, and compelled to fall back on Santarem; and Delaborde was placed in the predicament of retreat, and exposing the line of Torres Vedras and Mafra, or of accepting battle. The French general preferred the latter alternative, as he was in the neighbourhood of a strong natural position, and entertained sanguine hopes of being joined during the action by Loisson's force (from Rio Major), which amounted to between 7,000 and 8,000 men. He accordingly took up his position on an elevated plain in advance of Rolica,—or, as it is otherwise termed, according to the whim or carelessness of transcribers, Rorica, Roleia, Roliera, Rolissa—which is a pleasant and romantic village, situated at the intersection of the roads leading from Alcoentre, Torres Vedras, and Montechique, and at the southern extremity of a large oblong valley running north and south. Behind him, at the distance of one mile in his rear, a second position, parallel to his first, presented itself in the steep and difficult ridge of Zambugeira. This position, besides its great strength, enabled him to preserve a facility of communication with Loisson and Junôt.

BATTLE OF ROLICA.

ON the 17th of August, about seven o'clock in the morning, the British army broke up its temporary cantonments from Caldos and Obidos, and advanced in three columns towards the enemy. On the approach of the British to the French posi-

tion, Delaborde, perceiving from the skilful disposition of the English general, that both his flanks were threatened, fell back from his position on the plain in front of the village to the heights of Zambugiera (or as they are otherwise termed by some authors, Co-

lumbiera), and again he effected his formation of battle on the table-land of that ridge of rocks. As that precipitous and apparently inaccessible position was shut in by rocky thickets on both sides, covered with a close underwood of myrtles and gum cistus, it was to be approached only by a few difficult tracts, consisting of deep ravines, or water-courses, diverging from the foot of the heights to their crest, in the form of a fan; the original formation of the British army was altered to meet the correspondent changes of the French force and their altered position. General Ferguson's division and forces, consisting of 4,800 bayonets, 50 horsemen, and six guns, and a Portuguese force, consisting of 1,200 men, and 50 cavalry, under lieutenant-colonel Trant, were therefore ordered to skirt the base of the heights to the east and west, and turn the enemy's flanks. Another object of Ferguson's disposition was to intercept and retard Loisson's junction with Delaborde, which was hourly expected, as he had then reached Bombarel, which was only five miles distant from the field of battle. The centre of the English force, composed of Hill's, Nightingale's, Cotton's, Craufurd's, and Ford's brigades, and under the immediate command of sir Arthur Wellesley, being formed into five distinct columns of battalions, entered as many defiles or ravines in the front of the enemy, and after struggling with almost insurmountable difficulties (the ascent being so steep, that in many parts a slip of the foot would have been fatal; and in numerous places it was so overrun with briars, brushwood, and wild myrtlewoods, and in some places so impeded with rock, as greatly to interrupt the advance of the troops, and break their formation); and under a sultry sun, stormed all the passes, and reached the crest of the ridge; but the defile along which the 29th regiment advanced being so narrow as to admit of but three or four men abreast, when it reached the ground upon which it was to deploy, the men were so exposed to the fire of the French riflemen, who occupied the vineyards, that they were unable to form any front to return it, until the grenadier company charging that part of the enemy which was upon the open plain, gave time to the companies behind it to effectuate their formation, when, notwithstanding the murderous fire of grape and musketry, that had been poured into its dense columns, and that it had lost its gal-

lant colonel, Lake, it rallied, and being supported by the 9th regiment, they won back their dead and wounded, and were on the point of being led, under major-generals Hill and Nightingale, to a charge on the enemy's line, when Delaborde, perceiving that his right flank was about being turned by generals Ferguson and Fane,—whose advance had as hitherto been retarded by the nature of the ground over which they had to march, beyond the time which had been calculated necessary to enable them to reach their appointed destination, so as to have formed a simultaneous attack with the central portion of the English army,—retired his forces by alternate masses from the heights on which he was posted, to the village of Zambugeira; protecting his movements by vigorous charges of cavalry, and effecting his change of position in good order, on account of the deficiency of cavalry in the English army. There he rallied; but being dislodged by a spirited and vigorous charge, led by major-general Spencer, he retreated by the pass of Ruña in a long night march to Montechique, which was about nine leagues distant from the field of battle; leaving three guns in the possession of the victors, and the line of march to Torres Vedras uncovered. The loss of the English army was 78 killed, 325 wounded, and 74 missing. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded has been variously stated. Sir Arthur, in his despatch, said it exceeded 1,500. Thiebault (a dubious authority, as the French never acknowledge the truth on such occasions) says it was 600. A glaring violation of truth pervades all the French military works extant, as to the extent of their losses, and the effective force of the combatant French and English armies in all the battles that have taken place between those two nations, both in recent and former times. Even general Foy, one of the most liberal, enlightened, and most truth-speaking of French military authors, has sadly transgressed in this respect. He says, that the French army in Egypt was opposed to 14,000 British troops, and 60,000 Turks; and that the French army under Regnier was opposed at the battle of Maida by 10,000 English troops under sir John Stuart, as many Sicilians, and some Neapolitan refugees. The last mentioned battle he also denominates "a mere skirmish, unknown everywhere else but in England." He also gravely and logically attempts to prove, that Soult won

the battle of Toulouse (though he ran away) and asserts that the English army consisted of nearly twice the number of men than it actually did. Suchet, in his *Memoirs*, talks about "the reputation too easily acquired at Salamanca and Vittoria." Thiers, in his *History of the Consulate and Empire*, maintains that the English lost the battle of Alexandria; and that very conspicuous writer of military romance, kindly condescends in another part of his work, to inform us, that had Napoleon invaded England, he must have subjugated it, as his troops had been victors at Friedland, Jena, and Austerlitz. Some French writers have also undertaken to prove, in due logical form and figure, that the English lost the battle of Waterloo, but that they were so stupid as not to run away.

The amount of force under the British general at Rolica was 13,480 infantry, and 470 cavalry; but the troops actually engaged were only the 5th, 9th, 29th, some riflemen of the 95th and 60th, and the flank companies of major-general Hill's brigade, amounting in all to scarce 4,000 men; as it was not possible, from the nature of the ground, that a greater force could be brought into action. Fourteen hundred Portuguese infantry, and 250 cavalry, were with the army. This force general Wellesley had obtained from the Portuguese commander-in-chief Freire, for the sake of the moral and political effect which their presence and co-operation would have on the minds of the Portuguese nation. The amount of the French force, under Delaborde, has been variously stated. Thiebault, with the usual veracity of his countrymen on such occasions, says that it consisted of but 1,900 men. Sarrazin, Wellesley, and Napier (an authority by no means disposed to underrate French superiority and skill) all assert that it amounted to 5,000 men, of whom 560 were cavalry.

Such was the battle of Rolica, which lasted till four o'clock in the afternoon, and which dispelled the charm which had fascinated and overawed Europe, and had palsied the understanding of the weak and timid part of the English public and press, as to French invincibility and French superiority of military talent. Such was the issue of the first contest in which the "sepo gene-

ral" and the "shop-keeping and cotton-spinning army" of Buonaparte and his vapouring generals, Junôt, Soult, and Massena, with all the other opprobrious epithets which braggart and mortified and humbled French pride, has assailed the British army and its illustrious leader.* Such was the prestige or earnest they had given of their ability for contending, in a series of successive combats and uninterrupted triumphs, from Rolica to Toulouse, from the heights of Lisbon to the walls of Paris, for the palm of victory, the glory of triumph, and the dispelling of the false halo of invincibility with which the brows of French warriors had been encircled by weak and misguided popular opinion, and ignorant and factious writers.

The British army pursued the foe to Villa Verde, on the road to Torres Vedras, where it bivouacked during the night. Next day, the commander-in-chief learning that major-generals Anstruther and Acland's divisions, amounting to between 4,000 and 5,000 men, and which had sailed from Harwich in July, had joined the fleet of victuallers off Peniche, orders were issued to discontinue the pursuit, and the line of march was directed on Lourinham, to cover the disembarkation, as a large hostile force of cavalry was in that neighbourhood. On the 20th sir Arthur took up a position at Vimiera, a village situated near the sea-coast, in the valley of Maceira, and about nine miles distant from Torres Vedras; and sent forward a detachment to cover the disembarkation of the troops in the bay of Maceira.

An officer who visited the battle-field of Rolica, thirty-six years after the bloody tragedy had been enacted on its theatre, says there was not a symptom or a fragment remaining to indicate the event, except the tombstone over the grave of colonel Lake, which the officers of his regiment had dedicated to his memory, as a tribute of their esteem and respect. He adds, "In the now peaceful and smiling valley of Rolica, which once resounded with the crash and clangor of arms, the deafening roar of cannon, and the peals of musketry, the exulting sound of victory, the shriek of agony, and the groans of despair, nature was then in her most lovely garb—green

* The English have been sneered at, not only by Buonaparte and his colleagues and satellites, in respect of their character as soldiers; they received the same compliment from Louis and Villeroy a century

before. Ships, their Gallie friends were of opinion, they might manage; but as to land-fighting, they were eiphers—mere "sea wolves," awkward and inept—impossible to contend with "the great nation."

fields of wheat and barley gracefully undulating under the influence of the morning breeze, now redolent of the perfume of the peach, the almond, and the orange blossom." The same is nearly the case with all the battle-fields of the Peninsular war.

The writer of this work witnessed the following scene:—On the countermarch of that part of the British army under the command of general Hill, which had occupied Madrid in observation of Soult, to the confines of Portugal, the ruined forts of Fort Napoleon and Ragusa, which had been dismantled but a few short months before, were overhung with wild weeds and grass; and the wallflower, the honeysuckle, and ivy, clung to the embrasures of Fort Napoleon, and nodded on the summit of the tower of Ragusa. The *avant fosse*, in which above 1,000 men had been buried under the ramparts, that had been thrown over them, was covered with grass and weeds, and no other indication of the mortality that had been immured there appeared, but a fleshless bone and a broken musket projecting here and there from the sod.

It would be unjust to the memory of the heroic dead, to close this chapter without a tribute to the bravery of colonel Lake,* who fell during the engagement; he was one whom "the officers adored, the soldiers revered, and there were few who would not have laid down their lives for." Mr. Guthrie has given the following graphic and touching description of his death:—"A narrow, steep ravine seemed the only accessible part, and up this, Lake, without further hesitation, led his grenadiers, on horseback. The whole regiment followed with unexampled devotion and heroism, and gained the summit; but not without the loss of three hundred men in the desperate conflict, which took place almost hand-to-hand in the olive-grove half-way up the hill. Broken and overpowered by numbers, Lake fell, and his soldiers would have been driven down, if the 9th regiment had not rushed up with equal ardour, led by a no less gallant soldier, colonel Stewart. The two regiments formed on the crown of the hill, supported on their right by the 5th,

* Colonel Lake was the second son of general Lake. His father's horse having been killed under him at the battle of Laswarree, during the Mahratta

war, which had been opposed, and the French retired, finding that their right was by this time turned. Colonel Lake, on horseback, on the top of the hill, seemed to have a charmed life. One French officer, of the name of Bellegarde, said afterwards, that he fired seven shots at him. Once he seemed to stagger as if he was hit; but it was only at the seventh shot he fell. It is probable he was right, for he was wounded in the back of the neck slightly; but the ball which killed him passed quite through from side to side, beneath the arms: I think he must have fallen dead. The serjeant-major, Richards, seeing his colonel fall, stood over him, like another Ajax, until he himself fell wounded in thirteen places by shot and bayonet. I gave him some water in his dying moments, and his last words were, 'I should have died happy if our gallant colonel had been spared;' words that were reiterated by almost every wounded man."

Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, fearless himself, was ever the first to recognise bravery and merit in others, for the truly heroic mind soonest perceives and most appreciates heroism, wrote thus to the brother-in-law of the deceased officer:—"It may, at the moment, increase the regret of those who lose a near and dear relation, to learn that he deserved and enjoyed the respect and affection of the world at large, and particularly of the profession to which he belonged; but I am convinced, that however acute may be the sensations which it may at first occasion, it must in the end be satisfactory to the family of such a man as colonel Lake, to know that he was respected and loved by the whole army; and that he fell, alas! with many others, in the achievement of one of the most heroic actions that have been performed by the British army." Much has been said, in later days, about the *iron* nature of the hero of the Peninsula; but when we find him, almost with a woman's gentleness, thus comforting the surviving friends of the fallen, we may be sure that no share of that iron entered into the composition of his heart.

war, his son, who was his aide-de-camp, while dismounting from his horse, for the purpose of transferring it to his father, was wounded.

BATTLE OF VIMIERO.

As soon as Anstruther and Acland's brigades had joined the British army, the commander-in-chief issued orders for the march of the troops at day-break on the following day (August 20th), with the requisite supply of ammunition and provisions for nine days; but being informed that sir Harry Burrard had arrived in Maceira Bay, to supersede him, he went on board the vessel in which that general had embarked, to report to him the plan of his future operations, and to apprise him that he had issued orders for the advance of the army on the following morning. He represented to him the advantage of acting on the offensive, the probability of his gaining, by a forced march with his advanced guard, Mafra, in the enemy's rear, and thus turning Torres Vedras; the nature of the ground the army had to traverse, which was well adapted to the projected movement, as it presented several strong positions perpendicular to the line by which the French army must advance to resist his flank march; and which, if possessed, the French line of march to Montechique must be intercepted; that from the broken nature of the ground, it was unfavourable to the movements of the cavalry, in which arm the enemy was strong; and, lastly, that while the French were advancing to Vimiero by the long, narrow defile of Torres Vedras, the English army would have turned that town, and have arrived in the neighbourhood of Lisbon before the enemy would be able to occupy, with advantage, the ground which would defend it; or if the enemy preferred that neighbourhood for the scene of action, a victory vigorously followed up, would prevent him from crossing the Tagus into the Alemtejo, and probably force him to an unconditional surrender. Sir Arthur also recommended the division (10,000 men) of sir John Moore, which had arrived in the Mondego, to be disembarked and marched on Santarem. But the man of etiquette and routine, insensible to those arguments, directed his now subordinate officer to countermand his orders for the forward movement against the enemy. Fortune, however, determined that the gallant and talented Wellesley should not be deprived of the laurels to which his

genius and spirit were entitled, Junôt's critical situation compelling him to determine on immediate action.

The British army was posted about a mile in front of the village, on a range of hills about a mile-and-a-half in extent. The centre of the British line was posted on a rugged isolated height, which rose in front of the village; the right rested on a mountain that swept in a half-circle from the village to the sea-coast; and the left, which was composed merely of a few pickets, occupied another rising ground extending from the opposite side of the village. The cavalry and artillery were posted in the valley behind the village. This position had been taken up temporarily.

Having made these arrangements, Sir Arthur Wellesley was about to retire to rest near midnight, on the 20th of August, when he was disturbed by a German officer of dragoons, who came hurriedly into the camp, and informed him that Junôt was advancing at the head of 20,000 men, in the hope of taking the British by surprise, and was then distant only one hour's march. Sir Arthur listened to this startling intelligence without betraying any emotion; let the enemy come when they would they would not find him sleeping or unprepared. He sent out patrols to warn the pickets to be vigilant, lost no time in making preparations to receive the enemy, and when the sun rose on the valley in which the village of Vimiero stands, and gilded the little rivulet Maceira, which murmurs by it, all his troops were under arms. "It may be remarked in passing," observes captain M. Sherer, "that no general ever received reports with such calm caution as sir Arthur Wellesley. Suddenly awaked, he would hear an alarming account from the front with a quiet—and to many a bustling intelligent officer—a provoking coolness, and turn again to his sleep as before. Few, if any, are the instances, during the war, of his putting the troops under arms by night, or disappointing them unnecessarily of one hour of repose."

About eight o'clock in the morning of the 21st, a cloud of dust arising over the hills, indicated the approach of the enemy; whose columns, which were partially con-

cealed by dark pine woods, were advancing in three divisions, under Delaborde, Loisson, and Kellermann, and his cavalry, consisting of 1,600 men, under Margaron. It appearing to be his design to turn the left of the English army, and attack it in rear, the brigades of Ferguson, Nightingale, Acland, and Bowes, were moved across the valley from the hill on the eastward of Vimiero, to the hills on the westward, to strengthen that part of the position; and thus a change of front was effected in the British army. A little before ten o'clock, A.M., Delaborde and Loisson's divisions advanced simultaneously to the attack of the position in front of the village, saluting the English with jeering epithets as they approached. They rushed forward with the characteristic impetuosity of French troops, and in full confidence of that success which attends men whose battles had hitherto always terminated in victory. No doubt, the disgrace they had just met with at Roliça, further stimulated them.

Delaborde's division, covered by a host of tirailleurs, had crowned the hill on the south-east of the village, on which the 50th regiment and the light troops were posted. To resist the impetuous onset, colonel Walker ordered the left wing of his regiment to stand fast, and throwing his right into companies of echelon, intending to form it into line at a right or obtuse angle (according to circumstances) on the left wing; but there not being time to complete the formation, part of the echelon companies poured in, at the distance of twenty paces, a shattering fire on the angle of the hostile column, and immediately the whole regiment rushing forward with lowered bayonets, and charging the hostile column in front and flank, forced the angle on the centre; and the column being also at the same moment attacked by Acland's brigade, was thrown into irremediable confusion, and driven down the height with great slaughter. In their flight, the French left a thousand of their men dead upon the ground, besides three hundred and fifty prisoners, and seven pieces of artillery. The flying Frenchmen were pursued for nearly two miles, when they were succoured by a reserve of horse; and many of the pursuers, overpowered by a superior force, fell victims

to their enthusiastic gallantry. The secondary column, led by general Brennier, which was to have supported Delaborde, became separately engaged with general Anstruther's brigade, and was beaten back with considerable loss. Sir Arthur, seeing the general hotly engaged, sent an aide-de-camp to tell him that a corps should be sent to his assistance; but that brave man instantly replied, "Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance; I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I find them."

The division under Loisson attacked the left of the British position, where the 36th, 40th, and 71st, were posted. After the interchange of several withering volleys, the British line rushing forward with levelled bayonets, overthrew the whole of the French front line, and driving the survivors with the utmost confusion down the steep, captured six guns. On this body a detachment of the 20th dragoons made a charge, but being overpowered by the reserved cavalry of the enemy, were compelled to retreat with considerable loss, among which was their gallant leader, lieutenant-colonel Taylor.* Kellermann, with the reserve of grenadiers and light infantry, consisting of four battalions, now made a desperate attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day, by a vigorous attack on the extreme left of the British centre, which was posted in the vineyards near the church; recaptured the six guns which Fane's brigade had won. These troops, exhausted with their extraordinary exertions, being at the moment lying down in loose array, but suddenly starting on their feet, and being supported by the 43rd regiment, they charged their opponents, and not only recaptured the artillery, but drove their assailants down the hill in so great confusion, that Solignac's and Brennier's brigades fled in opposite directions. At twelve o'clock the firing ceased, and the enemy retreated in great disorder, being driven back in a southeasterly direction, by which movement the British were masters of the great road by Torres Vedras to the capital. Thus the discomfiture of all the attacks of the enemy was complete; but no army can be destroyed, however beaten, that has protection for its fugitives in a superior cavalry. Had two of the regiments of dragoons, then kept

* General Kellermann was close to colonel Taylor, of the 20th dragoons, when he was killed. He spoke of him in high terms, and said that none but a truly brave man would have advanced against the French

as he did, unsupported by infantry. Kellermann, in admiration of his conduct, gave up the colonel's horse to the 20th dragoons.

idle in the barracks at home, been present, the march to Torres Vedras would have been made, and Lisbon been our own.

At this moment sir Harry Burrard, who had reached the field of battle in an early period of the contest, assumed the command, and issued orders for the army "to halt and pile arms;"* deeming it too hazardous to pursue the defeated and discomfited foe. At the moment that this fatal and unpropitious order reached major-general Ferguson, he was pressing the broken and fleeing columns of Solignac's Brigade. Indignant at the folly and timidity of the order, he dispatched his aid-de-camp to inform the commander-in-chief that he had cut off Solignac's brigade from the rest of the French army, and that the whole brigade would be obliged to lay down their arms, if he was allowed to continue his movement in advance. To strengthen the representation, sir Arthur Wellesley accompanied the aid-de-camp to sir Harry Burrard, and again earnestly pressed the advantage of a forward movement, by which the position that Junôt, who had been joined during the action by 1,200 fresh troops, had taken on the heights of Mafra, would be forced, the strong defiles of Torres Vedras turned, and the passage to Lisbon opened. But "the antiquated tactitioner" was deaf to all entreaty and remonstrance, and thus marred the brilliant victory which had been achieved by his now subordinate officer. An ingenious writer, in his comments on this battle, has well said, that Napier's "veteran" effected for the beaten enemy a miraculous deliverance from a condition which they themselves considered inevitable destruction. The author of *The Reminiscences of the Peninsula*, tells us, that when sir Arthur heard the decision of sir Harry Burrard, he turned his horse's head, and, with a cold and contemptuous bitterness, said aloud to his aid-de-camp, "You may think about dinner, for there is nothing more for soldiers to do this day."

* In the inquiry which took place before the board of commissioners respecting the Cintra convention, it appeared that it had been the opinion of all the general officers (except sir Harry Burrard, who alleged "his weighty reasons" to the contrary,) who were present at the battle, that had the enemy been vigorously pursued, the French army would not have been able to cross the Tagus, and must consequently have submitted to an unconditional surrender. Colonel Torrens, in his examination before the board, said, that immediately after the defeat of the French right column, and during its precipitate retreat, sir Arthur Wellesley

Another writer informs us, that to indicate his feeling of disappointment at being deprived of the glorious results of his victory, he, with affected gaiety, said to another officer, who was expressing his regret at the dishonourable condition imposed on the army by the commander-in-chief, "Well, we have nothing more to do but go and shoot red-legged partridges;" a species of game in which Portugal abounds. His opinion of the injury which the imbecility and timid caution of his superior in command (who, to adopt the indignant and well-merited castigation of a military critic, was one of those antiquated tacticians, bigoted in old-world notions, if he had to cross a bridge, would have spent half the day in reconnoitring), in preventing the interception of the retreat of the enemy on the capital, by turning Torres Vedras, is also emphatically expressed and demonstrated in his communication of the details of the battle to his royal highness the duke of York. "The enemy would have been cut off," says the indignant hero, "from Torres Vedras, and we should have been at Lisbon before him; if, indeed, any French army had remained in Portugal. But sir Harry Burrard, who was at this time upon the ground, still thought it advisable not to move from Vimiero." In the same despatch sir Arthur speaks thus warmly in praise of the conduct of the men and officers who fought under his command at Vimiero—"I cannot say too much in favour of the troops; their gallantry and their discipline were equally conspicuous; and, I must add, that this is the only action that I have ever been in, in which everything passed as it was directed, and no mistake was made by any of the officers charged with its conduct."†

Nor was sir Arthur Wellesley the only person who disapproved of the timidity and impolicy of his superior in command. The whole British army was disgusted with his conduct. "Murmurs," says the marquis

rode up to sir Harry Burrard, and said, "Now, sir Harry, is your time to advance on the enemy; they are completely broken, and we may be in Lisbon in three days; a large body of our troops has not been in action. Let us move them from the right on the road to Torres Vedras; and I will follow the enemy with the left." To this, sir Harry Burrard replied, that "he thought a great deal had been done, very much to the credit of the troops; and that he did not think it advisable to do more, or to quit the ground in pursuit."

† See the *Wellington Despatches*, August the 22nd, 1808.

of Londonderry, in his *Narrative*, "might here and there be heard; all of them condemnatory of that excess of caution which had checked a victorious army in the midst of its career; while a thousand wishes were expressed, that the new chief's arrival had been delayed till the campaign, so prosperously begun, had been brought to a conclusion." "What a different result would the Portuguese campaign have exhibited," says the author of *The Victories of the British Armies*, "had these two old gentlemen (namely, sir Harry Burrard and sir Hew Dalrymple,) been left in a district command, and not have been allowed to check the career of victory which opened so glorious a promise."

The loss of the French was about 3,000 in killed and wounded; that of the English, 175 killed, 584 wounded, and 51 missing. The enemy left 13 guns, several hundred prisoners, and a large quantity of ammunition in the hands of the victors. The amount of the French force in the action was 14,000 infantry, and 1,600 cavalry, with 23 guns; that of the English amounted to near 16,000 men, including 713 cavalry, of which last mentioned force only 180 were British, and 18 guns; but not more than one-half of the British force was engaged, the whole of the right of the army, consisting of the reserve of the 1st and 5th brigades, and the Portuguese, had not been brought into action, having been posted much nearer Torres Vedras than the left of the French was during the action. Thus a second time had the vainly deemed invincible legions of France, after efforts the most resolute and heroic, been fairly and signally beaten. The charm which had palsied the hearts and arms of all Europe had been now doubly broken by the gallant sons of hated England.

To the eternal disgrace of the French, be it said, that in their retreat over the field of battle, they stabbed and mutilated the wounded who lay in the course of their flight. This act of demoniac ferocity was more than once (particularly at the battle of Albuera) practised by them during the Peninsular war. At the battle of Waterloo, there is reason to suppose that they massacred the greater part of the prisoners who fell into their hands. Major Hodges, and the other captured officers of the 15th hussars, were seen alive in the possession of the French cuirassiers; but not one of those gentlemen was found alive at the close of

the battle. Sir Walter Scott has made the following admirable reflections on the conduct of the French:—"In the pursuit by the Prussians, after the battle of Waterloo, the fleeing French experienced little mercy; and, indeed, they had forfeited all claim to it; for their cruelty towards the Prussians taken on the 16th, and towards the British wounded and prisoners made during the battle of the 18th, was such as to exclude them from the benefit of the ordinary rules of war. Their lancers, in particular, rode over the field during the action, dispatching with their weapons the wounded English, with the most inveterate rancour; and many of the officers who have recovered from the wounds they received on that glorious day, sustained the greatest danger and most lasting inconvenience from such as were inflicted by those savages, when they were in no condition to offend others or defend themselves. The "*Quoi! tu n'ès pas mort, Coquin?*" of the spearman was usually accompanied with a thrust of the lance, dealt with an inveteracy which gives great countenance to the general opinion, that their orders were to give no quarter. Even the British officers who were carried before Buonaparte, although civilly treated while he spoke to them, and dismissed with assurances that they should have surgical and proper attendance, were no sooner out of his presence than they were stripped, beaten, and abused. Most of the prisoners that the French took from our light cavalry were put to death in cold blood, or owed their safety to concealment or a speedy escape. In short, it seemed as if the French army, when they commenced this desperate game, had, like buccaneers setting forth on a cruise, renounced the common rules of war, and bonds of social amity, and become ambitious of distinguishing themselves as enemies to the human species."

The late poet-laureate, Southey, relates the following interesting incidents, which may be not unjustly placed in contrast with the description just quoted of the barbarous conduct of the French troops, and which deserve to be recorded as striking episodes of this brilliant battle:—"General Solignac was severely wounded; general Brennier wounded and left on the field. He was in danger of being put to death by those into whose hands he had fallen, when a Highlander, by name Mackay, who was a corporal in the 71st, came up and rescued him. The French general, in gratitude for his

preservation, offered him his watch and purse; but Mackay refused to accept them. When he had delivered his prisoner in safety to colonel Pack, the French general could not help saying, 'What sort of man is this? He has done me the greatest service, and yet refuses to take the only reward which I can present offer him!' Brennier no doubt contrasted this with the conduct of his countrymen, in whose rapacity and cruelties it appears by the testimony of the Portuguese, that he had no share; when, therefore, colonel Pack replied, 'We are British soldiers, sir, and not plunderers,' he must have deeply felt the disgrace which had been brought upon the French character. Mackay was immediately made a sergeant by sir Arthur Wellesley's express desire; and the Highland Society, at their next meeting, voted him a gold medal, with a suitable device and inscription. The piper to the grenadier company of the same regiment, Stewart was his name, received, early in the action, a dangerous wound in the thigh; he would not, however, be carried off the field, but, sitting down where his comrades might hear him, he continued playing warlike airs till the end of the engagement.* A handsome stand of Highland pipes, with an inscription commemorating the manner in which he had deserved the donation, was voted him by the Highland Society."

The author of the *History of the War in the Peninsula*, has found cause for much hypercritical, if not unfair and unsound remark, on sir Arthur Wellesley's brilliant victories of Roliça and Vimiero. The English general's position and disposition of the troops at Vimiero, were not those of choice but of necessity, for the purpose of covering the disembarkation of the reinforcements on the coast. Confiding in his own talent and the indomitable courage of his troops, he was confident of victory. The position he assumed between the horns of the Coa, when assailed by Marmont's formidable host, was of the same character as that of Vimiero, as was also that at the battle of Assaye; and in each case the British chief was eminently successful.

A distinguished French military writer, in the course of his unjust and inapplicable criticisms on the duke of Wellington's victories, and the absence of immediate and

vigorous pursuit which occasionally attended them (the non-execution of which was in all cases his deficiency of cavalry), has quoted the following satire on English generals, given in that very clever work, *Advice to the Officers of the British Army*. It must be acknowledged, that it has been sometimes not inapplicable in British military operations:—"Nothing is so commendable as generosity to an enemy. To pursue him vigorously after a victory, would be taking advantage of his distress. It is enough to show that you can beat him whenever you think proper. You should always act openly and candidly with both friends and enemies. You should be cautious, therefore, never to steal a march, or lay in ambuscade. You should never attack the enemy during the night. Recollect what Hector said when he went to fight with Ajax—'Heaven light us, and combat against us.' Should the enemy retreat, let him have the start of you several days, in order to show him that you can surprise him whenever you please. Who knows if so generous a proceeding will not induce him to halt? After he has succeeded in retreating to a place of safety, you may then go in pursuit of him with your whole army. Never promote an intelligent officer; a hearty boon companion is all that is necessary to execute your orders. Any officer who has a grain of knowledge beyond the common run, you should look on as your personal enemy, for you may depend on it, that he is laughing in his sleeve both at you and your manœuvres."

"The antiquated do-nothing tactitioner" was not doomed to enjoy his unenviable command, or to endure the odium and execration of every man of sense and spirit in the British army long. He was superseded by sir Hew Dalrymple, an officer of the same cautious school, though certainly not possessing the same amount of dulness and obstinacy. Sir Hew had been selected for the command on account of the activity and judgment he had exhibited in the south of Spain. Lord Castlereagh, then secretary for the war department, had addressed a private letter to him, strongly recommending sir Arthur Wellesley to his confidence, and trusting that sir Hew would select him for any service which required great prudence and temper, combined with much military experience. Sir Hew exhibited considerable delicacy of feeling, and left sir Arthur to carry out his own views;

* "Weel, my braw lads, I can gang nae farther wi' ye a fighting; but Deil ha'e my soul if ye sal want music," were his words.

after receiving a vague account of the battle of Roliça, he sent to sir Arthur, that though he wished to be informed of his proceedings, he did not mean to interfere with his command. On the return of his messenger, sir Hew learned the result of the battle, and that sir Arthur Wellesley had been superseded in the command by sir Harry Burrard. No longer restrained by the feeling of delicacy that had hitherto withheld him, sir Hew landed on the morning of the 22nd of August, and immediately assumed the command. Thus the British army had the opportunity of witnessing the singular anomaly of having three commanders-in-chief in the short space of twenty-four hours.

Sir Arthur Wellesley again urged the

policy of an immediate pursuit of the enemy, but the new commander-in-chief was as much disinclined as his predecessor had been to a measure which he considered a hazardous operation. Like sir Harry Burrard, he thought that sir Arthur had been guilty of rashness, which, although it had led to success, would, if it had failed, have terminated in complete ruin. The old and the new schools of warfare were brought into collision, and time was soon to decide between them. While, in a too rigid adherence to the principles of prudence, the aged commanders thought sir Arthur rash, the voice of the whole English nation was soon raised to stigmatize them for the exercise of a caution which narrowly escaped being branded as dishonour.

THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

On the afternoon of the 22nd, an alarm was given in the British camp; the tramp of horses was heard approaching, and it was supposed that the French were advancing to renew the conflict; orders were given to fall in, and the troops were speedily under arms. The alarm was, however, an unnecessary one; it was caused by a body of cavalry who approached under general Kellerman, bearing a flag of truce. Presenting himself at the outposts of the English army, he demanded an interview with the commander-in-chief. When admitted into the presence of sir Hew Dalrymple, he proposed a suspension of arms, and the entering into a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French. This arrangement was agreed to, and the British were now to lose by the pen, the glory which had been gained by the sword. Though defeated in arms, the French were successful in diplomacy, and succeeded in obtaining terms so favourable, that they excited the universal indignation and disgust of the English nation. In the course of the day the basis of a definitive agreement was arranged, the chief stipulations of which were as follows:—

I.—That a suspension should immediately take place, with a view to negotiate a con-

vention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French army.

II.—That a day should be appointed by the generals-in-chief of the two armies, and the commander of the British fleet at the entrance of the Tagus, for the negotiation and conclusion of the proposed convention.

III.—That the river Sizandra should form the line of demarcation between the armies.

IV.—That the British commander-in-chief should undertake to include the Portuguese armies in this suspension; and that for them the line of demarcation should extend from Leiria to Thomar.

V.—That the French should not, in any case, be considered prisoners of war; and that all the individuals composing the army *should be transported to France, with their arms, baggage, and the whole of their private property, from which nothing should be excepted.*

VI.—That no individual should be called to account for his political conduct; that property should be respected; and that all who were desirous to quit the kingdom, should be suffered to do so unmolested.

VII.—That the port of Lisbon should be recognised as neutral for the Russian fleet; and that the principles of maritime law,

in respect to the privileges of neutral ports, should be strictly observed by the British squadron.

VIII.—That the horses of the cavalry, and the artillery of French calibre, should be transported to France with the army.

IX.—That the suspension of arms should not be broken, on either side, without forty-eight hours' previous notice.

An additional article stipulated that the French garrisons and fortresses should be included in the convention, in case they should not have capitulated before the 25th of August.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, as might be anticipated, disapproved of the terms of this convention, particularly of the fifth article, which secured to the French the plunder they had taken from the Portuguese. He termed it "an extraordinary paper," and, with a blunt but noble honesty, proposed that an article should be introduced for the purpose of "making the French generals disgorge the church plate they had stolen." General Kellermann, however, urged that the introduction of such a stipulation would be a reproach to the French armies, and exceedingly unpleasant to its commander, and the polite sir Hew Dalrymple, and his colleague, sir Harry Burrard, were pleased to respect this assumed delicacy.

As sir Arthur had foretold, sir Charles Cotton, the commander of the English fleet in the Tagus, refused to subscribe to the article stipulating for the neutrality of the port of Lisbon in behalf of the Russian fleet stationed there. This, and other circumstances, particularly the subtilty and evasion of the French, occasioned a new arrangement of the convention, which was confided to the management of colonel Murray, the quarter-master-general, who was invested with full powers to conclude a definitive treaty on a fresh basis. That treaty consisted of twenty articles, and stipulated, that the French army, with all the cavalry, artillery of French calibre, arms, baggage, and private property of every description, with sixty rounds of ammunition, should be conveyed in English ships to La Rochelle and the other ports between Rochefort and L'Orient, in France, at the expense of the English government. That treaty, which is termed "The Convention of Cintra," was concluded at Lisbon on the 30th of the month, and soon after ratified. It received the misnomer of *Cintra* from the circumstance of sir Hew Dalrymple forwarding the

document to the secretary of state from Cintra. Cintra, which stands as a green oasis in the midst of a barren wilderness, is a village situated about thirty miles from Lisbon, and, on account of the mildness of its climate, is the resort of the wealthy inhabitants of that city. This lovely spot presents a picture of the magnificence of nature unequalled on the face of the earth, and when lighted up by the heavenly sun of Portugal, which animates everything on which it shines, is ravishingly beautiful. The scenery, as you approach it, is exceedingly picturesque. Waving oak and cork-tree forests, clear gurgling brooks, gushing fountains, groves teeming with golden fruit, cool and fragrant retreats, with convents and churches that appear among the profuse foliage, render it one of the most captivating scenes that the eye can love to dwell upon. When approached by night, at the time the quintas or country houses are lighted up, it presents a truly fairy scene. It is moreover a region of contrasts and scenic paradoxes. The abrupt transitions of scenery, and the alternations of rich landscape with barrenness and desolation—the darkness of the deep and profound ravines, and the lovely sunny slopes—the vast conical splintered rocks and the romantic cascades—the immeasurable expanse of the Atlantic to be seen from the summit of the mountain rising above the village—and the lovely dales (among which the delightful valley of Collares, which opens to the sea, stands pre-eminent), and the dark-bosomed glens beneath, render it one of the most enchanting and extraordinary localities on the surface of the globe—one on which the mind loves to dwell, and recal to recollection at the most distant period of life.

On the 24th, the British army moved by its left on Ramalhal, where sir Hew Dalrymple established his head-quarters. Here he was visited by the temporising Dom Bernardin Freire, "who concluding that the fighting must be all over now, came boldly to the front," and complained that he had not been consulted in the concoction of the treaty. On the 25th, sir John Moore disembarked his force at Maceira Bay, and formed a junction with the army under sir Hew Dalrymple at Ramalhal.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, aware of French subtilty and finesse, and perceiving an inclination on the part of Junôt to evade the conditions of the treaty, strenuously urged, in a conference held with sir Hew Dalrym-

ple and sir John Moore, on the morning of the 27th, the necessity of breaking off the negotiation, and giving the prescribed notice of the cessation of the truce prior to the resumption of hostilities. But his suggestions were overruled.

The conditions of the treaty not being carried into execution on the expiration of the period fixed for the resumption of hostilities, the forces which had been disembarked under the command of sir John Moore, and two brigades of the army present at the battle of Vimiero being left at head-quarters at Ramalhal, the advanced guard of the British army pushed on the 29th beyond Torres Vedras; and sir Arthur Wellesley, early on the morning of the 31st, marched his corps by the left to Sobral, in front of the enemy's position of Cabeça de Montechique; where he received a message, that the treaty on its new basis had been acceded to by colonel Murray. The English army immediately advanced towards Lisbon, and reached Oyeras on the 2nd of September. On the 9th, sir John Hope took possession of the castle of Belem, and on the 11th of the citadel of Lisbon. During the progress of these transactions, the Portuguese, encouraged by the presence and success of the English army, indicated a strong insurrectionary spirit, and a determination to gratify their thirst for vengeance against their rapacious and cruel oppressors. They resorted to the most sanguinary retaliation against the stragglers of the French army. A band of peasantry, and other rabble of the population of the metropolis, headed by the juiz de foro, or magistrate, Monteiro Mor, attacked the French patrols occupying the south bank of the Tagus, but were prevented from putting their designs into execution, only by Junôt's threat of exemplary vengeance, and of setting fire to the city. Those misguided men had been incited to the commission of these excesses by the intrigues and the representation of the bishop of Oporto and Freire, that their country had been treated as a conquered province in the convention, the junta of Oporto and themselves not having been parties to it.

The time for the execution of the convention being now at hand, the first division of

the French forces, with Junôt, his staff, and immense pillage, embarked on board the transports on the 13th, under the protection of the second and third divisions. On the following day, sir John Hope assumed the government of the capital, and immediately adopted measures for enforcing subordination among the population. The last division of the French sailed on the 30th, amidst the execrations of all classes of the people. The French garrisons of Elvas and Almeida* were not embarked until the 6th of October; and that of La Lippe till the 25th of the same month, on account of the Spanish general Guluzzo, who, like his prototype Freire, now that "the fighting was over," putting on a "swashing martial outside," refused to acknowledge the convention, and had invested La Lippe, but respectfully bombarded it at so great a distance, that all the damage his martial ire did, "was knocking away the cornices and chimneys of the governor's house." The French commandant, colonel Girval, despising the threats and deeds of the bobadil besieger, was about to inflict the merited vengeance on him, when, it being understood that sir John Hope had advanced as far as Estremos to remove the doughty Spaniard from before the fort, that specimen of Spanish heroism desisted from his fell purpose, and retired. This same Guluzzo shortly after undertook to defend the left bank of the Tagus with 5,000 men, and for that purpose occupied a line of forty miles; but on the appearance of a trifling French force, quickly took to his heels.

The pillage of the French, both officers and men, had during their domination in Portugal been enormous; no species of property had been exempt from their rapacity. They had robbed the national museum and library, the public treasury, the arsenal, the churches and convents, and even the tombs, of every thing that was valuable and portable. Junôt's aid-de-camp was detected in packing up even the duke of Sussex's carriage for his master. They had melted the church plate into bars to prevent its identification. Their military chest contained three months' pay; and one regiment alone boasted that it was in possession of one hundred thousand crowns; all obtained by the robbery of

* Almeida lies between the rivers Coa and Turones, which are tributaries of the Douro, and partially form the boundary, in this part of the Peninsula, between Spain and Portugal. Elvas is a strongly fortified frontier town, about twelve miles west of

Badajos, and 125 east of Lisbon. It is situated between two forts, Santa Lucia and La Lippe, which stand on distinct summits, commanding the town: both the forts and the barracks in the town are bomb-proof.

the people of Portugal. Junôt, the *quondam* or *ci-devant* corn-chandler, now "his excellency the duke of Ahrantes," modestly demanded five ships (the Danish then in the harbour) to carry off his *private property*; among which were found fifty-three boxes of indigo. Their robbery and rapacity had been enormous; and so tenacious were they in their endeavours to retain their plunder, that the English commissioners, major-general Beresford and lieutenant-colonel lord Proby, who had been appointed to carry the convention into effect, declared "that the ingenuity of man could not devise means to defeat the cavil and dexterity of the French in the evasion of the treaty," and that "their conduct throughout the whole affair was marked by the most shameful disregard of honour and probity."

Having entirely delivered Portugal from French dominion and usurpation, sir Arthur Wellesley, as he expresses himself in a letter to the secretary for foreign affairs, feeling himself dissatisfied with the military and public measures of the commander-in-chief (sir Hew Dalrymple), and with his treatment of himself, determining to return home, devoted his attention to the affairs of the army, so that he might deliver over his command to his successor in as efficient a manner as possible. In the interim, he drew up documents for the guidance and direction of sir John Moore; the suggestions in which, while they display his sound judgment and comprehensive mind, are a proof of his disinterested patriotism. Having accomplished these purposes, he applied to the commander-in-chief for permission to return to England, and resigning his command, repaired to Lisbon, from which port he sailed on the 20th of September.

* The following letter expresses this testimonial of grateful admiration:—

"Camp at St. Antonio de Fayal,
September, 6, 1808.

"SIR,—The commanding officers of corps and field-officers, who have had the honour of serving in the army under your command, anxiously desirous of expressing the high opinion they entertain of the order, activity, and judgment with which the whole of that force was so ably and successfully directed, from the time of the landing, to the termination of your command in the action of Vimiera, request you will accept from them a piece of plate, as a testimony of that sincere esteem and respect with which your talents and conduct have so justly inspired.

"To the Rt. Hon. Lieut. Gen.

"Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B., &c."

The above was signed by all the commanding

Sir Arthur had previously thus expressed his feelings in a letter to viscount Castlereagh, the secretary of the war department:—"It is quite impossible for me to continue any longer with this army; and I wish, therefore, that you would allow me to return home and resume the duties of my office, if I should still be in office, and it is convenient to the government that I should retain it; or if not, that I should remain upon the staff in England; or, if that should not be practicable, that I should remain without employment. You will hear from others of the various causes which I must have for being dissatisfied, not only with the military and other public measures of the commander-in-chief, but with his treatment of myself. I am convinced it is better for him, for the army, and for me, that I should go away; and the sooner I go the better." In another letter to the viscount, sir Arthur had thus decidedly expressed the pain he felt in consequence of the obstinacy or jealousy, or both, of his superior officers. "I assure you, my dear lord, matters are not prospering here; and I feel an earnest desire to quit the army. I have been too successful with this army, ever to serve with it in a subordinate position, and with satisfaction to the person who shall command it." Prior to his departure, the generals who had been under his late command in Portugal, apprised him, that "as a proof of their high esteem and respect for him, and their satisfaction of their good fortune to have served under his command," they had voted him a service of plate of £1,000 value; which vote the field-officers increased to £2,000.*

When the news of the convention of Cintra reached England, "a nation to which military glory has ever been dear,"

officers of corps and field-officers who had served under the duke in this campaign, and was accompanied by the following:—

"Camp at St. Anna, near Lisbon.

"September 18th, 1801.

"SIR,—It has happily fallen to my lot, as the oldest field-officer in your army, to have the honour of presenting the enclosed address from the commanding officers of corps and field-officers serving in it: we have but one sentiment on the occasion—admiration of your talents, and confidence in your abilities.

"JAMES KEMMIS,

"Lieut.-Col. 40th, and Colonel.

"To the Rt. Hon.

"Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B., &c."

The subjoined is the characteristic reply:—

"SIR,—I have had the honour of receiving your letter of this day's date, in which you have transmitted

as the speaker of the house of commons observed in his communication of the vote of thanks of the house to sir Arthur, for his services in Portugal, a burst of national indignation broke forth. Petitions to the throne and both houses of parliament were presented from all parts of the kingdom, calling for inquiry into the reasons for entering into so disgraceful a convention, "after two signal victories." "The newspapers," says Southey, "joined in one cry of wonder and abhorrence. Some refused to disgrace their pages by inserting the treaty; others surrounded it with black broad lines, putting their journals in mourning for the dismal intelligence it contained; some headed the page with a representation of three gibbets, and a general suspended from each." It was even debated whether this disgraceful convention should not be broken by the English. The feeling of the country upon this point is thus clearly and powerfully expressed by the same writer:—"What could be done? There were not wanting writers who called upon government to annul the convention. The Romans, they said, would have done so, and have delivered up the generals who signed it, bound and haltered, to the enemies' discretion. Would it be argued, that to break the treaty would be to break our faith towards the enemy? Why, it was so framed, that it could not be fulfilled without breaking our faith towards each and all of our allies! We were the allies of Portugal; and it was a breach of faith towards Portugal, to transport this army of thieves, ravishers, and murderers, out of the country in which they had perpetrated their crimes, and from which they had no other possible means of escape. We were the allies of Spain; and it was a breach of faith towards Spain, if four-and-twenty thousand French troops, cut off from all succour and all retreat, should be conveyed, under the British flag, into their own country, with arms and baggage, that they might join the

forces with which Buonaparte was preparing to march against the Spaniards. We were the allies of Sweden; and it was a breach of faith towards Sweden, to carry Russian sailors through the Swedish fleet, for the purpose of manning Russian ships against the Swedes. Were we then to annul this treaty with our enemies, or to betray our friends?—for to this alternative our triumvirate of generals had reduced us! No law of nations could justify them in making such stipulations; no law of nations, therefore, could justify us in performing them. But the French, it was urged, had already fulfilled their part of the convention; they had evacuated the fortified towns, and admitted us into Lisbon. Thus we had already reaped the advantages, and were, in honour, bound to carry into effect the remainder of the treaty, which was advantageous to them. In whatever way we acted, some loss of honour was inevitable; but it was less disgraceful to break the terms than to fulfil them; better that the French should reproach us, than that they should compliment us upon a fidelity which enabled them to injure our allies. The blow, it was affirmed, might have gone far towards deciding the fate of Europe. France had lost one army in Andalusia, and how deeply Buonaparte felt the loss, was shown by the anxiety with which he concealed it from the French people. What might not have been the effect of the destruction of a second and larger army, following so close upon that of the former! How would it have encouraged the Portuguese, given new animation to the Spaniards, and raised the hope and the courage of those various states who were suffering under the tyrant's yoke."*

To appease the mind of the public, sir Hew Dalrymple and sir Harry Burrard were recalled home, and a board of inquiry, consisting of four generals and three lieutenant-generals, was commissioned to meet at the Royal College, Chelsea, to

an address from the officers commanding corps and the field-officers who served under my command in the late operations in Portugal.

"I have had more than one occasion of expressing the satisfaction I had derived, from the state of discipline and order in which the several corps were kept throughout the service in which we were employed, and my sense of the assistance I had derived from the officers belonging to the different parts of the army. These advantages rendered our operations easy and certain; and we were enabled

to meet the enemy on fair terms in the field of battle.

"I beg you to convey to the field-officers of the army, the assurance that I shall not lose the recollection of their services; that I am fully sensible of their kindness towards me; and that I value highly their good opinion.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

"Colonel Kommiss, 40th Regt."

* *History of the Peninsular War.*

investigate the affair. Their sittings continued from November 14th, to December 27th, 1808. Four of the members approved of the convention, and three disapproved of it. The direct censure fell solely on sir Hew Dalrymple; sir Arthur Wellesley and sir Harry Burrard received an indirect reproof. But the conqueror of Roliça and Vimiero received his just and appropriate sentence in the vote of thanks of the house of commons, which he acknowledged in the following brief but manly speech:—"Mr. Speaker, I beg leave to express my acknowledgments to the house for the high honour which they have conferred upon me, by the notice which they have taken, and the approbation they have conveyed, of my conduct during the time I commanded his majesty's troops in Portugal. No man can value more highly than I do the honourable distinction which has been conferred upon me—a distinction which it is in the power of a free people alone to bestow, and which it is the peculiar advantage of the officers and soldiers in the service of his majesty to have held out to them as the object of their ambition, and to receive as the reward of their services. I beg leave to return to you,

sir, my thanks for the handsome terms in which your kindness—I ought to say your partiality—for me, has induced you to convey the approbation of the house."

When the thanks of the house of commons were awarded to sir Arthur Wellesley, it was universally felt by the king, court, parliament, and people, that he thoroughly deserved them, and that if his advice had been followed, the convention would never have taken place, and that the French must have surrendered unconditionally. The chief censure fell, for the time, upon sir Hew Dalrymple, but the nation saw that the greatest error had been committed by the government in England, in not permitting the general who had planned the campaign, and commenced it so successfully, to carry it to a brilliant close.*

On the termination of the proceedings of the court of inquiry, sir Arthur Wellesley again assumed the execution of his duties as chief secretary for Ireland; but he shortly after returned to England, and resumed his seat in the house of commons; where he took an active part in the inquiry into the duke of York's transactions with Mrs. Clarke, relative to the affairs of the army.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S CAMPAIGN IN SPAIN, AND BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

For the purpose of preserving the concatenation of the events connected with THE PENINSULAR WAR, a brief sketch of the campaign in Spain of that much traduced and ill-requited officer, sir John Moore, is necessary.

On the evacuation of Portugal by the French, sir Hew Dalrymple had prepared to prosecute the war in Spain; and for this purpose the British army was cantoned in the Alemtejo, along the road to Badajos, preparatory to its crossing the frontier, for

* *Official Report of the English Force commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley at the battle of Vimiero, and in Portugal.*—Under GENERAL SPENCER:—Artillery, 269; royal staff corps, 48; 6th regiment, 1st battalion, 1,020; 29th regiment, 863; 32nd regiment, 941; 50th regiment, 1,019; 82nd regiment, 991; total, 5,151. Under SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY:—5th regiment, 1st battalion, 990; 9th regiment, 833; 38th regiment, 957; 40th regiment, 843; 60th regiment, 936; 71st regiment, 903; 91st regiment, 917; 95th

the purpose of pressing on the flank and rear of the enemy's advance on Madrid, and turning his position on the Ebro; but sir Hew being recalled to appear before the Board of Inquiry in London, respecting the Cintra convention, the command of the forces fortunately devolved on sir John Moore.

The British ministry, influenced by the reports of their military agents, who, mistaking the vain boasts and arrogant pretensions of the Spaniards for energy and

regiment, four companies, 400; royal veteran battalion, 737; 36th regiment, 1st battalion, 647; 45th regiment, 599; total, 8,762. A detachment of 20th light dragoons, about 300. Under GENERAL ANSTRUTHER:—9th regiment, 2nd battalion, 675; 43rd regiment, 861; 52nd regiment, 858; 97th regiment, 769; total, 3,163. Under GENERAL ACLAND:—Queen's regiment, 913; 20th regiment, 689; 95th regiment, five companies, 180; total, 1,672.

courage—possibly the tremendous announcement they saw emblazoned on glaring ribbons, round the hats, of “Los valerosos Spagnuolos,” “vencer o morir por Fernando” (the valorous Spaniards—conquer or die for Ferdinand), might have influenced their judgments,—had represented the Spaniards as “a nation possessing unparalleled energy,” determined to foster and aid the national feeling. They accordingly dispatched a force of 10,000 men under general Baird, to Corunna, and instructed sir John Moore to assemble all the disposable British troops (which had been increased by fresh contingents under major-generals Sherbrooke and Hill) in Portugal, to the amount of 20,000 men, and to advance on Valladolid, where Baird was ordered to effect a junction with the main body of the army. Baird’s division reached Corunna on the 13th of October, 1808; but the main body of the army, on account of the defective state of the magazines, and the poverty of the military chest,* was not put into motion from Lisbon† till the 18th of the month.

As the direct road on the line of route to Salamanca, was represented by the Spanish authorities to be impracticable for the passage of artillery, sir John Moore determined to adopt two distinct routes of march, a determination adopted also on account of the scantiness of subsistence to be found in that exhausted part of the country over which the line of march lay. Sir John Hope, with a protecting brigade of 3,000 infantry and bussars, marched with the artillery, by Elvas, Badajos, Truxillo, and Talavera, with orders to move by Talavera de la Reyna, and join the main body of

* As only £25,000 were granted for this purpose, sir John Moore was compelled to borrow of Frere, the English plenipotentiary to the Spanish government, some of the two millions of dollars with which he had been entrusted for the use of the Spanish patriots; and also to send agents to Madrid, and other places for the same purpose. “Such was the policy,” exclaims the author of the *History of the Peninsular War*, “of the British ministry, that they supplied the Spaniards with gold, and left the English army to get it back in loans.”

† Lisbon is situated about nine miles above the bar or entrance of the river Tagus. It is built on three hills, and rises in the form of an amphitheatre from the bank of the river. That section of it which stands on the most westerly of the hills, has received the name of Buenos Ayres, from the comparative purity of its air. It is unfortified and open on all sides like London; the only military defence being a small castle in the midst of the city, and some batteries and strong forts on each of the banks of the river; as St. Julien, St. Antonio, Cascaes, and Belem, on the northern bank; and Bugio on the

the English army at Salamanca, by the royal road which traverses the pass of the Guadarama mountains. The main body, under the commander-in-chief, advanced in three columns on Ciudad Rodrigo, crossed the frontier of Spain on the 11th of November, and the head of the columns entered Salamanca on the 13th of the month. Before the troops began their march, the commander-in-chief, in his general orders, declared his determination to show no mercy to plunderers or marauders —“in other words, to thieves and villains;” and to show that he was in earnest in his intentions, he punished a marauder on the march with death, at Almeida.

As from deficiency of transport and supplies (no magazines having been formed on the line of march), the troops were obliged to march in small and successive divisions, the whole of the main body of the army was not concentrated in that city till the 23rd. On the 26th the head of Baird’s division was at Astorga, the rear beyond Lugo; while the head of Hope’s division, which for want of money to provide the means of transport, was obliged to move in six subdivisions, each being a day’s march behind the other, was at the Escorial, and the rear at Talavera. Hope, on the 4th of December, having reached Alba de Tormes, which is distant about twelve miles from Salamanca, sir John Moore dispatched a detachment to assist in covering his march into Salamanca.

On the 27th of November sir John Hope was at the southern entrance of the Guadarama pass of the Carpenteras; which marshal Lefebvre, with the fourth *corps d’armée*, southern. The banks of the river present almost one continuous line of buildings, from fort St. Julien, which is near the bar, to the capital. The number of palaces, convents, and churches (all which are without domes or spires, except the Estrella convent),—the dazzling whiteness of the houses, the airy appearance of the windows and balconies, the tasteful arrangement of plants, flowers, and shrubs on the roofs and terraces, with the luxuriant appearance of the orange and lemon groves teeming with their golden fruit—the beautiful quintas and their gardens—and the olive, cypress, and judas trees in the surrounding country, present, when the sun shines on them, to the view of the observer, as he approaches the capital on his voyage up the Tagus, one of the most pleasing and delightful prospects that any city in the whole world affords. But though all is majestic and magnificent without, all is indescribable filth and stench within. The river in front of the city assumes a bay, or sea-like appearance, being five or six miles in breadth, and capable of containing all the fleets of Europe.

was in march to occupy, in order to intercept the retreat of the English army on Lisbon, a movement which Napoleon fancied sir John Moore was then executing. The circuitous and impolitic detour which had been imposed on Hope's division, in consequence of the false and insidious information of one Longa, a Spaniard, that the route by Rodrigo was impassable for artillery, occasioned the loss of more than one month in the operations of the English army, and imposed an additional march of above 150 miles on Hope's division, encumbered, too, as it was, with stores, artillery, &c. That that detour was unnecessary, is evident from the fact that Junot, in a far more inclement season, when he invaded Portugal, had advanced, with his artillery, by the route of Aleantara, Castel Branco, and Abrantes; and that Loisson had frequently moved his artillery and cavalry between Lisbon and Almeida. And of the possibility of this passage, sir John Moore, in the course of his march, made the mortifying discovery, by personal observation, that his artillery could have accomplished the march by Almeida. "But," as the author of the *Military Memoirs of Wellington*, justly observes, "it is one of the trials of an English general, that a good military survey of the intended theatre of war is never to be found in or furnished from any public office at home. England has no department or bureau to help a general in these matters; he must know everything, and do everything, unassisted; even without money, he must provide food and contentment, and see both the troops and the followers of his army in long arrear." To these disadvantages, sir John Moore was, in an especial manner, exposed. He was thrown into the heart of Spain, with no armies to support him, no generals or government with whom to concert measures, no intelligence on which he could rely; without magazines, and without money in the military chest to form them.

Nor was the false and insidious information of Longa the only instance of Spanish treachery and deceit that occurred during sir John Moore's arduous campaign. Morla, the Spanish secretary of war, proposed to sir John Hope, that the division under his command should march in ten subdivisions through Madrid, in as many successive days; and to further his delusive projects, which he had concocted with Napoleon Buonaparte, for the purpose of decoying

the division commanded by Hope by dribbles into the clutches of that intriguer, he concealed from Mr. Stuart, the English agent at Madrid, the calamitous condition of the Spanish armies, and asserted that there was no hostile force capable of preventing the junction of Hope's division with the main body of the English army under the command of sir John Moore. In this design he was aided, unwillingly, by Frere, the English plenipotentiary, "a person," to adopt Napier's phraseology, "of some scholastic attainments, but who was ill qualified for the duties" he had undertaken. That person, in his correspondence with sir John Moore, represented that the enthusiasm of the Spaniards was unbounded, and that the whole country, from the Pyrenees to the capital, was in arms. Morla, also, in his communications with the English commander-in-chief, asserted that 25,000 men under Castaños, and 10,000 from the Samosierra, were marching in all haste on Madrid, where there were already 40,000 men in arms; though the traitor was at the time in communication with Buonaparte for the surrender of the city; and no longer than two days after Frere's communication to the commander-in-chief, that gentleman, with the junta, was fleeing headlong towards the frontiers of Portugal. Nor was the treachery of the one party, and the hallucination of the other, the whole of the mischief designed for sir John Moore. A few days after Frere's letter had reached him, two Spanish officers, by name Don Ventura Enolenta and Don Augustin Bueno, arrived at his head-quarters, and presented a letter from Gareo, the minister of war, pressing him to advance on Madrid (already in possession of the enemy!) and to give full credence to Frere's information. At the same time, Frere sent to the English general one *colonel* Charmilly, a French emigrant, in the British service, and denizenized in England, but in the interest of Morla and Buonaparte, to persuade him to advance on Madrid, and if he declined to do so, to require him to submit its propriety to the consideration of a council of officers in the army. Moore, penetrating the insidious designs of the emissary, and confronting him with colonel Graham (the late lord Lynedock), who had just arrived at headquarters with intelligence of the disasters of the Spanish armies, ordered him out of his presence. In the course of his narrative of this transaction, the author of the *History*

of the Consulate and the Empire of France has the candour to say that the letter of Morla "was written on the 2nd of December, and the men (namely, Castelfranco and Morla) had determined to betray their country, and lead on the British army to its destruction."

On the 11th of December, a forward movement was made by the British army from Salamanca (the reason that it had been delayed to that period was for the purpose of allowing the flank divisions of Hope and Baird to approximate, simultaneously, the main body of the army), with the intention of marching on Valladolid, and then advancing into the heart of Spain, in order to present the means for the wrecks of the armies of Castaños, Blake, and Belvedere, to rally on the English army. The object of this movement, namely, the attack of Soult's *corps d'armée*, which kept open the communication between France and Madrid, would also have forced Buonaparte to retrograde to oppose the British, and have thus constituted a powerful diversion in favour of Madrid, in case it was not in the enemy's possession, and of the southern provinces, to enable them to rise and organize their forces. On the evening of the following day occurred the first hostile *rencontre* between the English and French armies. While the army was moving from Arevalo, brigadier-general Stewart surprised, with a squadron of the 18th hussars, a French post, consisting of fifty infantry, and thirty cavalry, at Rucda, and slew or took prisoners almost the whole of the party.

During the progress of the operations of the English army the affairs of Spain were in a very critical position. As the intrusive king Joseph had, on the surrender of Dupont's army, fled from Madrid (taking good care, however, in imitation of his brother's example, to carry off with him all the valuable property of the palace, and the jewels of the crown) to Vittoria, Buonaparte determined to remedy the errors and incapacity of his lieutenants by his own presence. Accordingly, the veterans of Jena, Austerlitz, and Friedland—soldiers whose drums had beat to victory on the banks of the Adige, the Rhine, and the Nile—were collected from the central states

of Europe, into one body; and a host of cavalry, and a long train of infantry, in all amounting to 330,000 men, were marched into Spain. Buonaparte following them, reached Bayonne on the 3rd of November, and was at Vittoria on the 8th of the same month.

Immediately on his arrival in that city, he proceeded to arrange the plan of his campaign; which was completed in two hours. Soult was directed to proceed to Briviesca, and, with the second *corp d'armée*, to attack the Spaniards, posted at Gamonal, under the count de Belvedere. Buonaparte followed with the imperial guards and the reserve.

The right wing of the Spanish army fled as soon as it was attacked, and the left followed its example, although not assailed; but the volunteers from the universities of Salamanca displayed that courage, as a high-minded scholar has justly said, "which might be looked for from men of their condition." They twice repulsed the French infantry, and, when attacked in flank by the enemy's cavalry, the whole battalion fell almost to a man upon the ground on which they had been drawn up, exhibiting one of those bright examples which history furnishes of the noble devotion and self-sacrifice with which literature, when connected with honourable descent and exalted feeling, inspires its votaries, when their energies are invoked in the defence of their native soil. In the battle of Cabeçon, July 12th, and in the subsequent battle of Rio Seco, the students who had volunteered from the universities of Segovia and Leon, exhibited a like splendid valour and noble patriotism, proving that those whom the love of their country had brought to the field could not be frightened from it.*

The French cavalry pursued the scared fugitives, sabring them, without remorse or intermission, as long as any of the defenceless and unresisting unfortunates could be overtaken. The next day, November 10th, Blake (who had already been routed at Zornosa, on October 31st, as he had also been, in conjunction with Cuesta, at Rio Seco, on July 10th), was defeated with great loss; as he was also at Reynosa, on the 13th. On the 22nd, Vives and Reding

* The conduct of the 500 Greek students, who, stimulated with the love of country and the inspiration of freedom, left their universities in Italy, Russia, and Germany, to enrol themselves in the sacred band "*hieros logos*," in the army of Ypsilanti, was no

less memorable in the battle of June, 1821, fought on the plains of Dragesghan; who, though deserted by their countrymen, resisted the attacks of the Turkish cavalry, ten times their number, until the whole had fallen side by side.

were overthrown at Cardaden; on the same day, Castaños and Palafox were routed at Tudela; and, on the 30th, the almost impregnable pass of the Samosierra was forced by a few squadrons of Polish lancers, though defended by 12,000 men (among whom were men of the "heroic" regiments, that had captured Dupont's army at Baylen), and that sixteen pieces of artillery, which were planted in the gorge of the pass, commanded and swept the road that led to it. On the 21st of December, Reding was defeated at Molino del Rey; on the 4th of the same month, Madrid had capitulated after a few days' fruitless resistance; and in the course of a few hours afterwards, the nobles and clergy, the corporations and tribunals, and above 30,000 of the inhabitants of Madrid, presented an address of congratulation to Napoleon, soliciting his brother Joseph to resume the sovereign power; and they attested their sincerity by "declaring their allegiance on the holy evangelists." Thus, in the brief period of six weeks, all was submission from the Pyrenees to the capital; though many of the arrogant and presumptuous pretenders to patriotism (among whom the junta of Toledo stood pre-eminent), declared that they would bury themselves under the ruins of their towns, rather than submit to the oppressor of their country. Indeed, so arrogant and presumptuous were many of those vapouring patriots, that the supreme junta of Madrid projected a military board for the regulation of the operations of their armies, and appointed Castaños president, his seat to be taken "when the enemy was driven across the Pyrenees."

When the army had reached Alaejos, (December 14th), sir John Moore, ascertaining, from an intercepted despatch of Berthier to Soult, that Madrid was in the possession of the French, and that Buonaparte was advancing, by forced marches, to intercept his supposed retreat of the English army, sent orders to Baird to fall back on Corunna; and, at the same time, he with the main body fell back on Toro; and, continuing his route on Villapondo and Valderas, reached Mayorga on December 19th, where a junction was effected with Baird's division. At this time the British army amounted to 23,583 men, of whom 2,278 were cavalry. The winter had now set in. The whole face of the country was covered with snow, and the weather very severe.

While in this position, lieutenant-general

lord Paget, determining to surprise the enemy's cavalry, under general Debelle, and which was posted at Sahagun, marched early in the morning of the 20th from Melgar Abaxo, with the 10th and 15th hussars; and when his force had advanced two-thirds of the way, he directed general Slade to follow the course of the Coa with the 10th, and to enter the town by that side; while he with the 15th advanced by a more circuitous route. By the time the 15th had reached its destination, it was daylight, and they found the enemy, in consequence of the information of the advance having been communicated by a patrol of cavalry which had observed the 15th, formed in an open plain ready to receive them; but instead of rushing forward to the attack, they stood *pied-ferme*, the whole line keeping up a fire of carbines on their assailants. The 15th, without a moment's hesitation, came down full speed upon the enemy, and completely overthrowing them, took 13 officers, and 132 privates prisoner. The number of the enemy engaged was 700; that of the English, 400. In many other cavalry skirmishes that occurred at the outposts, the gallantry of the English was equally conspicuous. With perfect confidence, the smallest patrol would charge a body double its strength.

Sir John Moore, desirous of effecting a diversion in favour of the patriot cause, before he was in full retrograde motion, on the night of the 23rd, put his columns in motion from Sahagun towards the Carrion, for the purpose of attacking on the following morning Soult, whom he understood was at Saldanha, and who was not likely to be joined by any supporting force in time so as to render the attack hazardous. In the chill night the English columns were in motion, warmed and cheered by the promise of battle, when, intelligence being received from the marquis Romana, that Buonaparte was marching from Madrid with the 1st and 6th *corps d'armée*; that Soult, reinforced by Loisson and Hudclet's divisions, was advancing northwards to cut off the line of retreat; and that the other four *corps d'armée* were advancing in the radii of an irregular crescent, to a converging point on the rear and flanks of the English army; Sir John countermanded his order of advance, and on the 24th, commenced his retreat. Hope's division proceeded by the road of Mayorga, and Baird's by that of Valencia de San Juan. To conceal the retreat from the French marshal,

the reserve, the light brigade, and the cavalry, remained with sir John Moore at Sahagun; the latter pushing their patrols up to the enemy's lines to conceal the retrograde movement. On the 25th, the covering division followed the route of Hope's march; and it was not till the evening of that day, that the last of the cavalry pickets retired from the post of Sahagun.

While passing Mayorga, lord Paget's march being interrupted by a strong body of cavalry (1,500 in number), posted on a high ground that flanked the line of the English retreat, colonel Leigh being ordered to charge the enemy with two squadrons of the 10th hussars, they were put to flight, with the loss of 20 killed, and upwards of 100 taken prisoners. This decided superiority of the British cavalry was also evident in other rencontres. In all the cavalry affairs during the retreat, the hussar regi-

* The instances of heroic courage and devoted sense of duty displayed both by privates and officers during the Peninsular war, were numerous. Napier, in his work, mentions the following transaction which took place at this bridge:—"John Walton and Richard Jackson, privates in the 43rd regiment, being posted beyond the bridge of Castro Gonzalo, were directed, on the approach of the enemy, the one to stand firm, and the other to fire and run back to the brow of the hill, to give notice whether there were many or few of the enemy. Jackson fired, and received twelve or fourteen sabre cuts in an instant; nevertheless he came staggering on, and gave the signal; while Walton, with equal resolution, stood his ground, and wounded several of the assailants, who then retired, leaving him unhurt; but his cap, knapsack, belt, and musket were cut in above twenty places, and his bayonet was bent double, and notched like a saw." The same author tells us, that the honourable captain Somers Cock, in his private journal of the transactions in the Peninsular war, records the following remarkable exploit, performed by a serjeant of the 16th dragoons, of the name of Baxter, during Massena's retreat from the lines of Torres Vedras to Santarem:—"That brave soldier, having only five troopers with him, came suddenly on a picket of fifty men, who were cooking their messes, but instantly running to their arms, killed one of Baxter's men; but Baxter broke in so resolutely on them, that, with the assistance of some Spanish peasants, who were near at hand, he made forty-two of his enemies captives." The following anecdote, mentioned by the author of the *History of the War in the Peninsula*, in the third volume of his valuable work, and detailed more at length in Leith Hay's *Narrative of the Peninsular War*, partakes a little of the marvellous:—Colonel Waters (the officer who procured the boats at the "Passage of the Douro," having been taken prisoner during Massena's retreat from Portugal, and refusing his parole, was ordered to be sent to Salamanca under the escort of four gens-d'armes. During the journey, the chief of the party, who rode the only good horse, having occasion to dismount for a moment,

ments, regardless of numbers, or the discouraging movements of a retreat, always sought a rencontre with the foe, and always came off victorious.

On the 26th Baird's division crossed the river Esla, by the ford or ferry of Valencia; and on the same morning, sir John Moore, with the reserve, passed that river, by the bridge of Castro Gonzalo.* The whole of the army having effected the passage of the Esla, was concentrated on the 27th at Benevente,† where it was halted for two days, for the purpose of putting the stores and magazines in a condition for removal; but means of transport not being obtainable, the greater part was destroyed. At the moment of the evacuation of the town by the rear-guard, general Lecfevre Desnouettes, having crossed the Esla at a ford opposite Benaren, with the chasseurs à cheval of the imperial guard, was driven by the 10th

Waters clapped spurs to his mare, which was "a celebrated animal," and galloped off at full speed. His flight lay through the French army. While he hurried past the flanks of the columns of the enemy, some cheered him, others fired at him, and the gens-d'armes followed close at his heels. At last, he rushed full speed between two of the columns, and, on the third day of his flight, reached headquarters, where lord Wellington had caused his baggage to be brought, observing, that "he would not be long absent." Among the instances of heroic daring in the French army during the Peninsular war, the following exploit, which occurred during the retreat of the English army from Burgos to Ciudad Rodrigo, is not the least interesting:—"The bridge of Torderillas having been broken down, sixty officers and non-commissioned officers formed a raft to carry their clothes and arms, and then plunged into the water, holding their swords between their teeth, at the same time swimming and pushing the raft forwards. Having reached the opposite bank of the Douro, naked as they were, they successfully stormed a tower behind the ruins of the bridge, which was occupied by a detachment of the Brunswick Oels regiment." At the siege of Badajos, in relieving the pickets in the trenches, the men, instead of going through the trenches or parallels in front of the walls of the town, often used to show their contempt of danger by jumping out of them, and running across the next parallel or trench in the face of the enemy's fire. In executing this feat of daring, one day a cannon-shot from the ramparts, first striking the ground, hit one of the working party on the back, when he fell, as it was thought, dead on the spot; but, to the surprise of his comrades, in a moment he jumped up unhurt, the shot having glanced off his knapsack. In commemoration of the event, he was known afterwards by the appellation of "the bomb-proof man."

† The castle of Benevente, the property of the duke of Ossuna, and one of the finest monuments of the age of chivalry, and in which Gothic grandeur was united with the richness of Moorish decoration, was disgracefully dilapidated by the troops stationed there for the night.

hussars, under general Stewart, across the river, with many killed and wounded, and the loss of seventy prisoners, among whom was Lefebvre.* From the termination of this affair, the French cavalry kept at a respectful distance as long as the English cavalry formed the rear-guard of the army.

Sir John Moore, with the rear-guard, reached Astorga on the 30th without any molestation; but that town being encumbered with the sick of Romana's army—which had the appearance of an ambulating hospital in need of an escort—and the ruins of his baggage, the retreat was resumed on the following morning; a large quantity of the remaining stores and ammunition having been first destroyed, and, for want of the necessary means of conveyance, the sick and wounded abandoned, the former of whom had been greatly increased by the contagious typhus fever, imparted to them by Romana's troops. On the 31st, the light division, under Craufurd, and the light German brigade, under Alten, were detached at Bonillos, to march by Orense on Vigo, for embarkation; which town they reached without having sustained any loss from the enemy. The reason for this separation of the light division from the main body of the army, was the inability to obtain a subsistence on one line of march, and to prevent the enemy from heading the British columns, and obstructing the retreat† by the lateral road to Orense and Vigo. The marquis of Romana took the same direction, his troops having

* The following graphic account of this spirited affair appears in the narrative of sir John Moore's campaign, by his brother:—"While lord Paget was preparing to move with the cavalry, some of the enemy's cavalry were observed trying a ford near the bridge which had been blown up; and presently between five and six hundred of the imperial guards—'men,' as their captured leader, general Lefebvre, said to sir John Moore, 'who had put to flight thirty thousand Russians at Austerlitz'—plunged into the river, and crossed over. They were immediately opposed by the British pickets, who had been divided to watch the different fords, but who were quickly assembled by colonel Otway. When united they amounted only to two hundred and twenty men. They retired slowly before the superior numbers of the enemy. The front squadrons repeatedly charged each other; and on the pickets being re-inforced by a small party of the 3rd dragoons, they charged with so much fury, that the front squadron broke through the enemy, and was for a short time surrounded, by the enemy's rear squadron wheeling up. But they extricated themselves by charging back again through the enemy. They then quickly rallied, and formed with the rest of the pickets. When lord Paget reached the field, which he soon did, general Stewart, at the head of the pickets, was

been supplied with firelocks and ammunition from the British stores.

From the commencement of the retreat to the moment of reaching Astorga, the weather had been severe and inclement in the extreme; and the distress of the army was further increased by the absence of the necessary supplies. The consequence unavoidably was, that the continued line of march was a scene of the greatest suffering and insubordination. "The length of the marches, the severity of the weather, and the wretched state of the roads, which, in many places, were knee-deep in mud, joined to the want of supplies, the only food which the troops could obtain to appease their craving appetites being a little flour mixed with cold water, produced," says one who participated in the sufferings and privations of that disastrous retreat, "so complete a disorganization of the army—starvation, under any circumstances, compels the soldier to lose his discipline and spirit—that it presented the appearance of a tumultuary rabble, and, in the case of many regiments, not fifty men were with their colours." During the whole retreat the rain fell in torrents and without intermission, with a violent and impetuous wind beating, alternately, rain, snow, and sleet, direct in the faces of the troops; and to add to their misery, the cold was in a degree nearly equal to that of a polar winter; the oldest inhabitant of Spain had no recollection of its having ever been so severe in the Peninsula. No retreat on sharply engaged; the squadrons on both sides sometimes intermixing. His lordship was desirous of drawing on the enemy further from the ford, till the 10th hussars, who were forming at some distance, were ready. This regiment soon arriving, lord Paget wheeled it into line in the rear of the pickets; which then charged the enemy, supported by the 10th hussars. But before they could close, the French wheeled round, fled to the ford, and, plunging into the river, left their killed and wounded, and seventy prisoners, among whom was Lefebvre in the hands of the victors."

† Of the two reasons which have been assigned for that division of the army, namely—first, to lessen the difficulties of the commissariat, and secondly, to secure the left flank of the army,—the first may be defended; but there does not appear to have been any necessity for the second. If the left flank was insecure, it could become so only from lateral roads, by which the troops from Astorga might have turned the line of march of the retreating battalions; but to separate from them, and proceed direct for the valley of the Minto, through a distant country, where no enemy had existence, was an extraordinary mode of securing the uninterrupted march of the army.—Leith Hay's *Narrative of the Peninsular War*.

record was ever attended with so much misery, horror, and desolation, except the disunal and horrific one of Napoleon from Moscow, and that of the Anglo-Indian army from Cabul. At Bembibre and Villa Franca the stragglers broke into the large wine-stores, and hundreds of them, who were scattered, in a state of senseless intoxication, in the streets and on the roads at a distance from the vaults, were sabred by the French cavalry, who dealt death around unsparingly, and flushed with their inglorious triumph, pursued the drunken rabble that attempted to escape their vengeance, to Cacabelos, slaughtering and wounding men, women, and children, indiscriminately, and with the most inhuman ferocity. Some of the ill-fated fugitives found their way to the British rear, and, mangled as they were, were paraded through the ranks, as an intimidation to those who might feel inclined to follow their example, and disregard that first and greatest principle of military duty—obedience, which constitutes the soul and spirit of war.

As there may be some persons disposed to consider this a mere "fancy picture," without truth or reality, the testimony of a French writer may probably satisfy their scepticism. Speaking of the licentious conduct and desperate excesses of the stragglers of the English army, the author of the *History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon*, says—"Many were often intoxicated and uncontrollable, and neither threats nor warnings could make them quit their boozing places, (namely, the wine-stores, cellars, &c.) There they remained till the French came up, or else, staggering sluggishly along the road, they were overtaken by the dragoons, who, as they rode along, brandishing their swords to the right and left, cut down the tardy drunkards, many of whom were so insensible from liquor, as neither to resist nor attempt to get out of the way."

During the course of these operations of the British army, the French were actively employed in scattering the armies of the patriots, and in preparations to overpower with numbers the English army, or to intercept its retreat on Portugal, and thus, as Thiers vauntingly expresses himself, "end the war in Spain with a crushing blow." The whole of the eight corps d'armée were, as has been already said, in motion, to accomplish this purpose against the English force. Napoleon Buonaparte, as soon

as he understood that sir John Moore was not retreating on Lisbon, but was at Salamanca, put himself at the head of the 1st and 6th corps d'armée, which amounted to above 50,000 men, and marched from Madrid on the 21st of December; was at Tordesillas on the 24th; and, after having passed the Guadarama pass of the Carpen-teras—a ridge of mountains which separate the province of Madrid from that of Segovia—was at Valderas twelve hours after the English army had quitted that place. He reached the Escla, in front of Benevente, on the 28th, and had the mortification to witness the discomfiture of the cavalry of his guard, under Lefebvre, by the English hussars. Soult and he reached Astorga on January 1st, at the same time, with a force amounting to 80,000 cavalry and infantry, and 200 pieces of artillery, where, receiving intelligence of the hostile intentions of Austria, he delegated the task of pursuing the English, and, in the imperial bombastic phraseology, "of driving them into the sea," to Soult. Having placed under his command near 60,000 men and 91 guns, he prepared to return to France, taking with him the imperial guard, which amounted to 15,000 men. Having been frustrated by the prescience and vigilance of the English general, he disguised his miscarriage by one of those brilliantly inflated bulletins, so well calculated to dazzle the fervid imagination of warriors.

This march of Napoleon from Madrid to Astorga, has furnished his adulators and idolatrous admirers an abundant theme for their laudation of his "unsurpassable and unequalled military genius." One of them (and of course the rest have taken up the tune) breaks out into the following reverie:—He thus "traversed two hundred miles of country in *ten* days, [forgetting to state the truth, namely, *eleven*], regardless of the difficulties which the severity of the weather, the almost impassable state of the mountain routes, and long dark nights, produced."

Let us examine the miraculous feat and the propriety and application of its extraordinary laudation. First, then, with regard to "the severity of the weather and the long night marches." Had not the English army to contend with the same disadvantages, and that too under the discouraging and depressing circumstances of a retreat, and hotly pursued by a vindictive and a remorseless foe? "Aye," but reply the adulators, "look at the genius of the mag-

unanimous Napoleon's execution," with all the rest of the nonsense on which they are continually ringing changes. Secondly, "the almost impassable state of the mountain routes." Those mountain routes were the Guadarama pass of the Carpenteras, which, as has been before stated, forms part of the royal road from Madrid to Badajos. That we may not be accused of a partial description, we will adopt the description of the passage by the French—by one of those who love to assign marvels and prodigies to the object of their fanatical idolatry:—"Crossing the Carpenteras in a hurricane of sleet and snow, and the snow being deep, the French advanced guard was preparing to round the mountain, the emperor hurrying to the front formed the chasseurs à cheval of the guard into close column, occupying the entire width of the road, and causing the men to dismount, directed the leading half squadron, mingled with their horses, to advance; at the same time placing himself in its rear, the whole moved forwards, and treading down the snow in such a manner as to point out the way to the troops behind; and thus the whole army descended to Epinas."

Now, let us calmly examine the prodigiousness of this marvellous exploit, which has called forth the unbounded admiration of "the emperor's genius and spontaneous spirit or intuition." Did not sir John Hope, and that too with all the artillery and magazines of the British army, and, moreover, with the enemy's cavalry hovering about him, effect this passage of "mountain routes?" "Oh," reply the adulators, "that was nothing; he was only a divisional general, and an Englishman, one of our own countrymen; and then you know, it is liberal to undervalue our countrymen's talent and heroism, and overrate those of their enemies, particularly where they were led by "the great and matchless Napoleon." But not to waste time on such nonsense, let us resume the narrative.

While the main body of the English army moved towards Villa Franca, the reserve, to repress the vigour of the pursuit, took up at Calcabellos (January 3rd) a position on a lofty ridge, broken with vineyards and low stone walls, where they were attacked by eight squadrons of hussars under general Colbert, supported by a body of voltigeurs; which were repulsed and driven across the Guia river, with the loss of 200 men taken and slain; among the latter of whom was Colbert.

As the face of the country from Villa

Franca to Lugo is mountainous and rugged, and therefore the cavalry rendered useless, they preceded the infantry. On the army reaching Herrierias, the engineers presenting their reports of the harbours and positions of Ferrol and Corunna, the latter place was selected as the port for embarkation, as being the nearest by two marches. On reaching Nogales, the army met forty-two waggons, laden with arms, ammunition, shoes, and clothing, sent by England for the use of Romana's troops. When the necessary supplies had been served out to the almost naked troops, the remainder was destroyed; and, at the same time, the contents of the military chest (25,000 dollars) were thrown over a precipice into a ravine, several feet deep in snow. Many men who straggled from their ranks in hopes of possessing themselves of some of the money, met with death either from the severity of the weather or the sword of the enemy.

At this period of the retreat, the sufferings of the army had reached their climax. Horrible scenes of affliction were momentarily occurring among the fleeing and disorganized crowd. Jaded and half famished, barefoot and knee-deep in mud, their fatigue was so excessive, that they often fell by whole sections on the way-side and perished. Hunger, despair, and the inclemency of the weather, had done their worst. "It was melancholy," says an eye-witness, "to see brave soldiers, who feared no mortal foe, possessed of a spirit undaunted by no enemy, who had arrived on the soil of Spain, burning with a desire for battle, and in all the confidence of victory, thus beaten by want and the elements, and falling victims to their severity and fury!"

The same fate attended the women and children. Women were to be seen frozen to death, with infants lying on their breasts, and seeking sustenance from the lifeless bodies of their mothers: one woman was found by the way-side, with two babes lying beside her to whom she had given birth before her broken spirit had fled for ever. Children were frozen in their mothers' arms. The sick and the wounded, from the impossibility of passage for the waggons and cars that bore them, were abandoned to a lingering death, or the merciless sabres of the pursuers. "I looked around," says one who was present in the disastrous scene, "when we had gained the highest point of the slippery precipices over which we were hurrying, and saw the rear of the army winding

along the narrow road. I saw their way marked by the wretched people that lay on all sides, expiring from fatigue and cold; their bodies reddened, in spots, the white surface of the ground. The saddest indications of human misery and suffering presented themselves on the whole line of march."

Nor was this the condition of the main body alone. The retreat of the light division, under Craufurd, from Bonillos to Vigo, was equally calamitous. Their route lay through a wild and mountainous country, presenting the appearance of a wilderness of the most dreary and desolate nature. Long day and night marches, fatigue, want of food, and all the miseries and wretchedness attendant on a rapid retreat, had, with as unsparing a hand, done their work, as with the main body of the army. The snow that lay on the ground was dotted along the whole line of the retreat with the dead and dying bodies of men, women, and children, as also of mules and horses. Clusters of men and women were to be seen sitting huddled together in the road, their heads drooping forwards, and apparently waiting for death to put an end to their misery. Whenever any one sank down from fatigue or exhaustion, there he generally found his last resting-place. The whole division presented the appearance of the most abject wretchedness and misery. The wayworn and gaunt figures of the men—their ghastly features—their heads swathed in old rags, or tied up in fragments of handkerchiefs—their clothes and accoutrements hanging in tatters—gave them the appearance of moving corpses. The scenes among the women and children were infinitely more distressing. During the whole of the calamitous retreat, the condition of the women, both of the light division and the main body of the army, was distressing in the extreme. They were to be seen huddled together in the rear, with their ragged and scanty clothing displaying their bare limbs to the inclemency of the season, and with their husbands' tattered great coats buttoned over their heads, presenting the appearance of a tribe of migratory gipsies. But great and severe as their distress and sufferings were, their fortitude and resignation under them drew forth the admiration of the whole division. One instance deserves special remembrance. One of the men's wives being overtaken by labour-pains, laid herself down in the snow, a little out of the main road,

and was delivered of a male infant, her husband being her only attendant. In the course of a few hours after her delivery, she was seen among the ranks with her newborn babe in her arms. Cases of this nature occurred more than once during the Peninsular war.

On the approach of the army to the village of Constantine, the French, not aware that a bridge was constructed there, pressed the pursuit hotly, in order to harass the retreating army in effecting its passage of the river; but they were repulsed in their attack. To check the pursuit, the reserve under brigadier-general Paget was appointed to impede the passage of the river, while the main body continued its route to Lugo; which town it reached on the 5th of January. The reserve, though repeatedly assailed by the enemy, held its ground firmly till midnight, when it retired on the main body, and was bivouacked either in position or cantoned in and round the town. The French on the same day quickly appeared in front of Lugo, and took up a position on a mountainous ridge, opposite the rear guard of the British, only the width of a narrow valley intervening between the positions of the hostile armies.

On the 6th, preparations having been made for battle, the troops, as soon as they knew that their colours were planted in bivouac on a line of battle, hurried to their ranks; subordination and discipline immediately assumed their ascendancy, and the organization of the disorderly battalions became, as if by magic, complete; and as they examined their locks, fixed their flints, and loosened in the scabbards those bayonets which the pouring rain had rusted fast in the sheaths, they again looked to their officers with the regard of a ready obedience and a brave devotion—a fact, confirming the just estimate and appropriate metaphor of one who well understands the qualities of the British soldier:—"A British army may be gleaned in a retreat, but cannot be reaped. Whatever may be their misery, the soldiers are always to be found ready at the fight."

The position chosen for the field of battle was tolerably strong. The centre being formed among vineyards, separated from each other by low stone walls, was difficult to attack. The right being flanked by rocks and ravines, was not easily to be turned; but the left was vulnerable. With the first dawn of the following morning the guns of

the French opened, but were quickly silenced by the British artillery. Attacks were then made on the centres of the English line; a feint was made on the right wing; and a column of considerable magnitude, covered by a cloud of tirailleurs, ascended the hill on the left, and drove in the pickets and a wing of the 76th; but those troops falling back on the 51st, which was stationed in their rear, the enemy was driven down the hill with great slaughter, at the point of the bayonet; and having been repulsed at all points, retreated to his position, with the loss of 400 men. At the attack of the right wing, the 51st falling back behind the stone walls, sir John Moore, at the head of his staff, rushed forward, with his hat in his hand, exclaiming, "Recollect, men, I was your lieutenant-colonel—follow me;" and gallantly leading the regiment to the charge, they rapidly drove back their assailants.

Advantageous positions had presented themselves for offering battle before the army had reached Lugo. From Villa Franca to Lugo, the tract of country called the *Biergo*, lying between the two great ranges of mountains that trend north to south, is very rugged and much wooded, with numerous enclosures, consisting of low stone walls, built around vineyards and plantations of mulberry trees. Here could have been selected many desirable positions in which battle might have been offered to the enemy; and in the event of his declining to accept it, an action might have been brought on by the employment of those feints which a retreating army has it in its power to call into practice without implicating its safety or credit.

On the dawn of the 8th, the English army was again drawn up ready for the contest; and, though both armies stood embattled opposite to each other during the whole day, amidst storms of rain and snow, no hostile occurrence took place. In the words of a French historian, "The British stood to their arms, again offering battle, and giving defiance to the enemy. But the French were not equally eager for the fight; they looked back from the hills on which they were posted, but did not venture to descend. The trial which they had made of their enemies, on the two preceding days, was not such as to encourage them." Besides, as the same author has observed in another part of his work, "the French commander-in-chief well knew, that 'fatigue would do

his work more surely than the sword.'"
As the enemy declined the offer of battle, the continuance of the retreat was again ordered to be resumed; and to deceive the enemy, the troops were directed to erect huts, and leave their bivouac fires burning. At ten o'clock at night, in silent order, the army filed off to the rear, by different routes, leading towards Betanzos; the position which had been chosen for the field of battle being about five miles distant from that town. The retreat commenced in a frightful storm of hail, rain, sleet, and wind. As the divisions advanced, the storm raged with increased violence; wind, hail, and sleet, swept so resistlessly across the plains, that it was with difficulty the lines could be induced to face the tempest; and to add to the misery of the troops, the bundles of straw that had been placed at certain distances to mark the tracks of march to be pursued in the night, had been swept away by the violence of the storm. The consequence was, only one division was enabled to gain the main road; the two others became bewildered, and after a night-march of five hours were still near Lugo. During the march of the following day, the troops temporarily bivouacked near the villages of Guilleriz and Valmeda, for a few hours, on ground streaming with water, and the rain and snow descending in torrents at the same time. In the second night's march, the whole army became disorganized, and the discipline and subordination which the stand at Lugo had tended to restore, was now no longer regarded or considered of any importance. The whole army became a continuous line of stragglers, and the repetition of the licentiousness and marauding that had disgraced the retreat to Lugo, again took place; the idea of fleeing from an enemy with whom they ardently longed to contend, had made so terrible havoc, both moral and physical, in their discipline and conduct, that they resembled more a tumultuous rabble than a gallant and an invincible army. At this time the Royals mustered with the colours only nine officers, three serjeants, and three privates; the rest had straggled on the march from Lugo. Most of the other regiments were equally disorganized. There was a memorable instance in this part of the retreat, of what might have been accomplished by presence of mind and by discipline among the stragglers. A party of invalids, between Lugo and Betanzos, were closely pressed by two

squadrons of the enemy's cavalry. Serjeant Newman, of the 2nd battalion, 43rd, was among them; not being able to pass those poor men, he rallied round him such as were capable of making any resistance, and directed the others to proceed as well as they could. He formed the party regularly into divisions, and commenced firing and retiring in an orderly manner, till he effectually covered the retreat of his disabled comrades, and made the cavalry give up the pursuit.

On the morning of the 10th, the columns reached Betanzos, where a halt was made to collect the stragglers, and re-organize the army. On that day the weather changed favourably, and the army again resumed its retreat on Corunna, in an orderly and compact body, amounting to 14,000 men. The loss from sickness, insubordination, and the casualties of the service, had amounted to nearly one-fourth of its original complement. The retreat between Sahagun and Lugo had occasioned the loss of 1,500 men; but more than twice that number perished between Lugo and Betanzos. But great as the loss had been, it was highly gratifying to reflect that it had not been inflicted by the enemy. Neither had any military trophy, gun or standard, fallen into his hands; and in the numerous affairs of posts that had taken place between the hostile armies, the French could not boast of one favourable issue, or even the most trifling advantage. Of the stragglers, near 1,000 found their way across the country to Portugal, after the battle of Corunna. "The good countenance that had been shown by the reserve, the partial actions at Lugo, and the risk to which they had been exposed of a general one" (to adopt the language of M. Thiers) "checked the French in their pursuit, and marshal Soult was too sensible of the danger he had escaped to trust himself again too near the British without a superior force." For these reasons the retreating army met with no interruption from the enemy, from the night of its reaching Valmuda to its arrival at Corunna, except on the evening of its reaching Betanzos, when the advanced guard of the French cavalry pressed on the British rear, but were quickly driven off by a volley from the English rear-guard.

The leading division reached Corunna* in the course of the 11th of January. The three divisions took up their quarters in the town and suburbs, and the reserve was posted at the village of El Burgo. The defences by which the town could be approached were immediately put into a state of repair, and a position for a battlefield was selected. A rocky ridge, about three miles from the town, taking its rise on the river Mero, just behind the village of El Burgo, sweeping round to the north, and terminating on the ocean, presented a natural rampart. This would have been highly eligible for an army in sufficient force to defend it; but as that position was too extensive for the English army, an inferior ridge of heights, or rather swelling knolls, which form a sort of amphitheatre round the village of Elvina, and only two miles distant from Corunna, was chosen, though circumscribed, in a measure, by the large ridge before mentioned, and commanded by it within the range of cannon-shot.

The next object that claimed the attention of the commander-in-chief was the abundant magazines of stores, &c., which had been sent to Corunna by the English government for the use of the patriots. From those stores, fresh muskets, bayonets, flints, &c., were issued to the troops, for the battered and rusty arms they then had. The magazines containing the powder (between six and seven thousand barrels), and which were situated about three miles from the town, were blown up. The explosion was tremendous. "The earth trembled for miles; the rocks were torn from their bases; and the agitated waters rocked the vessels that were in the harbour as if they had been in a storm;" while a perpendicular column of flame and smoke rose to a considerable height, discharging a shower of stones and fragments, and bursting with a deafening roar, killed many persons within its reach, and destroyed a village.

The fleet of transports hove in sight on the evening of the 14th. On its coming to anchor, the women, children, sick, and wounded were immediately carried on board. A large portion of the artillery (fifty-two guns), the stores, and all the best horses,

* Corunna, or according to Spanish orthography, La Coruna, stands on the neck of a peninsular promontory, which widely extends into the ocean at the entrance of the Bay of Betanzos, or as it is otherwise called the Groyne, and at the head of a spacious

harbour. It is defended by a chain of bastions, and a strong citadel which partly commands the road. At the time of the battle of Corunna, the fortifications were in a dilapidated state.

together with the dismounted men; followed. The foundered horses were shot, to put an end to their sufferings, as well as to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. During the transaction, many of the poor animals, anticipating their fate, broke loose and escaped. They eventually fell into the hands of the French.

On the 12th, the enemy had appeared in front of the town, and covered the heights on the opposite side of the Mero, extending from the village of El Burgo to the ocean. On the 13th, Baird's division marched into position, and the other brigades followed to their allotted posts. The position of the British army was,—General Hope occupied a hill to the left, with one division, with which he commanded the road to Betanzos, as the height sloped away gradually in a curve towards the village of Elvina, where Baird's division was posted. On Baird's right, the rifle brigade threw itself in extended order across the valley, and communicated with general Frazer's division, which was drawn up about a mile from Corunna, near the Vigo road. The reserve, under general Paget, occupied a village on the road to Betanzos, about half-a-mile in the rear of general Hope.

On the same day that the fleet of transports arrived, the French, having repaired the bridge of El Burgo, over the broad and swampy river that separated the two armies, pushed a considerable body of infantry and cavalry across the river; and on the 15th they constructed a battery, consisting of eleven guns of large calibre, in a commanding position along the range of the heights above the northern branch of the river, and, at the same time, the whole elevated outer ridge was covered with troops.

On the 16th, as no demonstration of a battle-movement had been made by the enemy, except a partial cannonade, orders were issued to prepare for embarkation in the course of the night; but, about two o'clock, the French were observed under arms, and an instant fusilade commenced between the enemy's *tirailleurs* and the English pickets and light troops. At the same moment four columns crossed the valley, two directing their march on the right of the English position, one moved on the centre, and the fourth threatened the left of the English line. Baird's right was turned, and the village of Elvina, which lay midway between the two positions, was carried by their impetuous onset in this

attack. General Baird's arm being shattered by a grape-shot, he was forced to quit the field. Sir John Moore directed the right wing of the 4th regiment, in order to counteract the effect of the enemy's outflanking movement, to form an acute angle on the rear of the left wing of the regiment, and to pour in a well-directed volley on the flank of the column. In this position they commenced a heavy raking fire, and the general watching the manœuvre, called out to them, "That is exactly what I wanted to be done." Sir John then rode up to the 50th regiment, commanded by majors Napier and Stanhope, who got over an enclosure in their front, and charged most gallantly. This drew from Moore the exclamation, "Well done, 50th! well done my majors." The enemy was driven from Elvina with great slaughter, by the 47th and 50th, but major Napier advancing too far, was wounded, and taken prisoner; and major Stanhope received a mortal wound. Approaching the 42nd regiment, which had formerly prevailed against Buonaparte's "Invincibles," Moore addressed them in these terms,— "Highlanders! remember Egypt!" They rushed on, driving the French before them, till they were stopped by a wall. Sir John accompanied them in their charge, and told them he was well pleased with their conduct. Captain Hardinge (now commander-in-chief) was sent to order up a battalion of guards to the left flank of the Highlanders. The officer commanding the light company conceived that as their ammunition was nearly expended, they were to be relieved by the guards, and began to fall back, but sir John discovering the mistake called to them, "My brave 42nd, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." They instantly obeyed, and all moved forward. Captain Hardinge now returned to report that the guards were advancing. While he was speaking and pointing out the situation of the battalion, a hot fire was kept up, and the enemy's artillery played incessantly on the spot. Sir John Moore was too conspicuous. A cannon-ball struck his left shoulder and beat him to the ground. He raised himself, and sat up with unaltered features, looking intently at the Highlanders, who were warmly engaged. Captain Hardinge threw himself from his horse, and took the general by the hand; then marking his anxiety, he told him the 42nd were advancing; upon which his counte-

nance immediately brightened. His friend, colonel Graham, dismounted to assist him, and from the calmness of Moore's countenance entertained hopes that he was not even wounded; but observing the dreadful laceration of his person and the great effusion of blood, he rode off for surgeons. Sir John was carried from the field on a blanket by a serjeant of the 42nd and some soldiers. On the way he ordered captain Hardinge to report his wound to general Hope, who assumed the command of the army. Equally foiled in his attempt to pierce the centre, the French marshal endeavoured, with Delaborde's division, to overthrow the left of the British line. This attack was also rendered abortive by generals Hope and Paget's commands. Being thus unsuccessful on all points, his centre being defeated and broken, and his left turned, he fell back, as night came on, upon the high ridge of hills from which he had descended, darkness alone preventing his complete deroute; at the same time, the British line being considerably in advance on the ground it had occupied at the commencement of the action.

On the cessation of the battle, fires being kindled along the lines, and strong pickets (consisting of 2,000 men, under Beresford, in the lines and in the front of Corunna, and a reserve under Hill on a promontory behind the town), being left to guard the ground and watch the movements of the enemy; the victorious troops, at ten o'clock, filed down from the field of battle, and passed the night in embarking. At day-break, the enemy perceiving that the English had left their position (the pickets having been at that moment withdrawn), constructed a battery on the height of St. Lucia, so as to bear on the English shipping; but before the battery opened, the greater part of the troops had been embarked. Many of the masters of the transports, alarmed at the cannonade, having cut their cables, some of the vessels ran foul of each other. A few transports being wrecked, were burnt by the English navy. Hill and Beresford, with the rear-guard, embarked on the 17th; and in

the course of the afternoon of that day, the whole fleet was under weigh for England, with a fair wind. But, unfortunately, in the course of the voyage, it was scattered by a violent storm; and many transports were much damaged, and the Despatch transport lost, on board of which were 3 officers, 133 non-commissioned officers and privates, 4 women, and 68 horses of the 7th dragoons. The troops on their disembarkation presented a piteous appearance; haggard countenances, tattered garments, and damaged accoutrements; but their honour and courage untarnished, and their country's glory extended.

Thus ended the battle of Corunna, which, considering the numerical superiority of the French army, both in men and artillery, and the comparative moral and physical condition of the contending armies, a circumstance which, of course, rendered the disadvantage still greater on the part of the English in the contest, reflects no less credit on the talents and genius of the general, than it does on the courage and invincibility of his troops that won it, and "in that prodigious stand and noble feat of arms," as Thiers has had the candour and generosity to term it, immortalized their country's name.

The amount of the English army under arms was 14,500 men, but neither Hope's nor Frazer's divisions were engaged. Had they been engaged, and might not have intervened, the fate of the French army would have been inevitable, as its powder was nearly exhausted at the time of their falling back, and the Mero in its rear, the only passage over that river available for them, being the narrow bridge at El Burgo. The enemy's force exceeded 20,000 men. The British artillery consisted of twelve 6-pounders; but it was soon silenced by the number and superior weight of the enemy's guns. The loss of the English was 800 in killed* and wounded. The French admitted theirs to be double that number; but the truth is that it thrice exceeded it. Sir John Moore, while applauding the repulse of the enemy from the village of Elvina, was

* Among the killed and wounded were the two majors of the 50th; Lincoln Stanhope, the third son of the earl of Harrington, and the present sir Charles Napier. While the body of major Stanhope was being committed to the grave, his brother, captain Fitzroy Stanhope, aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, stooping forward to take a last view of the remains of his gallant brother, nearly escaped sharing the same grave, a ball from the

enemy passing through his cloak. Major Napier having been left for dead on the field of battle, where he received six wounds, a French soldier was about cutting off his head, when a French drummer interposed and saved him. The major was taken to Soult's quarters and kindly treated until exchanged. When Napoleon Buonaparte heard of the gallant generosity of the drummer, he presented him with the cross of the Legion of Honour.

wounded by a cannon ball, which carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. He died soon after he was carried out of the field. He was buried during the night of the embarkation in the rampart of the citadel. At midnight, he was borne to the grave (which had been prepared by a party of the 9th regiment), by colonel Graham, major Colborne, and his aides-de-camp, and, being laid in his bed of honour, wrapped in his camp-cloak, was "left alone in his glory."

The following inscription appears on a small column erected in the place where the battle had been fought, by the marquis Romana, to the memory of general Moore:

"A la Gloria
del
Exmo. Sir D. JUAN MOORE, Gen. del Exto Ingles,
Y a la de sus valientes compatriotas
e
Espana agradecida."

And on the other side,

"Battalla de Coruna a 16 de Enero
Año 1809."

Marshal Soult directed the French consul, M. Foureroy, to cause the following inscription to be engraven on a rock near the spot where the English general was wounded:

"Hic cecitit JOHANNES MOORE, Dux Exercitûs
Anglicani,
In Pugna, Januarii xvi., 1809,
Contra Gallos, a duce Dalmatiæ ductos;"

but the order not having been carried into effect, marshal Ney caused a monument to be erected over the remains of sir John Moore; surmounted by a slab having on both its sides the sublimely simple inscription:

"JOHN MOORE,
Leader of the British Armies,
Slain in Battle, 1809."

The reputation of sir John Moore has been much assailed, and his judgment impugned, by those presumptuous and weak-minded men, who think that they have a prescriptive right "to find fault with unsuccessful measures." They condemn his halt at Salamanca; but in their condemnatory criticism they forget that had he advanced he must have left both his flank divisions unprotected; or that, if he had advanced to form a junction with one, he might have jeopardized the safety of the other. They find fault with his not advancing into the heart of Spain. Could there ever have been a more insane act? What! with eight corps d'armée, each ex-

ceeding his army, advancing on his flanks, and the rabble armies of the patriots routed and scattered, would it have been prudent to compromise the safety of his army, by submitting to the follies and caprices of infatuated and apathetic friends, and the delusions and designs of treacherous allies? The attempt might, possibly, have been attended with some partial and temporary success; but a conscientious self-denial made the British chief hesitate to risk the safety of his army on the desperate hazards of a chivalric effort; and for this preference he merits the gratitude of his country. Some of his critics have assigned the cause of his determination to retreat "to his melancholic and desponding temperament;" others assert, "that an excessive sensibility embarrassed his decisions;" and some, that he was "deficient" in that stern sufficiency of thought that marks the unhesitating character of the general.

Such are the objections of his critics. Had they condemned the subdivision which he made of his force, in the case of the light division, and the despatching that body by a different route to that pursued by the main body—had they reprehended his omission of taking advantage of the many defensible positions for offering battle which the Bierzo (a tract about twelve miles square, and enclosed by mountains, and one of the most defensible in Europe,) afforded—had they expressed their disapprobation of his declining to attack Soult at Lugo—had they reprehended his omission of having established a base or line of operations—or had they asserted, that if he had thrown himself behind the bridge of Almaraz, on the Tagus (an almost impregnable situation)—or had they said that by retiring on Lisbon instead of Corunna (which was the shorter road), he would have increased the difficulties of Soult and Lefebvre, by widening the communications they would have had to maintain, thus compelling them to weaken themselves, by leaving behind them a greater number of detachments, (an operation subsequently executed by sir Arthur Wellesley with decided success,) he would have given time for the reorganization of the Spanish armies, and have furnished the troops of Romana and the peasants of Galicia and Portugal with the opportunity of carrying on a harassing warfare against the French detachments—there would have been some appearance of reason in their reproof, and they would have indicated that they possessed some know-

ledge of military science and enterprise. Had sir John Moore, instead of exhausting the strength and spirit of his gallant army in a harassing and an inglorious movement, put forth that strength and spirit on the field of battle, there is but little doubt that he would have secured, by a gallant victory, a safe and an unmolested retreat; and that there would have been less loss of the lives of his comrades by that victory than occurred in the precipitate retreat. The insubordination and excesses which disgraced the arms of England in that affair would also have been obviated. Sir John Moore's great error was an hallucination of belief in the invincibility of the French and the superiority of their military genius, and too subdued an opinion of the indomitable courage and military qualifications of his own countrymen. In the words of a distinguished French historian, "it was his misfortune to have imbibed that exaggerated opinion of the French, as a military people, the ability of their generals, and the consummate wisdom of their emperor, which the enemies of government in England were always labouring to produce for humbling the spirit of their country."

The true, and no doubt a most potent and influencing cause, that determined sir John Moore to retire before the enemy, was the temporizing, perverse, and apathetic—often treacherous—conduct of the Spanish juntas and their imbecile and arrogant generals. Those incompetent and presumptuous men, instead of adopting measures for the promotion of the cause, were employed in cabals for furthering their own private interests. When they did devote their attention to the affairs of the public, they often carried their proceedings to the climax of absurdity; many of their arrangements having been made consequent on the expulsion of the French from Spain, and only to take effect when the last of the invaders should be driven across the Pyrenees by their invincible armies and their own sage counsels. Their cupidity also was insatiable; and their bad faith and treachery were no less conspicuous than their folly and arrogance. In some instances, they openly divided among themselves the treasure and stores furnished by England for the maintenance and use of the Spanish armies.

* But fearful of meeting that "twenty thousand," or even not a sixth of it (which was the amount of Hope's division), "the magnanimous Napoleon"—"the greatest captain of the age"—"the genius of

Whether there is, or is not, much truth in the criticisms just stated, it is certain that he mainly contributed to the salvation of Spain, by withdrawing the attention of the French from their operations against the patriots, and thus affording them time and opportunity for retrieving their disasters. By his advance to Sahagun, he also arrested the march of the fourth corps d'armée on Lisbon; that force being obliged to cross the Tagus to aid the main body of the army.

But without taking into consideration whether the English general was right or wrong in his decision to retreat, the name of Moore ought, as sir John Hope observed in his despatch to the secretary of state, "ever to remain sacred to his country," and venerated by every real soldier and true-hearted Englishman. To his memory, the women of England, Ireland, and Scotland owe, in an emphatic manner, eternal and unbounded gratitude. By his firmness and foresight, the lives of near 20,000 of the sons of those brave nations were saved from the bitter and remorseless vengeance of the Corsican despot. In one of his inflated bulletins, issued during the presence of the British army in the Peninsula, "the great and magnanimous Napoleon," as his sycophantic adulators and infatuated admirers style him, and in which he states, "that all the evils, all the plagues which can afflict the human race come from London," he gives birth to the following monstrous and savage expression—an expression which would have disgraced the most ruthless barbarian that ever cursed the face of the earth:—"Oh!" exclaims, in an ecstasy of the most inhuman delight, "the magnanimous Napoleon!"—"oh, that they might be met with to the number of eighty or a hundred thousand men, instead of twenty thousand,* that English mothers may feel the evils of war." In another part of the same disgusting production, he says, "Oh! that they may dye with their blood this continent. The day," he adds, "will be a day of jubilee for the French army." After perusing these declarations of rancorous hatred and implacable revenge—of demon spite and rancour, I appeal to the decision of every right-minded man, be his nature what it may, whether "the idol of mankind"—"the man of the people"—

war," could condescend to enter into a plot with the traitor Morla, to trepan, in driblets, Hope's division, into his clutches: so just a dread had that meanest of heroes of British soldiers.

"the friend of humanity"—"the patron of liberty"—"the legislator for the millions"—"the regenerator of nations"—"the untainted, unambitious, immaculate, and magnanimous Napoleon"—with all the other nauseous, insane, and ridiculous epithets with which folly, ignorance, and superstition—which hate of the country of their birth, its honour, its happiness, and its integrity—have invested their idol, and imposed on the understanding of the weak-minded and the credulous, are not deserving of contempt and ridicule?

Sir John Moore's character may be summed up in few words. He was brave, moral, high-minded, and good, in the highest degree which our frail nature will admit. No man that ever adopted the glorious profession of arms afforded so positive a demonstration as he did, in the course of his spotless and honourable life, that "religion is a necessary ingredient in the perfect military character." His military talents were of the first order: his only defect, as has been just said, a mistaken notion of the superiority of French military talent and prowess.

As in the detail of the particulars of the fall and death of sir John Moore, a material variance prevails, the following letter describing that event by captain Hardinge, who was one of the general's aides-de-camp, as also lieutenant-colonel Anderson's communications on the same subject, appear appropriate appendages to the preceding account of that event. At the moment before sir John received his wound, captain Hardinge had just returned from ordering up the guards to the support of the 42nd, and was repeating to the general, that the guards were advancing, as he was struck by the cannon-ball.

"The circumstances which took place immediately after the fatal blow which deprived the army of its gallant commander, sir John Moore, are of too interesting a nature not to be made public, for the admiration of his countrymen. But I trust that the instances of fortitude and heroism of which I was witness, may also have another effect, that of affording some consolation to his relatives and friends. With this feeling I have great satisfaction in committing to paper, according to your desire, the following relation. I had been ordered by the commander-in-chief to desire a battalion of guards to advance; which battalion was at one time intended to have dislodged a corps of the enemy from a large house and garden

on the opposite side of the valley; and I was pointing out to the general the situation of the battalion, and our horses were touching each other, at the very moment when a cannon-shot from the enemy's battery carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. The violence of the stroke threw him off his horse on his back. Not a muscle of his face altered, nor did a sigh betray the least emotion of pain. I dismounted, and taking his hand, he pressed mine forcibly, casting his eyes very anxiously towards the 42nd regiment, which was hotly engaged; and his countenance expressed satisfaction when I informed him that the regiment was advancing. Assisted by a soldier of the 42nd, he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall. Colonel Graham Balgown, and captain Woodford, about this time came up; and, perceiving the state of sir John's wound, instantly rode off for a surgeon; the blood flowed fast, but the attempt to stop it with my sash was fruitless from the size of the wound. Sir John assented to being removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him for that purpose, his sword hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs. I perceived the inconvenience, and was in the act of unbuckling it from his waist, when he said, in his usual tone and manner, and in a very distinct voice, 'It is well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' Here I feel that it would be improper for my pen to venture to express the admiration with which I am penetrated in thus faithfully recording this instance of invincible fortitude, and military delicacy of this great man. He was borne by six soldiers of the 42nd and guards, my sash supporting him in an easy posture. Observing the resolution and composure of his features, I caught at the hope, that the wound would not prove mortal; and remarked, that I trusted when the surgeons dressed the wound, that he would be spared to us, and recover. He then turned his head round, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said, 'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.' I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said, 'you need not go with me. Report to general Hope that I am wounded, and carried to the rear.' A serjeant of the 42nd and two spare files, in case of accident, were ordered to conduct their brave general

to Corunna; and I hastened to report to general Hope.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,
"H. HARDINGE."

The following is the report of colonel Anderson:—

"The tidings of this disaster were brought to sir David Baird while the surgeons were dressing his arm. He desired them instantly to attend on sir John Moore. When they reached the general, and offered their assistance, he said to them, 'You can be of no service to me; go to the soldiers, to whom you may be useful.' As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn him round frequently to view the field of battle, and to listen to the firing, and appeared to be well pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring waggon, bearing colonel Wynch, wounded from the battle, came up. The colonel asked—'Who was in the blanket?' and being told it was sir John Moore, he wished him to be placed in the waggon. The general asked one of the highlanders whether he thought the waggon or the blanket best? who answered, that the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep their step, and carry him easy. Sir John Moore replied, 'I think so too;' so they proceeded with him to Corunna, the soldiers shedding tears as they went. In carrying him through the passage of the house where he was to take up his quarters, he saw his faithful servant François, who was stunned at the spectacle. Sir John said to him, smiling, 'My friend, this is nothing.'"

The colonel continues:—"I met the general, on the evening of the 16th, being brought in a blanket and sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark, squeezed my hand, and said, 'Anderson, don't leave me.' He spoke to the surgeons, on their examining his wound; but was in such pain, he could say little. After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and, at intervals, got out as follows:—"Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way.' He then asked, 'Are the French beaten?' which he repeated to every one he knew, as they came in. 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice! Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can: tell them everything; say to my mother'—here his voice quite failed, and he was exceedingly agi-

tated—"Hope—Hope—I have much to say to him—but—cannot get it out. Are colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp well?"—(A private sign was made by colonel Anderson not to inform him that captain —, one of his aides-de-camp, was wounded in the action.)—"I have made my will, and have remembered my servants: Colborne has my will, and all my papers.' Major Colborne then came into the room. He spoke most kindly to him; and then said to me, 'Anderson, remember you go to —, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give major Colborne a lieutenant-colonelcy: he has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.' He then asked major Colborne 'if the French were beaten?' and on being told that they were on every point, he said, 'It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French. Is Paget in the room?' On my telling him no, he said, 'Remember me to him—it's general Paget I mean—he is a fine fellow. I feel myself so strong. I fear I shall be long dying. It is great uneasiness—it is great pain. Everything François says is right: I have the greatest confidence in him.' He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, then came into the room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy 'If all his aides-de-camp were well?' After some interval, he said, 'Stanhope, remember me to your sister.' He then pressed my hand close to his body, and, in a few moments, died without a struggle. This was every syllable he uttered, as far as I can recollect, except asking occasionally to be placed in an easier posture."

We here append sir John Moore's last despatch, a document of great value and interest, as it is explanatory of the motives and causes which induced that high-minded and accomplished soldier to adopt the measures he did while in command of the British army present in Spain during that part of the Peninsular war in which he held his command. In estimating the character and services of that "great and good man," the opinion of one fully competent to the task should be taken into consideration. "The only error," said the late duke of Wellington, "I can discern in sir John Moore's campaign is, that he ought to have looked on the advance to Sahagun as a movement in retreat, and have sent officers to the rear to mark and arrange

the halting-points of each brigade. But this is an opinion formed after a long experience of war, and especially of Spanish war, which must be seen to be understood. Finally, it is an opinion formed after the event."

On the 13th, sir John Moore, having been on horseback from daybreak, making every arrangement for battle, returned about eleven in the forenoon to his quarters, and being exhausted with fatigue, sent for brigadier-general Stewart, and telling him that he was incapable of writing, desired him to proceed to England, and as he was a competent judge, to explain to the ministers the situation of the army. But the vessel in which the general was to proceed not being quite ready, and sir John Moore recovering from his fatigue after taking some refreshment, he wrote off his last despatch to the British government:—

"Corunna, 13th June, 1809.

"MY LORD,—Situated as this army is at present, it is impossible for me to detail to your lordship the events which have taken place since I had the honour to address you from Astorga, on the 31st December. I have, therefore, determined to send to England brigadier-general Charles Stewart, as the officer best qualified to give you every information you can want, both with respect to our actual situation, and the events which have led to it. From his connexion with your lordship, and with his majesty's ministers, whatever he relates is most likely to be believed. He is a man in whose honour I have the most perfect reliance; he is incapable of stating anything but the truth; and it is the truth which, at all times, I wish to convey to your lordship and to the king's government.

"Your lordship knows that had I followed my own opinion as a military man, I should have retired with the army from Salamanca. The Spanish armies were then beaten; there was no Spanish force to which we could unite; and I was satisfied that no effort would be made to aid us, or favour the cause in which we were engaged. I was sensible, however, that the apathy and indifference of the Spaniards would never have been believed; that had the British been withdrawn, the loss of the cause would have been imputed to their retreat; and it was necessary to risk this army to convince the people of England, as well as the rest of Europe, that the Spaniards had neither the power nor the inclination to make any efforts for themselves. It was for this rea-

son that I marched to Sahagun. As a diversion, it succeeded. I brought the whole disposable force of the French against this army, and it has been allowed to follow it, without a single movement being made to favour its retreat. The people of the Gallicias, though armed, made no attempt to stop the passage of the French through their mountains. They abandoned their dwellings at our approach, drove away their carts, oxen, and every thing that could be of the smallest aid to the army. The consequence has been, that our sick have been left behind, and when our horses and mules failed, which, on such marches, and through such a country, was the case to a great extent, baggage, ammunition, stores, and even money, were necessarily destroyed, or abandoned.

"I am sorry to say, that the army, whose conduct I had so much reason to extol on its march through Portugal, and on its arrival in Spain, has totally changed its character since it began to retreat. I can say nothing in its favour, but that when there was a prospect of fighting the enemy, the men were then orderly, and seemed pleased, and determined to do their duty. In front of Villa Franca, the French came up with the reserve, with which I was covering the retreat of the army. They attacked it at Calcabalos. It retired, covered by the 95th regiment, and marched that night to Herrierias, and thence to Nogales and Lugo; where I had ordered the different divisions which preceded to halt and collect. At Lugo, the French again came up with me; they attacked our advanced posts on the 6th and 7th, and were repulsed in both attempts, with little loss on our side.

"I heard from the prisoners taken that three divisions of the French army, commanded by marshal Soult, were come up. I therefore expected to be attacked on the morning of the 8th. It was my wish to come to that issue; I had perfect confidence in the valour of the troops, and it was only by crippling the enemy that we could hope either to retreat or to embark unmolested. I made every preparation to receive the attack; and drew out the army in the morning to offer battle. This was not marshal Soult's object; he either did not think himself sufficiently strong, or he wished to play a surer game, by attacking us on our march, or during our embarkation. The country was intersected, and his position too strong for me to attack with an inferior force. The

want of provisions would not allow me to wait longer; I marched that night; and, in two forced marches, bivouacked for six or eight hours in the rain. I reached Betanzos on the 10th instant.

"At Lugo I was sensible of the improbability of reaching Vigo, which was at too great a distance, and offered no advantages to embark in the face of an enemy. My intention then was to have retreated to the peninsula of Betanzos, where I hoped to find a position to cover the embarkation of the army in Ares or Rodes Bays; but having sent an officer to reconnoitre it, by his report, I was determined to prefer this place. I gave notice to the admiral of my intention, and begged that the transports might be brought to Corunna. Had I found them here on my arrival on the 11th instant, the embarkation would have been easily effected; for I had gained several marches on the French. They have now come up with us; the transports are not arrived. My position in front of this place is a very bad one; and this place, if I am forced to retire into it, is commanded within musket-shot; and the harbour will be so commanded by cannon on the coast, that no ship will be able to lie in it. In short, my lord, general Stewart will inform you how critical our position is. It has been recommended to me, to make a proposal to the enemy to induce him to allow us to embark quietly; in which case, he gets us out of the country soon, and obtains this place with its stores, &c., complete; that otherwise, we have it in our power to make a long defence, which must ensure the destruction of the town. I am averse to make any such proposal; and am exceedingly doubtful if it would be attended with any good effect; but whatever I resolve on this head, I hope your lordship will rest assured, that I shall accept no terms that are in the least dishonourable to the army or to the country. I feel that I have been led into greater length and more detail than I thought I could have had time for. I have written under interruptions, and with my mind much occupied with other matter. My letter written so carelessly can only be considered as private; when I have more leisure, I shall write more correctly. In the meantime, I rely on general Stewart for giving your lordship the information and detail which I have omitted. I should regret his absence, for his services have been very distinguished; but the state of his eyes

makes it impossible for him to recover, and this country is not one in which cavalry can be of much use. If I succeed in embarking the army, I shall send it to England: it is quite unfit for further service until it has been refitted, which can best be done there.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"JOHN MOORE."

The despatch of general Hope, addressed to sir David Baird, and which for its eloquence and fidelity of narration is a model for such documents, states with so admirable precision the circumstances of the battle, that its introduction here seems indispensable. This admirable document was written as soon as general Hope had embarked.

"His Majesty's ship Audacious, off Corunna, June 18th, 1809.

"SIR,—In compliance with your desire, contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant. It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day, the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at that extremity of the strong and commanding position which, on the morning of the 15th, he had taken more immediately in front. This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the commander-in-chief of the forces, and by yourself at the head of the 42nd regiment, and the brigade under major-general lord William Bentinck. The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest. I lament to say that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, lieutenant-general sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon-shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not discouraged, but by the most determined bravery not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh

troops in support of those originally engaged. The enemy finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement was made by major-general Paget with the reserve (which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army), by a vigorous attack, defeated this intention. The major-general having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps), and first battalion 52nd regiment, drove the enemy before him, and, in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of lieutenant-general Frazer's division (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line), induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter. They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under major-general Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under major-general Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders. On the left, the enemy at first contented himself with an attack on our pickets, which, however, in general, maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack on the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2nd battalion 14th regiment, under lieutenant-colonel Nicholls. Before five in the evening we had not only successfully repelled every attack made on the position, but gained ground on almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing ceased. The different brigades were assembled upon the ground they occupied in the morning, and the pickets and advanced posts resumed their original stations. Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy who, from his numbers and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did

not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous determination of the late commander of the forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation, the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were, in fact, far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked, having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Coruna. The pickets remained at their posts until five in the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement. By the unremitting exertions of captains the honourable H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serrett, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the royal navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of the rear-admiral De Courcy, were entrusted with the service of embarking the army; and in consequence of the arrangements made by commissioner Bowen, captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under major-generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before daylight.

"The brigade of major-general Beresford, which was alternately to form a rear-guard, occupied the land-front of the town of Corunna; that under major-general Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory, in rear of the town.

"The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town, soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But, notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place; there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of major-general Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon;

major-general Beresford, with that zeal and ability, which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land-front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

"Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded with the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harassing service. The superior numbers and advantageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army, which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Douro, afforded the best hope that the north of Spain might be relieved; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his powerful resources, for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain. You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued.

"These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect. When

every one who had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me, in making this report, to select particular instances for your approbation. The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under major-generals lord William Bentinck, and Manningham and Leith; and the brigade of guards under major-general Warde.

"To their officers and the troops under their immediate orders the greatest praise is due. Major-general Hill and colonel Catlin Craufurd, with their brigades on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42nd, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of guards, and the 26th regiment. From lieutenant-colonel Murray, quarter-master general, and the officers of the general staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret that the illness of brigadier-general Clinton, adjutant-general, deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to brigadier-general Slade during the action for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked. The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate, I should say, that I believe it did not exceed, in killed and wounded, from seven to eight hundred; that of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double that number. We have some prisoners, but I have not been able to obtain an account of the number; it is not, however, considerable. Several officers of rank have fallen or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state, lieutenant-colonel Napier, 92nd regiment, majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed;—lieutenant-colonel Wynch, 4th regiment; lieutenant-colonel Maxwell, 26th regiment; lieutenant-colonel Fane, 59th regiment; lieutenant-colonel Griffiths, guards, majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded.

"To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of lieutenant-general sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived

me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached to me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the consolation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service! like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of

success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory! like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served! It remains for me only to express my hope, that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station on the field, and threw the momentary command in far less able hands.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"JOHN HOPE, Lieutenant-general.
"To Lieut.-gen. SIR DAVID BAIRD,
&c. &c. &c."

THE SPANISH WAR OF INDEPENDENCE,

A. D. 1808.

For the purpose of not interrupting the narrative of sir Arthur Wellesley's campaign in Portugal, and that of sir John Moore in Spain, and rendering the details of their operations inconsecutive and illogical, but passing allusions have been made in these narratives to the struggles of the Portuguese and Spanish nations, with Napoleon and his invading army, in their endeavours to subjugate the Peninsula, and rob its inhabitants of their independence and nationality; a connected and consecutive narrative of those events will now be presented to the reader, to enable him to form a just and an accurate notion of those occurrences—the death-struggle of the patriots for their liberty and honour, and the gigantic and fiendish exertions of their op-

pressors to rob them of those highest of earthly blessings, for the purpose of satiating the reckless and unbounded ambition of a lawless adventurer, and enabling him to obtain, in violation of all the recognised principles of social and moral obligation, the means and resources of gratifying and rewarding the hosts of his desperate and ferocious followers,* and of reconciling the passive and succumbing French nation to his remorseless sacrifice of her youth in the prosecution of his schemes, by exempting it from the necessity of providing the means for his unprincipled and devastating warfare, and compelling the nations on whom he was making his aggressions, to maintain his armies by the medium of requisition.† Another object of his unprincipled invasion of

* M. Rocca, in his *Memoires de la Guerre Française en Péninsule*, enables his readers to form a correct opinion of the desperate and reckless character of the French soldiery. "Our soldiers never inquired to what country we were leading them; if there were provisions whither they were going, it was the only point of view in which they ever considered the geography of the earth." In another part of his interesting volume he gives further elucidation of their extreme ignorance. "As they heard at the beginning of every campaign that they were called on to strike the last blow at the tottering power of England, they confounded that power, in all its forms, with England itself. They judged of the distance which separated them from it by the number of marches they had made for so many years from one end of the world to the other, without having yet reached that kind of

imaginary and distant country, which was constantly receding from them. At length, said they, if the desert separated us from it in Egypt, and the sea at Boulogne, we shall reach it by land after we have crossed Spain. That men so informed, and subject to Buonaparte's despotism, should have committed the atrocities in Spain, Portugal, and the other conquered countries, there cannot be much cause of surprise.

† Having in the preceding note furnished the reader with a hint for estimating the character of the French soldiery, the agents in the unprincipled aggression and atrocities of "the imperial armies of France" on the countries they invaded and subdued,—to complete the picture, it is necessary to present him with the means of forming a correct opinion of the principal in that scene of violence and spoliation, of destruction and desolation. For

the Peninsula, was for the purpose of the enforcement of the Berlin decree for the exclusion of British commodities from Spain and Portugal, and thus, as he hoped, by crippling British commerce, eventually subject the hated isle to his despotism, having already reduced the whole of the continent to universal and slavish obedience.

The invasion of Portugal by the French army, under Junôt; the occupation of Oporto by General Carraffa with the Spanish troops, for the purpose of taking possession of that part of the Entre-Minho-e-Douro, which was to be erected into a kingdom, under the title of Northern Lusitania, to the

this purpose he is presented with the estimate of the man by the late poet-laureate, Southey, one of the fairest of critics and the soundest of judges, and as incapable of being the condemnatory partisan as the eulogistic admirer—of the perversion of truth and the distortion of facts—of deceiving his readers by exaggerated and idolatrous praise, or by indiscriminate and unjust condemnation. “Napoleon Buonaparte possessed all the qualities which are required to form a perfect tyrant. His military genius was of the highest order; his talents were of the most imposing kind; his ambition insatiable; his heart impenetrable: he was without honour, without veracity, without conscience; looking for no world beyond the present, and determined to make this world his own, at whatever cost. The military executions committed in Italy by his orders, had shown his contempt for the established usages of war, the law of nations, and the common feelings of humanity; the suppression of the Papal government, the usurpation of the Venetian states, and the seizure of Malta, had proved that neither submissiveness nor treaties afforded any protection against this fit agent of a rapacious and unprincipled democracy. But it was during the Egyptian expedition that the whole atrocity of his character was displayed. He landed in Egypt, proclaiming that he was the friend of the grand seignior, and that the French were true Mussulmen, who honoured Mahomet and the Koran. His first act was to storm a city belonging to the grand seignior, which he now summoned to surrender, and which was incapable of defence. The butchery was continued some hours after the resistance had ceased. The very perpetrators of this carnage have related, that they put to death old and young, women and children, in the mosques, whither those unoffending and helpless wretches had fled to implore protection from God and from their prophet; and they have avowed that this was done deliberately, for the purpose of astonishing the people. Thus it was that Buonaparte commenced his career in Egypt. He left Alexandria, exclaiming, ‘The virtues are on our side! glory to Allah!’ He said, ‘There is no other God but God; Mahomet is his prophet, and I am his friend.’ He proclaimed to the Egyptians that destiny decreed all his operations, and had decreed from the beginning of the world, that after beating down the cross, he should come into that country to fulfil the task assigned him; and he called on them to enjoy the blessings of a system, in which the wisest and the most virtuous

king of Etruria, as an indemnity for his cession of the sovereignty of his Italian possessions in favour of Buonaparte, and the occupation by general Solano with the other contingent of the Spanish troops, of the Alemetjo and the Algarves, which were to form Godoy’s kingdom; the embarkation of the royal family of Portugal for the Brazils, and the appointment of a regency to govern the kingdom in the interim; the pillage and butcheries of the French generals on that occasion; the assembling of nearly 70,000 men, and above 100 pieces of artillery, at Bayonne, and their entrance into Spain at the eastern and western extremities of the

were to govern, and the people were to be happy. It is literally true, that the Egyptian mothers mutilated or killed their daughters, to save them from the brutality of his troops; and that wherever the French moved a flock of kites and vultures followed, sure of the repast which those purveyors every where provided for them. Their general entered Syria, took Jaffa by assault, and issued a proclamation on its capture, professing that he would be ‘clement and merciful, after the example of God.’ Four days after the capture, and after that profession of clemency had been made, he drew out his prisoners, some 3,000 in number, and had them deliberately slaughtered. A whole division of his army was employed in the massacre; and when their cartridges were exhausted, they finished the rest with the bayonet and the sword, dragging away those who had expired in order to get at the living, who, in the hope of escaping death, had endeavoured to hide themselves under the bodies of the dead. To complete this monster’s character it was only needful that he should show himself toward his own soldiers as to his prisoners. When sir Sydney Smith and captain Wright, then sir Sydney’s lieutenant, compelled him to raise the siege of Acre, the sick and wounded in his army were more than he had the means of removing: any other general would have recommended them to the humanity of an English enemy; but this would have been humiliating to Buonaparte, and therefore poison was administered to them by his orders.”

The above is a just estimate of Buonaparte’s character. Had other writers shaped their opinions by the same rule, instead of their hyperbolical and idolatrous laudation and panegyric, France and Europe would not have been subjected to those calamities which, for the last four years, have desolated the continent of Europe. Buonaparte was not so much indebted for his success and power to his talents, as to his guileful and extensive system of corruption, fraud, and intimidation. Deceit and misrepresentation were his organs of action and delusion. Labautner, in his *History of the Downfall of the Empire*, incontestably proves that the accounts of the victories, and the relations of the defeats, were garbled. And such were all the other actions of the man whom Napier and Alison, and the herd of French writers from whom they have borrowed their information, find it difficult to devise adequate terms to extol and bepraise, as the god of their culpable idolatry: whom fact and experience have proved was a braggart and a mountebank—the first criminal of Europe.

Pyrenees; the capture of the strong fortresses of Pamplona, Barcelona, Monjuic, Figueras, and St. Sebastian, by French artifice and duplicity; the fraudulent inveiglement by Buonaparte of the Spanish king Charles IV., and his son Ferdinand, to Bayonne; their abdication of the Spanish throne to the Frenchman in exchange for 30,000,000 of Spanish reals to the imbecile father, and 400,000 francs to his equally imbecile son, each pension to be annually paid out of the imperial treasury of France and the relegation of the drivellers, with that extraordinary specimen of virtue, Maria Luiza, and her *cher ami* Godoy, to Valençay, in the interior of France; the abject submission of the Spanish *nobles* and notables at Bayonne, who were "dazzled" as the sycophants and slaves expressed themselves, "by the glory of the invincible emperor; the entrance of the French, under Murat, into Madrid, the slaughter of the inhabitants of that capital by the French troops, and the abject adulation of the *grandees*, dignitaries, and authorities of the city of Madrid to Joseph Buonaparte, who, they said, "was employed by an over-ruling providence to make Spain happy;" were the subjects which have been stated in the preceding pages; the progress and particulars of the insurrection and the War of Independence are now to be described.

The seizure of the fortresses, and the advance of the French troops, had roused the spirit of the Spaniards; and in that state of public feeling, the slaughter of Madrid, and the transactions at Bayonne, were no sooner known, than the people, by an instantaneous impulse, manifested a determination to resist the insolent usurpation, and free their country from its oppressors. They rose in general and simultaneous insurrection; a spirit of patriotism burst forth which astonished Europe, and seemed to predict the prestige of their success.

The firing during the insurrection, and the massacre of the Madrileños on the 2nd of May, being heard at Mostoles, a little town about ten miles north of Madrid, the *alcalde* dispatched a bulletin to the south, in these words: "The country is in danger; Madrid is perishing through the perfidy of the French; all Spaniards, come to deliver it!"

Asturias was the first province in which the insurrection assumed a settled form. A junta of representatives was elected, who declared that the entire sovereignty had devolved into their hands, and immediately despatched deputies to England to solicit suc-

cour; Corunna, Badajos, Seville, and Cadiz, followed. War was declared against France; troops and taxes were ordered to be levied, and voluntary subscriptions were entered into. The isle of Leon was put into a state of defence, and an attack being made, from the mortars and gun boats, on the French squadron in the harbour of Cadiz, it surrendered unconditionally. Early in the beginning of April, a communication had been opened between Sir Hew Dalrymple, the governor of Gibraltar, and general Castaños, at Algeziras. The popular ferment in Asturias, Galicia, and Andalusia, had quickly extended to Oviedo, Toledo, Valladolid, the city of Valencia, and other towns; and to raise and invigorate the national spirit to the highest degree, not only the patriotism of the nation, but also its popular faith, were appealed to. They were told to implore the aid of the immaculate conception; of Santiago, so often the patron and companion in victory of their ancestors; of our Lady of Battles, whose image is worshiped in the most ancient temple of Cavadonga, and who had there so signally assisted Pelayo in the first great overthrow of the Moorish invaders.

"No sooner was Napoleon aware of the formidable character of the insurrection, than he made preparations to meet the difficulty. Bessières received orders to put Burgos into a state of defence, to detach Lefebvre Desnouettes, with 5,000 foot and 800 horse, against Saragossa, and to reserve his main body so as to overawe the insurgents in Biscay, the Asturias, and Old Castile. A reinforcement of 9,000 men was prepared for Duhesme in Catalonia. A reserve was organized under Douet, on the Pyrenean frontier of Navarre; and another reserve was established in Perpignan. The communications and rear being thus adequately provided for, Marshal Moncey was directed, with part of his corps, to move upon Cuença, so as to prevent any communication between the patriots of Valencia and Saragossa; while Dupont, with two divisions of his corps, ten thousand strong, received orders to proceed across the Sierra Morena towards Cordova, Seville, and Cadiz. The remainder of his corps and that of Moncey were stationed in reserve at La Mancha, to keep up the communications of the divisions pushed forward, and be in readiness, if necessary, to support either which might require assistance."* Having made their

* Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. viii., p. 461.

arrangements, Napoleon Buonaparte returned to France, and the intrusive king Joseph proceeded on his journey to Madrid.

The French acted with their wonted celerity. Before Buonaparte had finished his arrangements at Bayonne, to preserve the communications of the French with the capital and the northern provinces, Freire, with a division of Dupont's army, advanced against Segovia, where a body of 5,000 men were posted and in possession of the dépôt of artillery; he defeated the insurgents and possessed himself of the town and artillery. The division under Verdier routed the armed force assembled at Logroño, and put their leaders to death. That under Lasalle, broke the armed peasantry, amounting to 6,000 men, at Torquemada, burnt the town, and pursued the fugitives with merciless severity. On the 12th of June, Cuesta, who had taken post with an undisciplined rabble at Cabeçon, a village situated about two leagues from Valladolid, was defeated by Merle and Lasalle, with the loss of between 5,000 and 6,000 wounded, 1,200 prisoners, all his artillery, and several thousand muskets, which his fugitive followers had thrown away in their flight. By these operations Bessières kept Navarre and the three Biscayan provinces in subjection, and opened a communication with Junôt in Portugal.

But these successes of the French in Leon and Castile, were in some degree counterbalanced by the checks they met with in Aragon. Schwartz, who had been detached by Duhesme, with 3,800 men, to Manresa, to raise in that city, three quarters of a million of francs, as a contribution for the service of the division, the Somatenes, or armed population, taking post in the strong pass or position of Bruch, repulsed him, June 7th, with the loss of 400 killed, and one piece of artillery; and on the following day Chabran, who had been also detached by Duhesme, with 4,200 men, to seize Tarrago, retreating in consequence of Schwartz's discomfiture, was defeated by the Somatenes in the same fatal pass, with the loss of 450 men and some of his artillery.

We have seen that Lefebvre Desnouettes had been detached with 5,000 infantry and 800 cavalry on Saragossa; which is an unfortified town, surrounded by a brick wall, from ten to twelve feet high, but in many of its parts houses and convents formed part of the line of inclosure; and commanded by some high ground called the *Torrero*,

about a mile to the south-west, upon which stood a convent and some smaller buildings. The Ebro bathes the walls of the city, and separates it from the suburbs. Its population, which at the period of the siege was between 40,000 and 50,000, have always been honourably distinguished in Spanish history for their love of liberty. "Within the Peninsula (and indeed throughout the whole of Catholic Europe)," says Mr. Southey, "Saragossa was famous as the city of our Lady of the Pillar, whose legend is so firmly believed by the people and most of the clergy in Spain, that it was frequently appealed to in the proclamations of the different generals and the juntas, as one of the most popular articles of the national faith. The legend is this: when the apostles, after the resurrection, separated and went to preach the gospel in different parts of the world, St James the elder (or Santiago, as he may more properly be called in his mythological history) departed for Spain, which province Christ himself had previously commended to his care. When he went to kiss the hand of the Virgin, and request her leave to set off, and her blessing, she commanded him, in the name of her Son, to build a church to her honour in that city of Spain, wherein he should make the greatest number of converts, adding, that she would give him further instructions concerning the edifice upon the spot. Santiago set sail, landed in Galicia, and having preached with little success through the northern provinces, reached Cæsarea Augusta, (the ancient name of the city upon whose site Saragossa is situated,) where he made eight disciples. One night, after he had been conversing and praying with them as usual on the banks of the river, they fell asleep, and just at midnight the apostle heard heavenly voices sing *Ave Maria gratia plena!* He then fell on his knees, and instantly beheld the Virgin upon a marble pillar in the midst of a choir of angels, who went through the whole of the matin service. When this was ended, she bade him build her church round that pillar, which his Lord, her blessed Son, had sent him by the hands of his angels; there, she told him, that pillar was to remain till the end of the world, and great mercies would be vouchsafed there to those who supplicated for them in her name. Having said this, the angels transported her back to her house in Jerusalem (for this was before the assumption), and Santiago in obedience, erected

upon that spot the first church which was ever dedicated to the Virgin."

At the time of the arrival of Lefebvre Desnouettes before Saragossa, the inhabitants of the city suspecting their governor, the captain-general of Aragon, of being devoted to the usurper's interest, deposed him, and elected Don José Palafox, the youngest of three brothers, of one of the most ancient families in the country, and who had escaped from Bayonne. By indefatigable exertions and the agency of the priests and friars, who spread themselves over the country to animate the peasantry, and induce them to enrol themselves for the defence of their country, Palafox and the junta raised and armed a force of about 10,000 infantry and 200 cavalry; and with this force, his brother, the marquess of Lazan took post without the city, in a favourable position behind Huecha. On June 12th Desnouettes attacked the marquess, and though the Spanish undisciplined levies gallantly repulsed several fierce attacks of the French, they were overthrown.

Undeterred, they rallied on the following day at Gallur, but were again overthrown. Immediately Palafox himself marched out of the city with 5,000 burghers and peasants, to reinforce his discomfited countrymen, and took post on the banks of the Xalon; but being attacked on the 14th, he was routed, the burghers taking to flight at the first sight of the enemy. The French immediately appeared before the city, and invested it.

Now is to be recorded the heroic defence of Saragossa, which, like Numantia and Saguntum of old, is "to become immortal in the annals of fame." The following narrative, however, will be divested of all the apochryphal embellishments with which the creative genius of the late Mr. Southey has invested that memorable event. That amiable and accomplished man's mind was highly tinctured with the incidents of Spanish romance, and he interwove much of their high colouring of adventure and incident into his account of the siege and defence of Saragossa.

FIRST SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.

As it has been properly said, though the whole of the population of Saragossa are entitled to the glory of the resolution of its defence, Palafox, Tio Martin, and Tio George—Tio, or uncle, or goodman, is the appellation by which men in the lower classes who have passed the middle age are familiarly addressed in that part of Spain—stood pre-eminently forward in the glorious task. The ensuing narrative will exhibit them in their full lustre and patriotism.

On the morning following (June 16th) the investment, the French attempted by a *coup-de-main*, to storm the city by the gate Portillo, and penetrated as far as the street Santa Engracia, but were driven back with great loss, as also that of part of their baggage and plunder. The loss of the patriots in the affair was about 4,000 in killed and wounded.

During the respite obtained by this repulse, the inhabitants, aided by the peasantry, who, to the number of 10,000, had thrown themselves into the town, worked so vigorously in throwing up defences, forming barricades,

loop-holing the walls of the houses, and raising ramparts with sacks and bags filled with sand, that in less than twenty-four hours, the city was in a condition to withstand an assault; and for the purpose of obtaining further aid, Palafox, uncle George, and four companions, in the mean time left the city by the suburbs, crossed the Ebro at Pina, and collecting on his march about 1,400 soldiers who had escaped from Madrid, formed a junction at Belchite with general Versage, who was in command of 4,000 men, levies from Calatayud. The united force collecting in their march the volunteers from the villages, took post at Epila on the river Xalon, in the rear of the besiegers. On the night of the 23rd, they were attacked by the French, and defeated with great loss. On the 27th, the French again attacked the city and the Torrero, but were repulsed with the loss of 800 men and six pieces of artillery; but the next morning, though repulsed from the city, they took the Torrero, in which 1,200 Spaniards were intrenched, by assault; and to add to the calamity of

the Saragossans, on the 28th, a powder magazine blew up in the very heart of the city, which occasioned great loss and consternation.

At the time of this success, Desnouettes having received reinforcements under Verdier, and a train of heavy artillery and stores from Bayonne and Pamplona, commenced a vigorous bombardment of Saragossa. At the same time repeated attacks were made to effect an entrance into the city; but the assailants, after several desperate struggles, were repulsed with severe loss. In this perilous work the women assisted; and, at the suggestion of the young, delicate, and beautiful countess Burita, formed themselves into companies, each headed and commanded by a lady of rank. The business of those companies was to carry meat and drink to the men who were fighting, to convey the severely wounded to the hospitals, and to bind up slight wounds upon the spot. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, the countess Burita attended coolly to these occupations, which were now become her duty; never, throughout the whole of a two months' siege, did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself, produce the slightest apparent effect on her, or in the least degree bend her from her heroic purpose. Some few females took a yet more active part, and fought side by side with their husbands, brothers, and fathers. The name of one of these heroines has acquired an enduring celebrity. Augustina Saragossa, a handsome young woman of humble birth, coming on the third day of the siege with provisions to the battery that suffered most from the enemy's fire, found every man belonging to it killed. For a moment every one hesitated to secure the guns. Augustina, undaunted, sprang over the dead and the dying, and snatching a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, fired off a six-and-twenty pounder; and then, jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege. Her courage struck shame to the hearts of the men, who had shrunk from taking the places of the slain; her generous enthusiasm animated with fresh courage all who beheld it. The battery was instantly manned, and the fire being renewed with increased vigour, the French were repulsed at all points. Nor was this an isolated deed of heroism of that heroic girl, who is canonized in the annals of history by the

appellation of "The Maid of Saragossa." During the second siege, visiting a battery in which her husband held the command, and observing the artillerymen so discouraged by his fall, that the battery was on the point of falling into the hands of the enemy, she addressed the troops in an animated tone, and by her personal intrepidity and animated eloquence so rallied them, that they not only repulsed the enemy, but in a successful sortie beat them from the walls. In the course of the War of Independence, she was rewarded, as a testimony of her country's approbation of her patriotic heroism, with a field officer's commission.

Desnouettes now, (July 2nd), supposing that his destructive bombardment had so discouraged the Saragossans, that he could effect a lodgment easily within the gates, advanced with a column towards each of the gates Carmen and Portillo, but so heavy a fire of grape and musketry was opened upon the French, that they were dispersed with great loss.

On the same day, Palafox, with as many of his discomfited troops as he could collect after his defeat at Epila, having re-entered the city by the suburbs on the left bank of the river which had been left unguarded by the enemy—and on the 17th, a regiment of the line from Estremadura, 800 strong, with some artillerymen and artillery, and 300 militia of Logroño, having effected an entrance by the same road—the patriots determined with their new accession of strength to endeavour to retake the Torrero; but they were repulsed with great loss.

By the end of July all communication was cut off with the surrounding country, and, consequently, Saragossa could no longer receive supplies. By the 4th, the French having completed their approaches, so furious a bombardment took place, that the walls of the church and convent of St. Engracia were levelled at the first discharge, and the besiegers rushing through the opening, after a day of dreadful carnage, succeeded in establishing themselves in the convent and the adjacent street. The enemy following up his success, forced his way into the Cozo, in the very centre of the city, and before the day closed was in possession of one-half of Saragossa, as also of one side of the Cozo, while the inhabitants sternly occupied the other. Palafox, Tio George, Tio Martin, and the whole of the Saragossans, performed prodigies of valour on this disastrous day. Desnouettes now thought that

he had conquered, and required Palafox to surrender, in a note containing these words: "Cuartel-general, Santa Engracia. La Capitulacion." (Head quarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation.) The heroic Spaniard immediately returned the reply "Cuartel-general, Zaragoza. Guerra al Cuchillo." (War at the knife's point.)

"The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history. One side of the Cozo, a street about as wide as Pall-mall, was possessed by the French; and, in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was held by the Saragossans, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French had erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown out from the windows. A deadly contest now ensued, the strife was continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room, and was persevered in without intermission night and day. All classes of the citizens vied with each other in the dreadful struggle with the enemy.

In the midst of these difficulties, a reinforcement of 3,000 men, composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Aragon, with a convoy of ammunition and provisions, having eluded the vigilance of the besiegers, entered the city under the command of Don Francisco Palafox, the general's brother. The murderous contest was now carried on with renewed vigour. In every conflict, the Saragossans now gained ground on the French, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which on the day of their entrance was nearly half the city, was gradually reduced to about an eighth part. But after eleven successive days and nights of obstinate and murderous contest, on the break of day of the morning of the 14th August, the enemy was observed in full retreat, over the plain by the road that leads to Pamploña, having abandoned or thrown into the canal, his heavy cannon and siege stores; a measure adopted in consequence of the defeat of Dupont at Baylen, and the failure of Moncey before Valencia. Such was the first siege of Saragossa, and slavish be the heart and base the tongue that attempts to obscure its glory. There is not, either in the annals of ancient or of modern times, an event more worthy to be held in admiration than the Siege of Saragossa.

On the 25th of August, solemn obsequies with military honours were performed in the church of Saragossa, for the heroic men who had fallen, and a funeral oration was pronounced in commemoration of their heroism from the pulpit, by the brave priest Santiago Sass, who had taken part in the perils of the siege. A pension was settled on the Saragossan maid Augustina, with the daily pay of an artilleryman; and she was authorised to wear a small shield of honour upon the sleeve of her gown, with "Saragossa" inscribed upon it. The priest Santiago was presented with a captain's commission; all other persons who had distinguished themselves were rewarded; and the perpetual and irrevocable privilege of never being adjudged to any disgraceful punishment by any tribunal for any offence, except for treason or blasphemy, was conferred on all the inhabitants of the city and its districts, of both sexes and all ranks.

The operations of the French were in several other quarters not more prosperous than they had been at Saragossa. While the sanguinary conflict was raging in that city, Duhesme and Moncey experienced reverses in the south and east of Spain.

About the time that Lefebvre Desnouettes advanced against Saragossa, Duhesme, who commanded the French army in Catalonia, was ordered by Murat to reduce Gerona, a city situated between Figueras and Barcelona, and strongly fortified both by nature and art, in order to open a communication with France for supplies and reinforcements for that garrison. In his march, the French general attacking the peasantry of Valles, who were posted on the heights which terminate at Mongat, to oppose his march, defeated them, and disgraced his victory by the cruelty which he exercised on his prisoners and the unarmed villagers who fell into his hands. Mataro, a rich and flourishing town, containing above 25,000 inhabitants, met with a like fate, because they had attempted to defend the entrance of the town against the French. The town was not only sacked, but the inhabitants were treated in the most merciless manner by the French troops, whom they had but two months before received as guests and friends while they were quartered on them.

Duhesme proceeded plundering, burning, and destroying everything in the whole progress of his march. On the 20th June, he appeared before Gerona, and attempted to take it by storm, but was repulsed by the

brave inhabitants, whose women rivalled the heroines of Saragossa in devotion and heroic conduct. The French general not being prepared to undertake a regular siege, and fearing that the Somatenes assembled without the town would harass him, having sacked the adjoining villages, Salt and St. Eugenia, he retreated by forced marches towards Barcelona, sacking and burning the towns and villages through which he passed, severely harassed by the Somatenes (the Catalan militia), from their hill-sides in his march. About a week after his return to Barcelona, he again marched out of that city, and defeated a large body of peasantry assembled at Molinos del Rey, with the loss of all their artillery. He then, July 5th, detached general Reille to raise the blockade of Figueras, at that time besieged by the Somatenes, in which duty Reille succeeded; but attempting a *coup-de-main* against Rosas,

was repulsed (July 11th) with loss. On the 24th, Duhesme uniting his forces with those of Reille, advanced against Gerona and commenced operations against that fortress in form; and on the 15th of August, a breach being declared practicable, the assault was about to be commenced, when a general sally was made on the French lines, their cannon spiked, and works set on fire, while the besiegers were engaged in combat with 1,300 troops arrived from Majorca under count Caldague, the governor of the Balearic isles. In consequence of this event, Duhesme was obliged to break up the siege, having lost 2,000 men, and to abandon his baggage, stores, and ammunition; and being exposed to the raking fire of two English frigates as he retreated by the sea-coast, when he reached Catella he threw all his artillery down the precipices to expedite his flight.

THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA; BATTLES OF BAYLEN, AND MEDINA DEL RIO SECO.

MONCEY, who had been ordered to reduce Valencia, was almost equally unsuccessful in his operations against that city. Advancing from Cuenca, with a force consisting of 12,000 men, besides cavalry, he encountered the new levies of armed peasantry, some Spanish regulars, and Swiss troops, amounting to 6,000 men, assembled in an intrenched camp, at the defile, near Contreras, as also at Las Cabrillas, with the loss of their artillery. At length, on the 27th of June, he appeared before the walls of Valencia, a city containing about 80,000 inhabitants, and situated on the Guadalaviar, in the vicinity of the sea. The Valencians being aware of his approach, laboured day and night on the fortifications; trenches were cut in the principal streets, barriers were constructed across them, chariots and carts were overturned in them, and stones and boiling oil collected on the tops of the houses, to throw upon the assailants.

Having summoned the town to surrender, and received in answer, that the Valencians preferred death to capitulation, the French general ordered (June 29th) an assault to be made, and the French approaching a battery which a Spanish smuggler had treacherously agreed to betray to

them, instead of finding it manned by traitors, were received with a brisk and well sustained fire. As the French advanced, the enthusiasm of the inhabitants increased. The Valencian women imitated the conduct of those of Saragossa and Gerona; they heroically threw themselves into the hottest of the fire, for the purpose of bringing up ammunition to the combatants; and when the grape-shot began to fail, they furnished a supply of missiles consisting of their trinkets and other valuables. After persevering in fruitless attempts from one P.M. to eight in the evening, perceiving that his force was not numerous enough for the civil war which it would have been compelled to wage from house to house, and from street to street, the French general relinquished the attack, and drew off to Cuarte, about a league from the city, having lost 2,000 men in his operations. From this position he quickly retreated, leaving part of his artillery. In his retreat, he attacked and overthrew a corps of 6,000 men, posted on the banks of the Xucar, under the Conde Cervellen; and two days after coming up with the fugitives at Almanza, he overthrew them, with the loss of

all their artillery. On reaching St. Clemente, he began to make preparations which would enable him to renew his attack on Valencia. In the meantime (July 3rd) the town of Cuenca had been delivered up by Caulincourt to pillage, and the inhabitants, men, women, and children, butchered by the ferocious French troops.

THE BATTLE OF BAYLEN, AND ITS ANTECEDENTS.—The fortune of Dupont was even more discouraging than that of his compatriots before Saragossa, Gerona, and Valencia.

One of the first acts of Murat, after he had reached Madrid, was to prepare for securing Cadiz, of which city Dupont had been appointed governor, soon after the abdication at Bayonne had been effected. As fears were now entertained for the French squadron at Cadiz, Dupont received orders to march and take possession of that city. At the time of the receipt of the order, he was at Toledo, repressing some tumults that had been manifested there. He began his march the end of May, and crossing the Sierra Morena mountains, and effecting the pass of Despeñas Perros, or Dog Rocks, without opposition, arrived on June 3rd at Andujar, where he had left his hospital of sick and wounded, in his march to Cordova, but who had been overpowered and massacred by a band of Spaniards from Jaen,* in retaliation for the atrocities prac-

tised by the French on the Cordovans. His enraged troops now cried for vengeance on the old Moorish town. Dupont dispatched a battalion of infantry and some cavalry, under one Baste, a sea captain, to put their sanguinary wish into execution. The ferocious scaman and his equally ferocious followers, having plundered and set fire to the town, committed every possible atrocity on the inhabitants, massacring old men and infants at the breast, and violating both women and children;† and to enhance this atrocity, Dupont's foraging and scouring parties being unsuccessful in their endeavours to obtain provisions and other supplies for the army, wounded and tortured all the country people whom they could seize for the purpose of compelling them to discover the places in which they had concealed their corn, money, and other property.‡ Proceeding now as in an enemy's country, he attacked the Spaniards posted at the black marble bridge of Alcolea, and defeating them after a brave resistance, carried both the bridge and the village.

Dupont now perceiving that his force was too weak to effectuate the conquest of Andalusia, applied to Joseph Buonaparte for succour. Two divisions were sent to him under generals Vedel and Gobert. Vedel, when he reached the Sierra Morena, found a considerable body of Spaniards intrenched in the tremendous defiles of that great chain

* The atrocities and rapacity of the French at this time were excessive. The inhabitants, both armed and unarmed, were slaughtered; women violated; and the public buildings, houses, churches, and even the humblest dwellings of the poor, were sacked. Besides exacting from the depôts of the treasury and the consolidation, ten millions of reals for his own private benefit, Dupont compelled the city to raise an enormous contribution for the army.

† The conduct of the French army had become so atrocious, that the Central Junta, with the hope—vain hope! little did they understand the character of the chief of that army, whose standing order to his generals was, to inflict condign vengeance on those patriots who defended their country, and in whose opinion, no crime was so heinous as that of patriotism, none so fearful as that of resisting the oppressor of one's country and the despoiler of its nationality—of shaming them, published a remonstrance, addressed to the French generals, in which the following appeal was made to their humanity and sense of honour:—"In other times war was carried on between army and army, soldier and soldier; their fury spent itself upon the field of battle; and when courage, combined with fortune, had decided the victory, the conquerors behaved to the conquered like men of honour, and the defenceless people were respected. The progress of civilization had tempered the evils of hostility, till a nation that had so lately

boasted that it was the most polished in the world, renewed, in the nineteenth century, the cruelty of the worst savages, and all the horrors that make us tremble in perusing the history of the irruptions of the barbarians of old. Like tigers, those enemies make no distinction in their carnage—the aged, the infants, the women—all are alike to them, wherever they can find blood to shed."

‡ The French soldiery and their officers were the most adroit marauders that ever marched under the banners of Mars. The first often carried a regular set of house-breaking tools in their knapsacks, and as soon as they entered a town, and were dismissed off parade, they immediately spread themselves over all its localities, like a ravenous brood of vultures, and broke open every house which they thought contained valuable property, or wine or spirits. If they thought the inhabitants had concealed their property by burying it, or by placing it between the walls of the house and a temporary wall they had erected, for the purpose of forming a vacuity in which to deposit the property; in the first case they threw water on the suspected spots, to ascertain whether it was quickly absorbed, as then it would be an indication of its having been recently dug; and in the second, they measured the inner and outer walls of houses and buildings, and according as they were disproportionate, they proceeded to dismantle the buildings.

of mountains. The first brigade and the cavalry of his army were allowed to pass the ambush, laid among the trees and rocks, in advance of the intrenchment, but on the second brigade a tremendous fire was opened; eventually the superior discipline of the enemy prevailed, and the patriots were dislodged with considerable loss. Vedel then passed the defiles, and advanced to Baylen, a village distant a short march from Andujar.

Dupont's situation was now becoming very insecure, his difficulties and distresses increasing daily. Twenty-five thousand peasants were gathering round his position, and Castaños was lining the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir with an equal number of infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and a heavy train of artillery; and these men, both of the regular and peasantry force, by the exertions of the Spanish general, had acquired habits of discipline, and obtained confidence in themselves and their officers. In effectuating that reform, he had endeavoured "to introduce among them that moral and religious discipline by which Cromwell, and the Swedish hero, Gustavus, before had made their soldiers invincible. He issued an order for banishing all strumpets from the camp, and sending them to a place of correction and penitence; he called on the officers to set their men an example, by putting away the plague from themselves, and dismissing all suspicious persons; he charged the chaplains to do their duty zealously, and threatened condign punishment to any person, of what rank soever, who should act in contempt of these orders. Such irregularities, he said, would draw down the divine anger, and make the soldiers resemble in licentiousness the French, who, for their foul abominations, were justly hated by God and man; and it would be in vain to gather armies, if at the same time they gathered together sins, and thereby averted from themselves the protection of the Almighty, which alone could ensure them the victory over their enemies."

The winding Guadalquivir flowed between the hostile armies. On the evening of the 16th of July, Castaños, with the main body of the Spanish army, crowned the Visos (heights) de Andujar, a strong and advantageous position directly in front of the town of Andujar, at the same time detaching Reding and Coupigny, with two divisions, to interpose between Dupont and Vedel.

In a desperate conflict at one of the fords of the river, the Swiss general, Reding, drove the enemy from their *tête-du-pont* at Menjibar, and the commanding officer, Gobert, fell mortally wounded. The patriots now took post in a strong position in front of Baylen.

Dupont now determined to march to the assistance of Vedel. On the night of the 18th, as soon as darkness had closed the day, the French, having first plundered the inhabitants of all that was portable, marched from Andujar, and advanced towards Baylen. At three o'clock in the morning of the 19th, he vigorously attacked Reding, but was repulsed. When day broke, the French re-formed their columns, and advanced to the attack. The greatest intrepidity was displayed by both armies. Several times the French broke the Spanish lines; but the Spaniards, knowing that reinforcements were at hand, resolutely recovered themselves. The battle had been long and bloody, when Dupont and his generals, putting themselves at the head of their men, made a last charge with the most determined bravery; but they were repulsed with equal determination. The arrival of the Spanish reserve under De la Peña (the future Bermeja hero), on the field of battle at the moment, and the desertion of some Swiss battalions, who went over to their countryman, Reding, during the battle, determined the French general to surrender; he therefore held up the white flag, and proposed an armistice. A capitulation was accordingly entered into on the morning of the 20th, by virtue of which Dupont and his army were to remain prisoners of war, as also Vedel and his division, who had surrounded and made prisoners a battalion of Reding's corps at Carolina, before he knew of Dupont's surrender, were, according to the first arrangement, after having laid down their arms, to have been allowed to quit Andalusia. Some of the prisoners were sent to serve in the hulks or prison-ships in the bay of Cadiz; others to the desolate island of Cabrera, lying about ten miles from the southernmost point of Majorca, in the Mediterranean. Dupont and the officers of his staff, as also all the generals, were exempted from the capitulation, and allowed to return to France. On their arrival there they were imprisoned, and having been tried, were condemned by a court-martial. As public opinion was loud in their favour, the sentence was not carried

into execution, but their imprisonment continued till the capture of Paris by the allies. The prisoners amounted to between 18,000 and 19,000, and the loss of the French in battle had been 4,000 in killed and wounded.

The loss of the battle by the French, was occasioned by Dupont's making independent attacks with separate brigades of his army, as they successively came into line, instead of a simultaneous charge with his whole force; and by his having kept the best of his troops in reserve, to guard his baggage and plunder, which was enormous, consisting of the pillage of the churches, convents, monasteries, and houses of all the towns he had entered. The approaching anniversary of the great victory of Las Navas de Toloso, so celebrated in Spanish annals, tended, from religious, national, and local feelings, greatly to animate Spanish bosoms on the day of the battle of Baylen.*

The news of the battle of Baylen diffused a joy and triumph over Spain. The Spaniards now thought themselves invincible, and that the issue of that battle was a confirmation of the national hallucination, that Spaniards cannot be overcome only by Spanish soldiers. Views of the Pyrenees, and of their triumphant march to Paris, attended by "*nuestros amigos los Ingleses*" (our friends the English), as quiet and admiring spectators of their valorous doings, flitted over their imaginations, and inflated their constitutional overweening conceit and vanity. But the victory of Baylen had a better result than the indulgence of national superstitious belief; it occasioned the breaking up of the siege of Saragossa, and the flight of Joseph and his adherents from Madrid to Vittoria, the road to which had been opened to the intrusive king in consequence of the battle of Medina del Rio Seco, fought July 14th, 1808; after which he proceeded on his journey to Madrid, to take possession of his usurped throne, which he had scarcely occupied a fortnight before he was, in conse-

quence of the victory at Baylen, compelled to flee neck and heels from it.

THE BATTLE OF MEDINA DEL RIO SECO.—The first battle of any importance between the patriots and the French was fought near the town of Medina del Rio Seco, which is situated a few leagues from the city of Valladolid. There the Spanish general Cuesta had taken post with an army variously stated from 14,000 to 40,000 men, consisting of raw levies and a few Walloon regiments. Bessières, in expectation of a sure victory, marched against him with 15,000 men. Cuesta had drawn up his army in two lines, at the distance of a mile and-a-half from each other. Blake commanded the first line, Cuesta the second. Bessières observing the faulty disposition, immediately threw himself in the chasm between the two lines, and attacked Blake in rear and front, and in an instant overthrew him. Cuesta immediately moved his line forward to repair the disorder. The Spaniards attacked the enemy's infantry with so impetuous ardour, that they forced it to give way, when the troops set up a shout of victory; but too soon; for the French, charging the left wing, after a short and sanguinary struggle, broke it, and thus the fortune of the day was decided, the Spaniards taking to headlong flight. Few bloodier battles, or, in more appropriate language, savage massacres, have ever been fought in proportion to the numbers in the field, even if the force of the Spaniards be taken at the highest estimate. According to the Spanish and French accounts, the Spanish loss was stated to be between 5,000 and 6,000 killed and wounded, 2,000 prisoners, with eighteen guns, and all their ammunition; that of the French, 50 killed and 300 wounded; but according to better authority, that of the neighbouring priests, it is affirmed that 27,000 bodies were buried. And this is the more probable account, as the battle was savagely fought, and little mercy shown in the pursuit. The victors in the pursuit of the scared and fleeing fugitives, sacked the town of Rio Seco, and compelled all the nuns of its convents to submit to the brutal violence of the soldiery.

* In that battle, fought July the 16th, 1812, at Baylen, Alphonso IX. gained the victory over a Mussulman host of two hundred thousand combatants.

THE PORTUGUESE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

A.D. 1808.

WHILE the events just recited were passing in Spain, Portugal was in a state of political convulsion. No sooner had the news of the popular insurrection of Madrid become known at the Spanish frontier town of Badajos, than a lieutenant of the Walloon guards, was sent by Moretti to Lisbon to consult with Carraffa, commanding the contingent of Spanish troops which had marched on that kingdom with Junôt.

When Moretti's mission became known to Junôt, awakening from his dreams of royalty, to prevent its success he divided the Spanish contingent force into small detachments, stationing with each detachment a superior number of French. His plan however was not successful. Some deserted in small parties; others in larger; but the regiment of Murcia marched in a body. To intercept the Spanish regiment, Junôt sent a detachment of 600 French; the two parties met at Os Pegoens; the Spaniards being victorious, proceeded on their march. The Spanish troops who had taken possession of the Alemtejo and the south of Portugal, to keep Godoy's kingdom warm till he was ready to occupy it, escaped to Badajos, whence they were forwarded to Leon to share in the disasters of the battle of Medina del Rio Seco. The Spaniards at Oporto, who had occupied the north of Portugal, under Bellesta, marched for Corunna.

The students of Coimbra were the first to join the patriotic standard; the mountaineers of Tras-os-Montes, the provinces of the Algarves, the Alemtejo, Beira, and Entre-Douro-e-Minho, quickly followed their example. The people of Oporto rose to a man, and the Portuguese soldiery joined them; the prince regent was proclaimed at Braganza, the standard of the displaced dynasty displayed, and, in imitation of the Spanish patriots, a provisional junta of supreme government was appointed at Oporto, till the government instituted by the prince should be established; deputies or envoys despatched to England, to solicit protection and succour, and the council of

the regency established, of which the principal, Souza, and that intriguing priest, the bishop, now denominated the *patriarch*, were members.

To suppress the insurrection, Junôt applied himself with diligence. Having disarmed between 4,000 and 5,000 of the Spanish troops, and secured them in ships and hulks upon the Tagus, he directed Loisson to proceed with a division against the insurgents in the north; but the insurrection was so formidable, and the insurgent peasantry were so rapidly gathering around him, that he countermarched on Lisbon, routing the insurgents at Celerico and Guarda with great slaughter; and sacking the villages of Pezo, Regoa, and Nazareth, where neither age, nor infirmity, nor sex, nor childhood, was spared, for he was a man devoid of honour and humanity, notorious for rapacity in the most rapacious army that ever disgraced the profession of arms, and carried on war in the worst spirit of the worst ages, plundering and massacring without limit and without remorse. Margaron executed like vengeance at Leiria, where he butchered the old and the young, women and children, the babe suckling at the mother's breast, and the infirm and the sick lying on the bed of helplessness, without remorse or discrimination. When the streets and houses lacked furnishing his savage followers with means for their carnage, the miserable inhabitants, who had taken refuge in the churches, were dragged out and slaughtered in the open space in front of the chapel of St. Bartholomew.* The town was then sacked, and partially set on fire. Equally atrocious practices took place at Guarda in the north, and at Evora, Beja, and Villa-viçosa in the south; those unhappy towns were given up to indiscriminate massacre, and the women, after having suffered violation, were slaughtered. "Beja," said the ruthless Kellerman, in his proclamation to the people of the Alemtejo, "is no more. Its guilty inhabitants have been put to the sword; its houses delivered work with the sword and bayonet, and the butt end of the musket, and finished it by firing upon their victims.—(*História Geral da Invasão dos Franceses em Portugal*, tom. iv., p. 42.)

* The greater number of the unfortunate captives falling on their knees, in tones of agony implored the mercy of their executioners. The murderers, as if they delighted in the act of butchery, began their

up to pillage and the flames. Thus shall all those be treated who take up arms against us." At Villa-viçosa, insult had, in the wantonness of power and military licentiousness, been added to wrong. There was an image of *Nuestra Senhora dos Remedios*, (our Lady of Remedies,) which, after having, by a supernatural declaration of its own pleasure, changed its name, made sundry voyages to and from India, and travelled from one place to another during more than four-score years, had at length graciously condescended to take up its residence at Villa-viçosa, in a chapel of its own, where, being in high odour for its miraculous powers, it was visited with peculiar devotion on its own holiday, the 19th of June, by the people of that town, and the adjacent country. Some French soldiers, not disposed to reverence the systematic frauds to which the idol had contributed its influence to enable the priests to delude their Portuguese adherents, placing themselves in a gateway near the chapel, amused themselves with deriding the Portuguese, who, in the ignorant simplicity of their hearts, were going thither to worship. Some of the peasants resenting this insult, a scuffle ensued, and at length, amounting to a complete riot, an open insurrection broke out, in which a few Frenchmen being slain, Kellerman ordered general Aril to advance against the insurgents, of whom many hundred were bayoneted, and the place given up to pillage. Setubal escaped a fate similar to that of the cities just specified. That

beautiful city had been devoted to pillage, but was saved by the interference of a Portuguese woman, who lived as his mistress, with general Graindorge, who then was in command in the Alemtejo, having succeeded the sanguinary and peculating Loisson. Before the ruthless French had been able to enter Evora, to perpetrate their atrocities, they had to contend with 10,000 Portuguese, and 4,000 Spanish troops, posted in front of the town, who had advanced from Badajos to their aid. But at the first shock of the enemy's attack, the undisciplined peasantry fled in confusion, and their Spanish auxiliaries soon followed their example. Of the insurgents, the French military historian, Thiébault, boasts that 8,000 were slain or wounded, while the loss of his own countrymen, who mercilessly slaughtered those defenceless men, was trifling. The affairs of Portugal now were to assume a more promising complexion. The intelligence that a British army had appeared off the coast of Portugal, arrested Loisson in his blood-stained progress towards Elvas, infused life and spirit into the bosoms of the Portuguese portraits, and its bugles announced, from the rock of Lisbon, the advent of the removal of the hallucination and mistaken notions of French invincibility, of the craven-hearted dread of the French legions and their leader, which had fascinated and enchained the people of continental Europe, and the overthrow of the most grinding despotism that had ever cursed the face of the earth.

THE SPANISH WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, CONTINUED TO CLOSE OF 1808.

THE train that the emperor had laid for his scheme of universal aggression and spoliation being now ready for ignition, he prepared to proceed to the scene of action. In *The Preliminary Observations to the Peninsular Campaigns*, the reader has been informed of the principal events that conducted to the completion of that scheme. But as the preparatory feat of the "Erfurth Conference" has not been mentioned there, its introduction here will tend to throw addi-

tional light on the dark doings of the French despot.

He had long designed the subjugation of the Spanish and Portuguese Peninsula. To disguise the prosecution of his designs, he invited the Russian emperor Alexander to a conference at Erfurth, a town in the north of Germany, having previously communicated to that "imperial personage" the design of overthrowing the English power in India, and of dismembering the Turkish empire,

and partitioning the spoil between himself, Austria, and Russia; the Austrian cabinet no doubt, having previously lent a willing ear to the righteous purpose. Having appointed a day for the conference, he hied to its locality with a crowd of obsequious and fawning princes and potentates—messieurs the parasites of “The Confederation of the Rhine”—in his train; and on the arrival of Alexander, eternal friendship was pledged between the two plotters.* To disguise their designs, they professed the object of their meeting was “influenced by the voice of humanity, to put an end to the bloody continental war that had so long been raging, and to seek, in a speedy pacification, the happiness and common interests of Europe.” The two emperors wrote a joint letter to the king of England, inviting him to co-operate with them in their humane design. A correspondence on the subject took place between the English government and the agents of the French government, but it was soon broken off, as the ruse of the joint imperial letter was too evident to be mistaken. Buonaparte having, as he thought, accomplished his long-cherished design of “driving the hideous leopard into the sea, and of planting his eagles on the ramparts of Lisbon,” issued the following braggart and bombastic proclamation to the French troops who were to be the agents to carry his design into execution:—“Soldiers, I have occasion for you! The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the continent of Spain and Portugal. Let your aspect terrify and drive him hence.” When he issued this high-toned address to his soldiers, he hoped, no doubt, that his equally boasting threat of being in Lisbon in the course of three months was on the point of realization, when he was to “finish the war with a thunder-clap.”

The troops appointed for this Quixotic purpose were—first corps, Victor, 33,937; second corps, Bessières, 38,054; third corps, Moncey, 37,690; fourth corps, Lefebvre, 25,984; fifth corps, Mortier, 26,713; sixth corps, Ney, 38,033; seventh corps, St. Cyr, 42,107; eighth corps, Junôt, 25,730; re-

* Amidst the festivities, the fêtes, and the frolics of his ballet girls and opera dancers, collected to entertain and solace his imperial and regal guests, he studiously took the opportunity of giving a momentous admonitory hint to his guest, the imperial autocrat of Russia. He took him to the battle-field of Jena, where a temple to Victory was erected, in which the French emperor had passed the night pre-

serve, Napoleon, 42,382; on march from France, 14,060. In all, 319,690. This vast host was composed of all nations; of French, Germans, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutch, Saxons, Bavarians, and even Irish, Scotch, and Mamelukes—for every nation contributed to supply “the insatiable tyrant’s demand for human life”—all dressed in their national uniforms, except the Irish and Scotch; but all wore the same cockade, and had the same shout of war, and the same cry to rally.

Napoleon Buonaparte having, by his arrangements at the Erfurth conference, secured himself from the probability of being attacked on his rear, while carrying his projects into execution, set out for the scene of action, and arrived at Vittoria, November the 8th. He immediately proceeded to put his plans into execution, and assigned to each of his agents in his wanton and unprincipled aggression on the nationality of Spain, his part and character in the drama of fraud and butchery. Soult, in obedience to the mandate of spoliation, proceeded to prosecute the destruction of the army of the Spanish centre.

THE BATTLE OF GAMONAL, which is sometimes termed the *Battle of Burgos*, was fought November the 10th. Gamonal is a village, situated in front of Burgos, and about one league distant from it.

The Spanish army consisted of about 19,000 men, of whom 12,000 were regulars, the Spanish Walloon guards and the royal carabineers being among them; the rest were new levies, without any organization; the whole equipped and clothed by the English government.

This force was no sooner attacked by the French infantry, than it broke and fled in utter confusion towards Burgos, and was pursued by Bessière’s cavalry, which having inflicted dreadful execution on the fugitives, entered Burgos pell-mell with them; the victorious cavalry passing through immense piles of wood placed on each side of the streets, and intended to have been carried for sale into France in their contemplated reveries of a triumphal advance into that country. The loss of the Spaniards was

vicious to the battle, and tents were pitched around it, for the purpose of entertaining his visitors to a sumptuous breakfast. The French entertainer paraded his Russian guest over every part of the ground which the contending armies had occupied, and left him to make his reflections upon the spot where Prussia had received the galling chains with which she was fettered, as a reward of her subserviency to France.

2,500 in slain, 900 prisoners, six stand of colours, and all their artillery. The battalion of students, volunteers from the universities of Leon and Salamanca, had displayed that courage which might be expected from men of their condition, whom patriotism had brought to the field; they all fell in the ranks in which they had stood. Burgos was given up by the French general to the plunder of his troops. Belvedere and the wreck of his army fled to Segovia.

On the second day after the battle of Gamonal, Burgos became the head quarters of Napoleon Buonaparte, and the centre of the operations of the French; 10,000 light troops were dispatched forward to scour the country, levy contributions, and diffuse a general terror of the French arms. They swept over the plains of Leon as far as Benevente, Toro, and Torderillas, spreading everywhere the boastful proclamations of Napoleon Buonaparte, and declaring, that notwithstanding their utmost efforts, the French cavalry were not able to overtake the English army, which was fearfully fleeing to its ships. The armies of the left and centre, having been annihilated, Lannes with 30,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry, was ordered to advance against that of the right under Castaños, who, notwithstanding he was acquainted with the overthrow of the armies of Blake and Belvedere, had adopted the extravagant conceit, of marching to Burgos, and there annihilating the French reserves and rear-guard; but ascertaining that Ney was advancing against himself, and had entered Soria on the 19th of November, he retreated towards Tudela, which he reached on the evening of the 22nd, and was there joined by Palafox, and the army of Aragon: their united armies amounting to 40,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry, with 40 guns.

THE BATTLE OF TUDELA was fought November 22nd, and by its issue the fate of the patriot Spanish armies was sealed.

It had been the intention of the French generals, who considered the defeat and destruction of the army of the left as certain as that of the right under Blake had been, to practise the same manœuvre against it as had been done against Blake's army, namely, routing it by a powerful attack in front, and then destroying the fugitives by intercepting them with a second force in their flight; but Lannes, when he observed its faulty position, being drawn up on a range of inconsiderable hills, nearly

six miles in length, stretching from Tudela to Taragona, ordered general Maurice Mathieu to pierce the centre with a division of infantry, when the cavalry under Lefebvre Desnouettes, rapidly passing through the broken line, wheeled to the left, and by the oblique movement surrounded the Spanish right wing, which the Aragonese held; and, at the same moment, general Morlet attacking them in flank, the fate of the battle in that wing was decided. The assailants immediately turning fiercely on the centre, speedily routed it. The fate of the left wing, in which "the conquerors of Baylen" were stationed, was decided at the same moment by Lagrange's division. The disheartened Spaniards fled in confusion, leaving 5,000 of their comrades on the field of battle, 3,000 prisoners, and all their ammunition and guns in the hands of the victors. Fifteen thousand Aragonese, Valencians, and Castilians, found refuge in Saragossa, and the wreck of Castaños' force fell back on Calatayud, a turn of fortune with which Ney's greediness favoured them, that marshal halting in his pursuit of the fugitives, three days at Soria, for the purpose of pillaging that town, and possessing himself of the large quantities of wool collected there.

The battles of Espinosa, Gamonal, or as it is sometimes styled, Burgos, and Tudela, having opened the passage to the capital, Napoleon Buonaparte, who was at the time at Vittoria, immediately advanced with the imperial guards, Victor's corps, and the reserve, amounting to 60,000 men, towards Madrid. At break of day of the 30th of November, reaching the Samosierra Pass, which was defended by 12,000 men, the wreck of Belvedere's army, and sixteen pieces of cannon, intrenched on the heights of Sepulveda, which overlooked the principal pass. The advanced guard of the French, consisting of three regiments of infantry, commenced the attack, and the Polish lancers and chasseurs of the guard charging along the causeway, the pass and its batteries were won by assault, and its defenders fled in disorder towards Segovia. The way to Madrid being now open, the central junta, which had been appointed on the 25th of September, fled in dismay from Madrid to Badajos.

Two days before the passage of the Samosierra, the people of Madrid began to make preparations to resist the enemy. Trenches were opened, batteries erected, the streets

barricaded, and the pavements torn up. Eight thousand muskets were distributed; but when the ammunition was served out, many of the cartridges were found to be filled with black sand, instead of gunpowder; and when the people clamoured for cartridges, Morla, to whom the defence of the city had been entrusted, said that there were none. "Happy would it have been for Morla, had he then perished under the hands of the indignant mob, as then the treachery to his country which he was preparing, would never have been known on earth, and he would have escaped perpetual infamy."

On the morning of December 2nd, only an hour or two after the flight of the central junta, the advanced guard of the French came within sight of Madrid, and immediately summoned it to surrender; and as an answer was not returned, the fortified palace of the Retiro was attacked and carried. From its heights, which completely command the city, a few shells were thrown, in the hope of intimidating the inhabitants, and in the forenoon of the following day, Berthier sent a flag of truce threatening the utmost severity of military execution, if the signal of surrender was not hoisted within two hours. At five in the afternoon Morla and Ivriarte arrived at the French head-quarters, to negotiate as deputies on behalf of the town, the terms of surrender. At daybreak, on the morning of the 5th, the capitulation was signed, and by ten o'clock the French general, Belliard, took the command of the city. Soon numerous deputations of the nobles, clergy, and public authorities, waited on Buonaparte at his head-quarters at Chamartin, to swear fealty to the pseudo king Joseph, who had entered Madrid "in the tail of the French army," and taken possession of the royal palace of the Prado. The French adventurer having thus far succeeded in his projects, gave "orders to compose songs descriptive of the glory the grand army had acquired, and would acquire"—no doubt designed as an allusion to his design of "driving the hideous leopard into the sea;" for "*God had given power and inclination*," as he had told the Madrilleños in his proclamation, "*to surmount all difficulties!*"

At this conjuncture, the English army, under sir John Moore, was struggling in the heart of Spain with the difficulties in which the disasters of the Spanish armies, and the imbecility and perverseness of its

generals and provisional government, had involved it. Buonaparte, aware of those difficulties, and having found that its presence paralyzed the movements of the whole of the French armies in the south of Spain, determined to overwhelm and destroy it. Orders were immediately dispatched from Madrid to all the French generals to advance in concentric lines on the devoted English army; while he himself, with 50,000 men, hurried through the Guadarama pass, for the same purpose. But on reaching Astorga, receiving intelligence of the preparation of Austria for war, he deputed Soult and Ney to pursue the English, with 60,000 men, and he set out with the imperial guard, to return to Paris.

The disasters of the patriots still kept increasing. On the 11th of December, Victor being in possession of Toledo, Aranguez, and Ocaña, overran the open and defenceless plains of Lower La Mancha, foraging and plundering the towns and villages with impunity as far as Manzanares. The little hamlet of Vellacoñas, by its heroism, having resisted the assaults of the enemy for five successive days, remained safe and uninjured, while the whole country round had been plundered. About the same time, Vanegas—who had taken post with the rear guard, consisting of 5,000 men of Castaños' broken army, near the village of Buvierca, in the narrow gorge where the river Xalon has forced its way through the two great mountain ridges in that portion of the high road to Madrid, in order to cover the retreat of the disorganized patriots—was attacked by 8,000 French troops under general Mathieu, but after eight hours' contest compelled the French to withdraw, and thus secured the retreat of Castaños and his forces.

But these gleams of successful exertion were to be soon obscured by fresh disasters. The provincial government of the central junta, influenced by the reckless and unreasonable self-confidence of their countrymen, and relying on the saints and the virgin, determined to endeavour to recover Barcelona. For this purpose, general Vives was dispatched to take the command of an army of 30,000 men, which had been assembled by the marquis of Palacios. The French determined on its relief. Gouvion St. Cyr was ordered by Buonaparte to effectuate it: as a necessary preparatory measure, he besieged Rosas, a town situated four leagues east of Figueras. On November the 6th, he sat down before the place; and on the 16th,

attempted to carry Fort Trinadad, into which lord Cochrane, with eighty marines of the *Imperieuse*, had thrown himself, but was repulsed.* After a month's siege the citadel having been battered in breach, till it was no longer tenable, capitulated Decem-

ber the 5th; and the garrison, marching out with the honours of war, were sent prisoners to France. As his post was no longer tenable, lord Cochrane then embarked his men, and blew up the magazine of the fort.

SIEGE (THE SECOND AND FINAL) OF SARAGOSSA.

AFTER the disastrous issue of the battle of Tudela, the Saragossans, aware that the first object of the French would be the attempt to reduce their city, exerted themselves with the greatest vigour in preparing for the assault. Every strong building was fortified; the convents and churches were converted into barracks; the streets were barricaded and retrenched; the doors and windows of the houses were walled up, their whole front pierced with loop-holes and communications opened within from house to house, and the suburbs were included in the new fortifications. That beyond the Ebro was defended by redoubts and fleches, with batteries and traverses at the entrance of the streets. The artillery amounted to 190 pieces, the greater part being four, eight, and twelve-pounders, the pieces of a larger calibre were mostly those that had been recovered from the canal into which the French had thrown them on their retreat after the first siege. Great part of the cannon balls also were what the French had fired or left behind them. To prevent all danger from the explosion of their magazines, it was determined to make the gunpowder as it was wanted, which could be easily done, as Saragossa was the place where all the saltpetre of Aragon was refined. The ammunition, stores, and provisions, were sufficient for six months.

The inhabitants, all combatants, were supported by 30,000 regular troops, and 15,000 armed peasants; and the excavators employed on the canal, were enrolled as sappers and miners. Even the women were enrolled

in companies to aid the combatants and attend to the sick. The countess Burita commanded those patriotically devoted females.

Three days had, by a general order, been allowed for all women, men above threescore years of age, and all boys under fourteen, to leave the town, and be provided for whithersoever they went. But the sentiment of patriotism was so ardent, that not one of the inhabitants left the place. In no place would they have imagined themselves so secure as in Saragossa, which had been so wonderfully defended and delivered, and which they believed to be invincible through the all-powerful protection of Our Lady of the Pillar, who had chosen it for the seat of her peculiar worship. During the former siege prints of that venerated idol had been distributed by women in the heat of action, and worn by men in their hats as a badge and an amulet; and the many remarkable escapes and deliverances that had occurred during that memorable event, were ascribed to the immediate interference of the Magna Mater of Saragossa. Thus the city was all fortress, the population one vast garrison.

The French, who had since the battle of Tudela, been sedulously making preparations for the reduction of Saragossa, advanced with an army consisting of nearly 30,000 men, under marshal Monecy, and on the 20th December invested the town. On the next morning, the fortified outpost of Monte Torrero was attacked and carried after a slight resistance, the garrison having retired into the town; but an attack on the suburb,

* Lord Cochrane had prepared for the defence of the place with that sportiveness with which English sailors are as much characterized as schoolboys. He formed a rampart within the breach of palisades and barrels, ships' hammock-cloths, awning, &c., filled with sand and rubbish: these supplied the place of walls and ditches. When the assault was made upon

the breach of his little garrison, he not only stationed men with bayonets immediately within the breach, but he laid well-greased planks across the breach, upon which many of the French slipped and fell, in endeavouring to pass; and he hung ropes there with fish-hooks fastened to them, by which not a few were caught in their retreat.

two days after, was repelled with great slaughter of the enemy, according to the Spanish accounts 4,000, but according to the French, only the same number of hundreds.

On the 24th, the French marshal having completed the investment of the town on both sides of the river, the trenches were opened on the night of the 29th of December, and a powerful fire was directed against the walls. Meantime the besieged had raised a line of counter approaches, which compelled the enemy to prolong their works, lest they should be enfiladed; sallies were made from the town to interrupt the works, to cut down the olive trees, and destroy the buildings which afforded the enemy cover; and on the last day of the year, the besieged made a general attempt along the whole line to interrupt and impede the enemy's proceedings, but were repulsed in all quarters.

St. Cyr having obtained possession of Rosas, on December the 5th, advanced to the relief of Barcelona, an object of so great importance, that Buonaparte, in his instructions to him, said he would sooner lose 80,000 men than that fortress. Vives, on hearing of his approach, dispatched Reding, the *real* conqueror at Baylen, with 4,000 men to oppose him; and leaving a sufficient force to keep up the blockade, followed him with 5,000 men, with the intention of occupying an advantageous position between Vallaba and Llinas. A junction was formed by the two Spanish corps at Granillars, just as the French had passed through the defile of Treinta-pasos. On the following morning, he came in sight of the enemy ready drawn up for battle.

Souham's division was ordered to turn Reding's right; and two battalions were ordered to make a false attack on the left of the Spanish division. The left and centre were forced at the same moment; and though Reding had hitherto been successful, being now attacked by Souham's division, a total rout ensued. It was eight o'clock when the battle began, and before nine the Spaniards were in full flight, having lost 2,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and the opportunity of repeating at

the defile of Trienta-pasos, the occurrence at Baylen.

Reding having collected as many of the fugitives as he could, took post at Molinos del Rey. On December 21st, the French took up a position in his front, and on the 21st, attacking the Spanish army, a total rout ensued, every man fleeing his own way, and abandoning everything—fifty pieces of artillery, and large magazines, rewarding the victors. On the withdrawal of that part of the besieging force under Vives and Reding, Duhesme sallied out of Barcelona, and attacked the blockading besiegers under Caldagues, but was bravely met and repulsed. The defeat at Llinas however, induced him to break up the siege and return behind the Lobregat.

This disastrous campaign closed with the duke del Infantado's chivalrous self-delusion of the recovery of Madrid, the relief of Saragossa, as also of aiding the English army by pursuing the left wing of Soult's army then in operation against the English. In the prosecution of this quixotic design, he first attempted to surprise a body of 1,500 French cavalry who were scouring the country on both sides of the Tagus, and plundering a great part of the provinces of Cuenca and La Mancha; but the infantry portion of his force, instead of surprising the enemy in Tarancon, were themselves surprised by them. The French, however, being inferior in number, after a stout resistance, retreated with some loss to Aranjuez.

Though England had not yet taken an active part in the contest between the patriots and their oppressors, it deeply sympathised in the cause of freedom and justice. From the beginning of the contest in June, 1808, to the commencement of 1809, subsidies in money amounting to £3,100,000, besides large voluntary contributions from the different towns throughout the country; and 200,177 muskets, 61,300 sabres, 79,000 pikes, 98 cannons, 38 mortars, 23,477,000 cartridges, 31,000 cannon balls, 6,000,000 of bullets, 150,000 barrels of powder, and an immense quantity of accoutrements, clothing, boots, shoes, and other necessaries, had been furnished to the patriots by the English government.

WELLINGTON'S PORTUGUESE AND SPANISH CAMPAIGNS.

A.D. 1809.

WHEN sir Hew Dalrymple and sir Henry Burrard were recalled to attend the board of inquiry with sir Arthur Wellesley, relative to the Cintra Convention, sir John Craddock was appointed to the command of the British forces in Portugal; and as the Portuguese troops were in a very inefficient state of discipline, the Portuguese regency consented that Lisbon, and the frontier towns, should be garrisoned by the English.

To reorganize the Portuguese army, major-general Beresford (with the rank of field-marshal in the Portuguese service), and a number of English officers, were dispatched to Portugal. On his arrival (March, 1809) in that country, the marshal established his head quarters at Thomar; and collecting the Portuguese troops in masses, recast their military system on the model of the British army; but in the prosecution of his measures, he met with much opposition and perverseness from the regency.

To preserve a connected view of the affairs of the Peninsula from the period of its evacuation by the British army under sir John Moore, till the arrival of sir Arthur Wellesley in Portugal, April 22nd, 1809, it is necessary to present the reader with a recapitulated abstract of the operations of the French armies, and of the reverses of the

* Ferrol is a seaport on the opposite side of the bay on which Corunna stands. It is almost impregnable, both by sea and land. To force the passage is impossible, ships having for the distance of a league to file one by one along a shore defended by forts.

† At Oporto, the conduct of the captors was cruel and outrageous in the extreme: neither age, sex, nor innocence, found favour at the hands of the infuriated foe. "Neither the shrieks of women and children, nor the prayers and entreaties of the feeble and helpless, arrested the sword of the merciless soldiery; ten thousand of the defenceless and unresisting inhabitants had been numbered among the slain of the defenders of the city, the cavalry charging through the streets, and slaughtering all whom they encountered." While that scene of horror was in operation, four thousand of both sexes were seen fleeing before their pursued countrymen, and reaching, in a frenzied tumult, the pontoon bridge, the foremost sunk into the stream, leaving a gulf in the agitated water, into which the dense mass was precipitated. To add to the dismal scene, the French artillery discharged incessant showers of grape on the mass in the stream, and the boats that attempted to approach the wretched throng. The plunder continued for several days, during which time it was accompanied with every

Spanish and Portuguese patriots during that period.

Immediately on the sailing of the British army from Corunna, Margarejo, the governor, surrendered his trust to the French, though he, like many others of his countrymen, had sworn to bury himself under its ruins. Alcedo, governor of Ferrol,* followed his example; and he of Vigo, not to be outdone in heroic patriotism by his neighbouring compatriots, surrendered his trust. In Corunna and Ferrol, Soult possessed himself of immense stores, which had been sent to those towns by the English government, for the use of the patriots.

The French general now directed his march on Portugal; and entering that country, captured Chaves and Braga. The city of Oporto,† after a resolute resistance by the Portuguese for three days, surrendered on the 28th. Delaborde and Franceschi had defeated the Portuguese under Baron Ebeu (a German attaché in the English service, who had succeeded to the command on the murder of Freire by his mutinous troops) at Carvalho d'Esté, or as some accounts designate the battle, Braga, with great slaughter; which was greatly increased by the merciless havoc made by the French in the pursuit; Franceschi species of violence and outrage. Oporto, which is the largest city in Portugal, except Lisbon, is a seaport, situated on the Douro, about three-quarters of a league from the mouth of that river. It is built on the declivity of a steep hill, so steep in some parts, namely the east side of the town, that the houses are only approached by steps cut out of the rock. It is an unfortified town, but partly surrounded by an old wall five or six feet high, flanked at intervals by strong towers. To the east lies Villa Nova do Porto; and between it and Gaya lie, on a small plain along the river, the immense vaults or lodges in which the wines manufactured in the provinces of Tras-os-Montes and Entre-Douro-e-Minho are kept till stored. The river during the heavy rains and the melting of the snow on the mountains, often rises to the height of twenty feet. The mouth of the river being obstructed by rocks and quicksands, renders the navigation of the passage of its bar difficult and hazardous. In the contest between the emperor Pedro and his brother Miguel, for the restoration of Dona Maria to the Portuguese throne, and while Oporto was occupied by the liberating army of Portugal, 3,000 pipes of wine were started into the Douro, to prevent their falling into the hands of Pedro, when the river ran blood-red.

getting in advance of the fugitives, and compelling them to halt, until the infantry came up to bayonet them.

The Spanish patriots had been equally unfortunate. The beginning of their calamities was at Torquemada, where the Spaniards first resisted the oppressors of their country; the consequence was, the slaughter of the inhabitants, and the delivery of the town to the flames. Their next discomfiture was at Cabeçon, where, under Cuesta, they experienced so complete a derout, that the enemy entered that town with the fleeing foe; and the calamity would have been still greater, had not the corps of students from Segovia retarded in some measure, the pursuit of the enemy, until they all fell upon the field of battle. In Aragon, all their efforts were fruitless. Palafox, in his endeavours to relieve Saragossa, was defeated at Huecha, June 12th; at Gullur, June 13th; at Alagon, on the Xalon, June 14th; and at Epila, June 23rd. In Catalonia they were defeated at Mongul; Cruz surrendered his army at Lena, October 26th; Vives was defeated at Llina, December 6th; and Reding, at Molinos del Rey, December 17th. On July 14th, the army under Cuesta and Blake had been routed with immense slaughter. On the 27th of the same month, Castaños attacking the French posts on the Ebro, was repulsed at Logroño with the loss of all his artillery. On October 31st, the army of Blake, which had been joined on the 9th of the same month by the Spanish troops from the Baltic, under the marquess of Romana, was defeated with great loss at Zornosa, and retiring to Espinosa de los Enteros, was attacked on the following day by Victor, but the contest was by the exertions of Romana's infantry prolonged till nightfall. Early next morning, the Spanish army was totally routed, and fled in the wildest disorder towards the river Truebas, in which a great number of the fugitives perished. With the remainder Blake fell back on Reynosa, where his reserve artillery was stationed; but being attacked there by Soult, was routed, with the loss of his whole artillery, and escaped with only a few thousand of his troops into the Asturian mountains. The consequence was, that Bilbao, Santander, and the whole line of the intervening coast, fell into the hands of the enemy. The army of the Spanish left being annihilated, that of the centre, stationed at Gamonal, under the Conde de Belvedere, was on November 10th over-

thrown, with the loss of 2,000 killed and wounded, 800 prisoners, and all its artillery. The battle of Tudela followed, and in it the Spanish army under Castaños and Palafox, consisting of 45,000 men, was completely routed and dispersed. In the battle of Espinosa, though the Spanish authorities, with their characteristic falsehood and boasting, asserted that Romana's troops had, Spartan-like, died to a man in their ranks; above 4,000 of them, who had been taken prisoners by the French, and had subsequently entered the French service, were, after four years of servitude under the banners of the oppressor of their country, delivered over by the Russian government to captain Hill, at Cronstadt, in the year 1812; having been taken prisoners in the retreat of the French from Moscow. To complete the sum of Spanish disasters, which had increased so rapidly in the short space of one year, the strong pass of Samosierra, which formed the boundary between the French armies and Madrid, though guarded by 10,000 men, was forced, and thus the passage to the capital opened to Buonaparte, who, on his entry, on December 4th, was waited on by a body of the nobility, clergy, and public authorities of the city, who tendered him their allegiance and fidelity; and the servile junta, who were soon converted, published a proclamation announcing that "the only object of their imperial ally was the prosperity and happiness of their beloved Spain." During the course of these events, the towns of Cordova, Toledo, Jaen, Bilbao, Burgos, Manresa, Rosas, both citadel and town, &c., had been sacked and delivered up to fire, sword, and the outrage of females even of the tenderest age. Venturada, Buitrago, El Milar, Iglernas, Benezuela, Gandullos, and Brojiz, experienced a like fate in Joseph Buonaparte's flight from Madrid behind the Ebro. To counterbalance this series of misfortunes, whose amount no nation ever experienced in the same space of time, the patriots could produce only the repulses of Schwartz and Chabran, at the passes of Bruch and Casa Masara, the battle of Baylen, and the repulses from Saragossa, Gerona, and Valencia. We shall now see that the year 1809 dawned equally unpropitious on Spanish efforts and Spanish patriotism.

The British ministry having determined to make another effort to liberate the Peninsula from the aggression of Buonaparte, adopted Sir Arthur Wellesley's recommendation of making Portugal, than which, in the

hands of a skilful and enterprising leader; no country affords a more defensible theatre of warfare, the basis of the operations for that purpose. The spirit of patriotism and resistance was alive all over the Peninsula; all it needed was the requisite genius to guide and direct it to the great end—the full and final deliverance. That genius the British ministry recognising in the person of Sir Arthur Wellesley, they appointed him to carry the great and glorious measure into execution. Sir Arthur having resigned his appointment as chief secretary of state for Ireland, and vacated his seat in parliament, left England on April 15th, 1809, and reached Lisbon on the 22nd of the same month. At that period, the second and fourth corps-d'armée of the enemy threatened Lisbon. Soult, with the second corps, amounting to 25,000 men, lay at Oporto with his advanced posts on the Vouga; and Victor, with the fourth corps, exceeding 20,000 men, was posted on the banks of the Tagus, with his head quarters at Merida.

In the course of Sir Arthur's passage to Lisbon, an event occurred which had nearly proved fatal to the future hero of the Peninsula and Waterloo.

In the course of the night, after the frigate had parted from Spithead, it was nearly wrecked at the back of the Isle of Wight. The circumstantial account given by the Marquis of Londonderry, in his *Narrative of the Peninsular War*, is highly interesting:—“We set sail with a stiff breeze blowing ahead. We had not proceeded beyond the Isle of Wight, when about midnight, or rather later, the captain of the *Surveillante* burst into the cabin, entreating us to use without delay precautions for our safety, for we were on the eve of shipwreck. As may be imagined, we lost no time in leaping from our cots, and mounting to the deck, when a very alarming spectacle presented itself. In attempting to clear a shoal which runs from St. Catherine's Point into the sea, the ship had missed stays; this occurred again and again, each failure bringing us nearer and nearer to danger; and now, when we looked abroad, the breakers were to be seen at a stone's throw from the bows. There was not an individual amongst us who anticipated any other result than that in a few minutes, at the farthest, the vessel would strike; but we were deceived. The wind, which had hitherto been blowing on shore, suddenly changed, and we were at once relieved from a situation, than which the whole progress of

our lives, had not before brought us into any one more uncomfortable.”

Sir Arthur, on his arrival at Lisbon, having had the command-in-chief ceded to him by Sir John Craddock, assumed the command of the British army, which had been augmented to 20,000 men by reinforcements under generals Sherbrooke, Mackenzie, Cameron, and Hill; and, May 2d, established his head-quarters at Coimbra. Having satisfied himself that no concert or communication between the armies of Soult and Victor could possibly be executed at that moment, he determined to drive Soult from Oporto, and clear the northern provinces of the enemy, and directed Mackenzie's brigade, and a body of 8,000 Portuguese, to take post at Santarem and Abrantes, for the purpose of defending the fords of the Tagus between those towns, and guarding the mountain passes into Portugal on the right side of the Tagus, as Victor and Lapisse were posted with strong corps on the eastern frontiers. While he advanced northwards to drive Soult from Oporto, Beresford, who was posted near Ciudad Rodrigo, was ordered to march with 6,000 Portuguese, a brigade of British infantry, and a squadron of cavalry, by Viseu, and crossing the Douro at Lamego, to turn Soult's left, and thus cut off his retreat into Galicia by Braga or through Tras-os-Montes, and compel him to proceed by Chaves, in order to prevent his junction with Victor.

On the 5th, the whole army, amounting to 14,500 infantry, and 1,500 cavalry, in which force four of the best Portuguese battalions were incorporated, was concentrated at Coimbra; and on the 7th the advanced guard was in motion on the Oporto road. At this moment intelligence was brought that the bridge of Amaranta, which afforded the most favourable road for the retreat of the French, had been crossed, and Silveira driven over the Douro.

The French having two positions at Albergoria Nova and Grijon, in advance of the main body at Oporto, sir Arthur, intending to surprise Franceschi, who was posted with two regiments of cavalry and one of infantry at the first-mentioned position, dispatched general Cotton, with the 14th dragoons, to accomplish the design; but Cotton, being misled by the guides, did not reach the French position till broad day-light, when he found the enemy ready drawn up to receive him, with a fine wood in their rear, and in too great force to hazard an

attack. But sir Arthur Wellesley coming up with Paget's division, Franceschi hastily retreated, and effected a junction with Mermet at Grijon; where, on the following day, the French forces being attacked by general Stewart, fled, with the loss of above one hundred prisoners, across the Douro. During these operations every means had been adopted by the French to render the passage of that river impracticable. The floating bridge at Oporto was destroyed, and the pontoons composing it burnt. All the boats on the Douro were also collected, and moored on the northern bank of the river.

At this period of the affairs of the Peninsula, an occurrence of a singular character took place. One John Viana, the son of a merchant at Oporto, had, at the instigation of the parties interested, communicated to marshal Beresford a design of a community of soldiers and officers in the French army, who were impatient of their subjugation, and disgusted with the tyranny of Buonaparte, to change the form of government; and as the conspirators were most numerous in the second corps-d'armée under Soult, they had come to the determination to seize him, and deliver him over to the British outposts. At the time of sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival in Lisbon, the chief of the conspiracy, D'Argenton, an adjutant-major, and who had been an officer on Soult's staff, being there, he had an interview with him, but, at the same time, refused all countenance of the projects of the malcontents. When at Coimbra, he also had an interview, between the English and French outposts, with a colonel Lafitte, who, as the conspiracy had been discovered (colonel Lefebvre, who had been taken prisoner in sir John Moore's retreat, and had broken his parole, having betrayed the conspirators), came at the instigation of Soult, to endeavour to penetrate sir Arthur's intended operations, and ascertain the strength and distribution of his army; but sir Arthur guessing his designs, had him conducted through by-paths to his presence, and again refused all countenance to the design. Sir Arthur, in his communication of

this transaction to the secretary of state, nobly observed, that it would be more honourable to the British arms to vanquish the enemy in the field, than to accomplish his overthrow by the countenance of any underhand project.

This conspiracy had been of considerable standing. The first knowledge of its existence, and which was obtained by the agency of the extensive system of espionage which Buonaparte had established not only throughout the dominions of France, but in all the states of Europe, and even in his palace, came under the notice of the French government about the time of the battle of Wagram. The conspirators had enrolled themselves under the title of Philadelphes or Brotherhood, and their object was the re-establishment of democracy. The founder was Joseph Oudet, an officer in the French service. The author of *Histoires des Sociétés Secrètes*, says that Oudet, and the officers who were known to be disaffected to the existing order of things, were recalled from their exile, for the purpose of furnishing the government an opportunity of getting rid of the malcontents, and gratifying the vengeance of the emperor. They were all appointed to the 9th of the line, and at the battle of Wagram were placed in such a condition with the enemy, that the whole of them were nearly destroyed. Colonel Oudet was severely wounded, and to complete the tragedy, was secretly assassinated in the course of the night following the battle. "It was part of the imperial policy, that if any part of the army exhibited signs of discontent, it was necessary to march it to the most wasteful point of service, and thus it would be destroyed before it could become dangerous, and yet not till it had performed a certain quantity of needful work for its fell employer." At this time a proclamation was found in which Soult announced himself as Nicholas I., king of Lusitania and Algarves. Joseph Buonaparte also accused him, in a letter to his brother Napoleon, of aspiring to the sceptre of Andalusia.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

ON the morning of the 12th May, the British army being concentrated at Villa Nova, a large village on the southern bank of the Douro, "the hero of Assaye," looking down from the convent of Serra upon the large

volume of waters which the Douro rolls swiftly into the sea, determined to effect the passage, though in the face of above twenty-five thousand opponents; an exploit unparalleled in the annals of warfare, and in the

glowing language of Napier, "so promptly, so daringly, so skillfully, so successfully executed, that it seemed rather the result of inspiration, than of natural judgment." For this purpose, viewing from the convent, which is situated on the elevated spot of the Serra, the opposite bank, he observed with an eagle's glance, a large unfinished building called "the Seminary," about half a mile from Oporto; and deeming it to present a defensible position, the area in which it stood being surrounded by a stone wall which came down to the water side, and enclosing space enough for at least two battalions to be drawn up in battle array; "with a marvellous hardihood," he determined to avail himself of it as a basis for his operations, and force the passage of the river. The army, in the mean time, "with hearts and hands all ready for the fray, joyous, careless, and full of hope," lay in the rear of the convent, concealed from the view of the enemy by the height on which it stood, and the bend which the river takes at that point. At this moment, the enemy's baggage and stores were seen moving in a long line on the Vallonga road.

Twenty guns were now placed in battery in the convent gardens. At the same time, major-general John Murray, with the German brigade, two squadrons of the 14th dragoons, and two guns, was directed to march to Barca de Avintas, about three miles down the river, and effect a passage there, for the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the enemy; and colonel Waters, of the Portuguese staff, was dispatched to endeavour to obtain some boats. About two miles from the convent the colonel had the good fortune to discover a boat concealed among some rushes, and in which a barber had, on the preceding evening, crossed the river from Oporto to Villa Nova for the purpose of seeing his sweetheart. Colonel Waters leaped into the boat, and with a priest and a few peasants, who happened to be standing by at the time, crossed to the opposite shore, where three large boats or barges lay in the mud. With these he hastened to the convent.

About 10 o'clock, a barge was reported ready to attempt the passage. "Let the men cross," was the decisive and confident order of the British chief; instantly an officer and twenty-five men of the buffs jumped on board, and, in the course of a few minutes, were in possession of the

Seminary. Two other barges, carrying three companies and general Paget, speedily followed.

Till this moment, all had been quiet in the city. Soult believed that the English army would, by means of the shipping, make its appearance at the debouchement or mouth of the river, and supposed that its passage otherwise, in presence of his force was impossible; especially as he had withdrawn all the boats to the southern side of the river, and had placed a strong guard over them. Nor were the operations of the passage observed; and for this reason, that the river in its course round the Serra rock, makes a sharp elbow or bending, shutting out the view of the upper river from the town. Just, however, as the third boat had reached the opposite bank, the enemy discovered the foe in the midst of their camp. Instantly all was hurry and noise in Oporto; drums beating, trumpets sounding, and troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—rushing in masses towards the Seminary, and assailing it with the utmost fury and desperation. The little party maintained itself, till the whole of the buffs, the 48th, 66th, and the 16th Portuguese battalion, had crossed under general Hill; the Serra battery, which swept both flanks of the Seminary garden, keeping up a well-directed fire, and thus confining the assault of the enemy, (whose fire both musketry and artillery, was sharp and voluble), to the iron gateway that opened on the Vallonga road. In the heat of the contest, Sherbrooke's brigade, consisting of the guards and 29th regiment, had crossed the river where the old boat bridge had been cut away, the citizens having brought boats across for the purpose. The appearance of Sherbrooke's brigade on the right of the enemy, and the head of Murray's column appearing at the same time, advancing down the bank of the river on his left, the enemy fled in confusion along the Vallonga road: Hill pouring in a destructive fire on his masses as they hurried past the Seminary gate. Murray, as the author of the *History of the Peninsular War* significantly observes, "seeming fearful lest they should turn and push him into the river," allowed them to pass in their confusion and dismay, without firing a shot on their flank; but brigadier-general Charles Stewart and major Harvey, impatient of the unaccountable inactivity of their chief, charged with two squadrons of cavalry, the rear guard, and riding over the

disorderly battalions, cut their way back to their own division, bringing with them above one hundred prisoners. As Napier justly observes, "had Murray attacked vigorously, the ruin of the French army would have ensued. It was an opportunity that would have tempted a blind man to strike; the neglect of it argued want of military talent and military hardihood;" an opinion fully verified in the same man's conduct at Alicant, where he abandoned to the enemy "the time-honoured Badajos artillery."

The loss of the British army was 20 killed, 96 wounded, and 17 missing; that of the French, 500 killed and wounded, and many prisoners. Five guns were captured in the attempt to pass the Seminary, and a vast quantity of ammunition, and fifty guns, with the hospital containing 700 men, were found in the city. To the wine (amounting to 3,000 tuns, and in value above half a million sterling), on board English, Swedish, Danish, and French ships in the river, sir Arthur Wellsley renounced all claim on behalf of himself and the army, in favour of the owners and the Portuguese nation; in opposition to the demand of the English admiral on that station, that those goods should be considered as prizes or the droits of war. For this exalted display of disinterestedness, he received a sorry requital from the selfish and ungrateful wine-company, and the senate and citizens of Oporto, in their refusal to subscribe to a loan of £10,000, to enable the army to adopt ulterior operations in the defence of Portugal. At four o'clock of the day, of the passage of the Douro, sir Arthur Wellesley sat down to the dinner and table service, that had been prepared for his antagonist, marshal Soult, "one of those trifling circumstances in warfare," as the elegant narrator of the duke's memoirs observes, "which exhilarates not only the chance partakers of spoil so innocent, but which as an anecdote mirthful to the soldiery, spreads pleasure very widely through the lines."

The remainder of the 12th; and following day, were employed in transporting the rear-guard, baggage, stores, and artillery, from the left bank of the river; and on the morning of the 13th, Murray was detached

with the Hanoverian cavalry in pursuit of the enemy; the whole army following on the same route on the 14th.

Soult had fled to Peñafiel, where, fearing that his retreat would be cut off, he destroyed his artillery and ammunition, and abandoned his baggage and military chest. Under the guidance of a Spanish pedlar, he escaped across the Santa Catharina mountains, by goat-herd paths, to Guimaraens, where he formed a junction with Loisson, (who had been driven by Beresford from Amarante); and in the course of the same night, he was joined by Lorge's cavalry, on the banks of the Sousa river. Again the artillery and ammunition of Loisson and Lorge's divisions were destroyed, and their baggage and military chests abandoned.

About four o'clock of the evening of the 16th the British army overtook the rear-guard of the French at Salamonde,* which had been stationed there to cover the passage of the army over the bridges of the Ponte Nova and the Saltador, but after a single hurried volley it fled precipitately to Ponte Nova, where, their pursuers having outflanked them, inflicted a severe loss on the fugitives. The bridge was choked with lacerated bodies, and the bed of the mountain torrent Cavado was filled with dead. Again, at the passage of the Saltador (the leaper or flying-bridge), over the gulf produced by the Misarella, another repetition of havoc and destruction attended the remorseless slaughterers of the stragglers of sir John Moore's army. At length the harassed and exhausted fugitives reached, on the 17th, Montalegre in a complete state of deroute; on the 18th they crossed the Spanish frontier, on the 19th entered Orense, and on the 23rd reached Lugo, says Jomini, (*Vie de Napoleon*), "in a more distressed condition than that in which general Moore had, six months before, traversed the country to the same town, many of the troops being without even their accoutrements and their arms."

When the British chief was informed that the remnant of the French army had turned off from Montalegre towards Orense, he desisted from the pursuit, as it was impossible for an army encumbered with guns and baggage to continue the pursuit through the

* This place afforded a strong position, and had the enemy been inclined to display their usual propensity for battle, it, like many other localities which became invested with memorable recollections

in the Peninsular war, might have obtained a fatal celebrity; but dispirited by repeated defeat, they fled in confusion, after they had fired one single hurried volley.

rugged defiles by which the enemy had escaped; or, to adopt his own language: "When an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, baggage, and everything that can strengthen it, and can alone enable it to act together as a body, and at the same time abandons those who are entitled to its protection, but retard its progress, it must then be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed with any prospect of being overtaken by an army which has not made the same sacrifices."

The sufferings and privations of the fleeing host had been so severe during its hurried and calamitous retreat, that, to adopt Napier's expression, "voices were calling for a capitulation, and the whole army was stricken with dismay." What a contrast to the heroic devotion of Moore's army! There the only voices heard (except those of a few craven-hearted general officers just preceding the battle of Corunna), were, "lead us to battle;" and the consequence of non-compliance with that heroic spirit was the insubordination and licentiousness which tarnished the British arms during that disastrous retreat. Soult's army had entered Portugal 25,000 strong; when it reached Orense it scarcely numbered 19,000, having, in the course of six days, sustained a much greater loss than Moore's army had in a period more than thrice as long; and that too in most inclement weather, and with the additional disadvantage, that the army was hampered with a large number of women and children. So complete had been the deroute, that the

whole line of march from Penafiel to Montalegre, besides being covered with the carcasses of horses, mules, and soldiers killed, wounded, and dying, was strewn with arms, accoutrements, and knapsacks filled with valuable stolen property. In the rocky bed of the Cavado, above 500 bodies of the fugitives, lying mingled with the carcasses of above 300 horses and mules, laden with the plunder of Oporto, and the other towns north of the Douro, were found by their pursuers; many of whom amused themselves by fishing in that stream for the French officers and privates, as about the bodies of the one they found rouleaux of gold, and in the knapsacks of the other gold and silver vases, watches, and other valuable property, all of which had been stolen from the natives.

The misery and cruelties which had been inflicted on the population of the country through which the French army had retreated were dreadful in the extreme. On the whole line of country over which its flight had extended, horror, desolation, and wretchedness, prevailed in their direst forms. The route of the retreat could be traced by the smoke and flames of the villages burning, or those already reduced to ashes. Pillage, massacre, conflagration, attended the whole course of the fleeing columns. Large numbers of the peasants were massacred, and in many places they were found hanging on trees by the road-side—a fate to which Franceschi had, with remorseless vengeance, subjected many of the ordenanzas in his flight from Albergaria Nova.

THE FIRST SPANISH CAMPAIGN.

A. D. 1809.

A FEW remarks respecting Spain and the Spaniards may not be an uninteresting introduction to the memorable campaigns about to be narrated.

Spain, the land of romance and superstition, of love and chivalry, and whose towns were founded by the Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, and the Arabians, is one of the most compact political divisions of the earth, and possesses natural advantages superior to any other politico-geographical

subdivision of the known world. In form, it is nearly quadrilateral, its length being, in proportion to its breadth, as one and three quarters are to one and-a-half. Its geographical situation is unequalled by that of any other country; for, while it enjoys the luxuriance of a tropical climate, it partakes of all the mildness and salubrity of the temperate zone. Its splendid river and mountain scenery, its fertile plains, and noble ports, constitute it one of the most gifted

regions of the globe; while the superstition, bigotry, and ignorance of its government and people have morally ruined, and politically disorganized, all the advantages conferred on it by nature.

The interior of Spain, which is scorched by the burning sun in summer, and swept by frozen blasts in winter, especially Léon and Castile, forms a table-land of greater elevation than that of any other country in Europe, being from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is nearly surrounded by mountains, rocky and almost inaccessible, its principal and secondary ranges being all, more or less, connected with one another, and descending throughout the Peninsula in a serpentine direction, from its elevated table-land in the interior, to the fertile belt of land lying on the sea coasts. The north of Spain is the most mountainous land in Europe, Switzerland not excepted. The snow-clad peaks and ridges of Switzerland slope gradually down into fertile plains, and are intersected by numerous smiling valleys; but the lofty sierras, or mountains, of the north of Spain (particularly in the Basque provinces, Navarre, and the Ronda districts of the south, which consist almost of mountains, having very little level ground), are based on table-lands, whose lateral directions are sometimes almost a perpendicular, and their summits are covered with perpetual snow. These mountains are so arid that no trees grow upon them, and even brush-wood is by no means common. The mountains of Catalonia and Valencia are, however, an exception; there, the sides being cut into terraces, and nourished by artificial irrigation, are clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation. The streams that cut their way through them fret and roar along in deep gullies, and amidst overhanging rocks. Spain possesses only three great roads; that from Madrid to Bayonne, that to Valencia, and that to Barcelona; the others are little better than sheep-walks. The north of Spain, like Portugal, presents one of the most defensible positions in Europe. The Basque provinces, Navarre, and the Ronda districts in the south, enjoy independent privileges, and an almost democratic equality.

From Spain, the natural digression is to the Spaniards.

As my limits prohibit me from enlarging on the extravagancies and eccentricities, the foibles and the follies of "Spanuolissimo Spagnuolo," with all his sombre stateliness and indomitable pride—his habitual ex-

aggeration both in speaking and writing—his lofty promises and mean performance—his inflated and bombastic hyperboles—his exalted opinion of his importance and pre-eminent valour—his presumption and bigotry—his ignorant and superstitious reverence for antiquated customs and practices; in a word, his inveterate and unyielding "Spagnuolitas," which has rendered his nation the lowest and the weakest in the scale of European countries; I will waive the ungracious task of condemnation, and confine myself to a few brief remarks on the well-trained habits, the extreme temperance, the unostentatious endurance of poverty, the devoted attachment to their religion and country, which distinguish the Spanish peasantry over that of any region of the globe. They are, in general, well-ordered and sober, moral and religious. No labourer goes to his daily toil until he has supplicated the favour and protection of heaven; and, on the completion of his allotted duty, he returns into the bosom of his family, to enjoy its home-felt delights. His diet is frugal and sparing. A bit of dry bread and a few grapes, or a slice of a water-melon, supply his breakfast; a plain dish of vegetables, generally a sort of bean, boiled with the smallest morsel of bacon to flavour it, forms his dinner; and his drink is water, or the weak common wines of the country, and that in a very moderate quantity. The lives of this interesting people are perfectly patriarchal, and form a striking contrast to the debauchery and the ruthlessness of the higher classes. Of their devoted patriotism and attachment to the land of their birth, they gave the most splendid displays in their fruitless and disastrous struggles with the veteran armies of France during the Peninsular War.

Of the surpassing beauty of the Spanish women, language furnishes no adequate medium for its description. The lovely shape, the beautiful form, the large dark eye, and its expressive glance, heightened by the soft blood-tinged olive hue of the glowing complexion, give to the Spanish beauty all the might and majesty of loveliness, and invest her with a commanding influence over the heart and the affections. Their dress—we speak of the era of the Peninsular war, and that dress is the subject of the fond recollection of old "Peninsulars"—harmonizes with the beauty of their persons. The tastefully-worked and vandyked basquina, or black silk petticoat, assuming all the grace

of Ionian elegance in its foldings and form, by means of the small pieces of lead attached to its hem, and being bordered at the bottom with black beads disposed into an open net-work, affords the eye of the observer the casual felicity of admiring the most beautiful symmetrical ankle and instep in the world. The mantilla of black or white lace gracefully thrown over the head, and as gracefully confined at the waist by the arms of the wearer, imparts an interesting and imposing effect to their fine forms. In their toilet, those periodical moultings of dress which fashion elsewhere prescribes, is unknown. The Spanish ladies dress all alike, and in the same style at all seasons of the year; a practice which tends much to leave lasting and favourable impressions on the mind of the observer, of the form and fascination of the wearer. Those who have had the happiness of eliciting the bewitchingly-endearing tattle, the pretty lisp, the affectionate smile, the love-speaking look, can never disenchant their imagination of the recollection; it cannot but endure to the last moment of existence.

I have said that the complexion of the Spanish ladies is a blood-tinged olive, but this is not invariable in Spain. Though dark hair and eyes are the general attributes of Spanish women, I have seen in the south ladies of the fairest and most delicate complexion; and in the mountainous districts of northern Spain, particularly in the town of Vittoria and its neighbourhood, where the Viejos Christianos, the old Gothic race, took refuge when their country was overrun by the Moors, the females have generally blue eyes, fair tresses, and as soft and delicate a complexion as our own lovely countrywomen.

In all parts of Spain, the dress, even of the humble classes, is picturesque, and often becoming. In some parts it is singular. At Santander and its vicinity, the peasant women wear round their necks gold chains, from which are pendant crosses and other holy trinkets, such as the figures of the Virgin Mary and certain saints. These constitute the fair damsel's dowry, who is considered of greater or more moderate fortune according to the size and splendour of her neck gear or vestiture; so that a fortune-hunting swain (for that genus of lovers abounds in all parts of the known habitable world), has never any occasion, while he is making unbounded protestations of his disinterested motives, to set on foot a few little impertinent inquiries about the amount or

quantum of "the muck and dross" to which his "adored and adorable" may be entitled.

Sir Arthur Wellesley having, with consummate generalship, both in the conception and the execution, fulfilled his instructions "to rid Portugal of the French," directed his attention to those measures by which he should also rid the entire Peninsula of the same horde of ravagers and despoilers.

Receiving intelligence from major-general Mackenzie, that marshal Victor, after his overthrow of Cuesta, at Medellin, had crossed the Tagus, and had advanced to Castello Branco; sir Arthur, stationing Beresford with 15,000 Portuguese at Fuente Guinaldo, to protect the Portuguese frontier, and directing Silveira, with some regular troops and militia, to defend the northern provinces, in case Soult should make an irruption, put the British army in motion from Oporto, and established his headquarters, on the 7th of June, at Coimbra. Here he was joined by 5,000 fresh troops, who had been drafted from militia regiments in England. At this time, sir Robert Wilson was dispatched with the Lusitanian legion, 3,000 strong, one Portuguese caçadore battalion, and two Spanish battalions, in the direction of Madrid, to act on Victor's rear, when the allied British and Spanish army should have brought him to action.

The army was now encamped on the northern bank of the Douro, but was in a very sickly state, the men being young and unseasoned, and having suffered greatly from the hardships and privations to which they had been subject during the campaign, and which were increased by their pay being much in arrear. The consequence was insubordination and marauding; which were restrained only by sir Arthur threatening to send the offending regiments home, as a mark of disgrace, and ordering the regimental rolls to be called over every hour, from sunrise to eight o'clock in the evening. Severe as the privations and distress were to which the army was subject, these measures had the effect of introducing order and discipline; and so noble a spirit quickly pervaded the army, that the men were willing to endure any hardships, bear any privation, and face any danger, if they only saw their gallant and high-minded chief in the camp: their confidence in his tutelary genius was so unbounded. "When he appeared, or placed himself near their ranks," says one who had an opportunity throughout the war of observing the conduct of the

army, "the spirits of the men were raised to a frenzy of confidence. No matter how great the peril, the opposing force, or the difficulty of the ground—he being there, all was right, and though death stared the soldier in the face—open-jawed—almost certain to devour them—still he had faith and hope, and on he rushed. God only knows how he arrived at the point of his ambition; for in front, it was through a deluge of fire, and in the rear, through a river of blood; but, nevertheless, he did arrive there." The confidence the army had in his talents and fortunes, is also well described by another witness of his glorious exploits. Wherever he was, the soldiers used to say, "Aye! there he goes, boys: all's right." And forward they rushed, careless of dangers and numbers, driving the French out of the strongest and most impregnable positions. Such was their confidence in his talents and good fortune—such their determination to conquer or perish. They well knew that where he was, the day of battle would be the day of victory. He was the life and soul of the army: it was supposed impossible but success must attend him.

But to resume the narrative. As the exhausted state of Portugal would not allow the obtaining of the necessary magazines and means of transport for the advance of the army into Spain, arrangements were entered into with the central junta, and the alcaides of the villages of the fertile country in the Vera de Plasencia, for the supply of 20,000 rations of forage and provisions: and the superintendent-general, don Longano de Torres, was dispatched to sir Arthur to ratify the agreement. On the faith of that agreement, sir Arthur Wellesley, after having taken the precaution to secure his left flank from the advance of the three corps-d'armée, under Soult, Ney, and Mortier, which were on the other side of the Bejar mountains, by directing Beresford to defend the Puerto de Perales, and inducing Cuesta to order the marquess de la Reyna to adopt the same step at the Puerto

de Banos, those two passes being the only ones practicable for the passage of artillery; he, with the view of joining Cuesta on the Tietar, and combining with him an offensive movement on Madrid, on the 27th of June, marched from Abrantes, on both banks of the Tagus, towards the Spanish frontier; and on the 8th of July, established his head-quarters at Plasencia. But he had not proceeded more than seven marches from Castello Branco, before he found that no dependence was to be placed on the promises and engagements of the junta and the local authorities; who, with the characteristic faithlessness that had marked the whole of their proceedings with the British army throughout the Peninsular war, had not complied with any of the conditions of their contract for the supply of the army. He had not only to struggle with promises broken, and engagements violated by the temporizing and deceitful juntas—"his applications and remonstrances having been answered with false excuses and false statements by the government and local authorities,"—but he had also to contend with the perverseness and obstinacy of Cuesta. When he visited, July 10th, that headstrong and stolid old man,* at his head-quarters, near the Col de Mirabete, before the junction of the two armies, and recommended to him to march and seize the bridge of Almaraz, and thus, by throwing himself between the French and Spanish armies, cut off the enemy's retreat on Madrid, the brilliant and masterly conception was marred and frustrated by "the bigoted and imbecile idiot whom he had for a colleague;" whose ignorance and perverseness he thus calmly and mildly reproved in one of his letters:—"The obstinacy of this old gentleman has thrown away the finest opportunity that any army ever had."

Failing of success in this recommendation, sir Arthur proceeded to arrange with "the old gentleman" the plan of the campaign; when it was agreed that a simultaneous advance of the two armies should be made on

* The description given of this testy old Spaniard is really a caricature on the military character:—"When sir Arthur visited him at his head quarters at the Casa de Mirabete, he was lifted, for the purpose of accompanying the English general in the review of his army, on his horse by two grenadiers, while one of his aides-de-camp was ready on the other side to conduct his leg over the horse's croup, and place it in the stirrup."—*Campaign of 1809*, by the earl of Munster. Another intelligent writer

says, that his mental qualifications were on a par with his bodily weakness; and that his ignorance of military science was equalled only by his arrogance and presumption. He also informs us, that when sir Arthur visited him on the 23rd, at his bivouac on the Alberche, he presented a feature of mental and physical inability which strongly indicated his apathetic sluggishness and obstinacy. The rest of the Spanish generals, except those of Irish or Swiss descent, were equally incompetent.

the 18th, to dislodge Victor from his position at Talavera de la Reyna, to which place he had retreated, on hearing of Soult's expulsion from Oporto, and in furtherance of an arranged plan between him and Soult, that while he opposed the British army, and its feeble allies under Cuesta in front, Soult, with Ney's and Mortier's corps d'armée, should advance behind the Bejar mountains, and, at the same moment, "fall altogether," as Soult expressed himself, on the British army, and in Buonaparte's phrase, "crush it," or at least intercept its retreat into Portugal. Pending these operations, Blake had been defeated, on the 15th of July, at the village of Moria, on the Huerba, and on the 18th at Belchitte, with great loss; many of his regiments having fled without firing a shot.

It having been agreed on between the British and Spanish chiefs, that the British army, supported by that under Cuesta, should move against Victor's corps, and that Vanegas and sir Robert Wilson should threaten Madrid, in order, if possible, by this demonstration, to draw off the attention of the corps under Joseph Buonaparte and Sebastiani, and thus prevent it from making any movement in conjunction with Victor; the English army, on the 17th, broke up its cantonments from Plasencia; and, on the 20th, both armies marched in two columns on Talavera. In his march from Oropesa, Cuesta's progress was impeded by Victor's rear-guard, at the village of Gamonal. There, 2,000 cavalry, under Lautour Maubourg, brought to a halt Zayas, with 15,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry, and treated them with so much contempt, that they never stirred from their position,* until the head of the British columns appeared on their right. On reaching Talavera, the allied army found that Victor had taken a position behind the Alberche, where he remained, apparently regardless of the great force in his front.

The reason that the French general apparently disregarded the large force opposed to him, was, that the arrangement which had been made at the interview between sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta, that the attack should be delayed till the 23rd, had been betrayed to him by some

of Cuesta's staff. "There was something more than inertness," says Napier, "in Victor's halts." At the time, secret negotiations were carrying on between the agents of Joseph Buonaparte and several of the most influential men in the patriot government, for the betrayal of the English army, while they were even receiving money and supplies from England, and that the English army was shedding its blood in the defence of Spanish independence.

As it had been arranged that the enemy was to be attacked on the 23rd, the English army was under arms at three o'clock in the morning; but when sir Arthur Wellesley went to Cuesta's camp to make the final arrangements, he was told that the Spanish general was asleep, and had given orders not to be disturbed before seven o'clock; and when he did awake, he, with his usual perverseness and dogged disposition, refused to fight that day, because it was Sunday. Thus fettered and thwarted in all his operations, and despoiled of the opportunity of advantageously attacking the French army, which remained in its indefensible position, perfectly regardless of the presence of the hostile armies, the English general was obliged to sooth and humour the pride and arrogance of his intractable colleague. He invited him to accompany him in reconnoitring the enemy's position, and the selection of the battle-field. On the morning of the 24th, the old man came in a coach, drawn by six mules, and having felt some inconvenience from the jolting of the carriage, as soon as he was removed out of the vehicle, he threw himself on the ground, and immediately fell fast asleep.

Victor having now fallen back to Santa Olalla, and thence towards Torrijos, on the reinforcements under Sebastiani and Joseph Buonaparte advancing to his assistance; Cuesta, supposing that the French army was retreating before him, determined on an immediate pursuit, and communicated his intentions to that effect to the English general. "The towers of Madrid, nay, the Pyrenees themselves," instantly flitted before his vision; and probably the stolid old man formed in his imagination a fancy picture of the march of his supercilious countrymen to Paris, and that he should

* The French had the most contemptible opinion of Spanish courage and discipline. "The whole of the Spanish forces," said Napoleon, in a communication to one of his generals, "are not capable of beating 25,000 French troops in a reasonable posi-

tion." Berthier, in a letter to Joseph Buonaparte, says "L'empereur considère qu'il n'y a de dangereux en Espagne, que les Anglais; que le rest n'est de canaille." (The emperor thinks the English alone are to be feared in Spain; the rest are mere rabble.)

have the British army the passive spectators of his victories in his French crusade, as his foolish compatriots had vauntingly boasted to sir John Moore's army. Sir Arthur warned him of the probable consequences of his quixotic expedition, and pointed out the danger of the separation of the armies; and as he could not divert the headstrong old Spaniard from his purpose, he determined to afford him an asylum or place of refuge, from his certain discomfiture. On the evening of the 23rd, he sent a letter, apprising him that, at four o'clock in the morning of the 24th, two divisions of infantry, and a brigade of cavalry, under major-general Sherbrooke, would cross the Alberche, and march to the attack of the right of the enemy's position, near the heights of Cazalegas. By this information, the self-sufficient Spaniard, finding himself under the protecting wing of the British, "in the fullness of his arrogant vanity and inflated pride," crossed the Alberche on the 24th, and established his outposts at Torrijos. Having, however, some perception, from Sherbrooke's movements, that he was likely to lose his protection, he, on the 26th, ordered a retreat, to avoid the inevitable consequences of his headlong march to ruin; but before he could withdraw his advanced guard, he was attacked, and the regiment of Villa Viciosa, which was drawn up in an enclosure, nearly surrounded by a ditch, was cut to pieces. The fugitive troops escaped to Alcabon, where, recovering from their panic, a portion of them, in number 4,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, made a stand under Zayas; but as soon as the head of the French column appeared, they again took to flight towards Santa Olalla. The whole Spanish army was saved from total destruction, by Albuquerque retarding the pursuit with 3,000 fresh cavalry, and the opportune intervention of Sherbrooke, who placed his corps between the scared fugitives and their pursuers. By this preposterous proceeding, the Spanish army lost 4,000 men, and reached the Alberche in the greatest disorder.

On the broken and bewildered columns coming to a halt, they were clustered, in the expression of their countryman, the duke of Albuquerque, "like a rabble on a pilgrimage," on a narrow slip of ground between the rivers Alberche and Tagus, and the heights of Salinas, a position so indefensible, that the first shot fired by the enemy would have been the signal of defeat. Sir

Arthur, foreseeing the consequence, had an interview, on the evening of the 26th, with his worthless and stupid ally, and earnestly conjured him, while Sherbrooke, was present to cover the movement, to withdraw across the Alberche, and take up his position at Talavera; and the headstrong old Spaniard being deaf to all entreaty, he again renewed his solicitations at daylight of the 27th, when Cuesta, having been previously informed that Sherbrooke was drawing off his corps for the purpose of recrossing the Alberche, sullenly consented; at the same time turning to his staff, and observing that sir Arthur's back was turned towards him, boasted that "he had made the Englishman go down on his knees before he had consented to change his position." As soon as the headstrong Spaniard had recrossed the Alberche, and taken up his position in the line of battle, Sherbrooke recrossed the river.

While the old Spaniard had been engaged in his quixotic expedition of pursuing the French, the British chief had been occupied in selecting his battle-ground. For this purpose he made choice of a range of steep hills, or high grounds, extending about two miles from the left of the Tagus, having the city of Talavera on the extreme right, and a commanding hill on the left; a valley of about six hundred yards across intervening, through which the Portina rivulet, a tributary of the Tagus, flowed, separating the range of hills from the opposite rocky ridge of the Sierra de Montalban. The right of the line was almost an unassailable position, its front being protected by ditches, embankments, mud walls, and other obstacles; while the rear and flank were secured by a thick wood, in which was a large mound on the left of the position, having a field-work thereon. In front of the city were many olive groves and enclosures, adapted to cover and conceal any force that might be stationed there. From the centre of the line to the hill on the extreme left, the country was naked and open. Having chosen his ground, sir Arthur assigned the securest place to the Spaniards, an almost unassailable position, and reserved the post of danger and honour for his countrymen, namely, the naked and open country to the hill on the extreme left. The approach to Talavera by the Toledo road, and all the avenues to the town, were defended by batteries. The right of the British army rested on the left of the Spanish, Campbell's division formed the right of the

British line, Sherbrooke's and the German legion the centre, Hill's division rested, *en echelon*, on the hill on the extreme left, and the cavalry in the rear, behind the mound which lay between the two divisions of the allied army; all drawn up in two lines, except Sherbrooke's division, which was in single line, it being intended that Macken-

zie's division, which was stationed in advance in the olive groves, near the Casa de Salinas, for the purpose of covering the troops while taking up their positions in the line of battle, should complete the formation. The divisions had scarcely taken up their battle-station, when the French columns were observed crowning the opposite heights.

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

ABOUT two o'clock of the afternoon of the 27th, two columns of the enemy, headed by a cloud of voltigeurs, attacked one of the brigades of Mackenzie's division, which was posted, as before stated, in an advanced position in a wood on the right of the Alberche; and the attack was so sudden and unexpected that sir Arthur, who had ascended a tower at the Casa de Salinas, for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy's position, was nearly captured.

As the advance of the enemy against Mackenzie's division, which consisted of young battalions that had never been under fire, was unperceived, one brigade was thrown into disorder, and driven from its ground; a misfortune which was further increased by some of the regiments, from their inexperience, actually firing on one another; but the second brigade, consisting of the 45th and the fifth battalion of the 60th, under colonel Donkin, advancing to their support, they recovered their order, and took up their ground in the main position, while Donkin's brigade took position on Hill's post; the enemy at the same time falling back, and taking up his original ground. A body of light cavalry, supported by a cloud of voltigeurs, following close on Mackenzie's rear-guard, now rode up to the Spanish line, to induce them to unmask their line of battle. Having discharged a few pistol-shots, and being answered by a discharge of the whole Spanish line, six thousand of the Spanish infantry, and the whole of the commissariat, being panic-struck with their own noise, threw away their arms, and took to flight; the adjutant-general, O'Donoghue, being amongst the foremost of the fugitives, and Cuesta in movement to follow the example. But sir Arthur, who was not above one hundred yards from the scene of confusion and flight, flanking the main road with a small detachment of Campbell's division, and addressing the fugitives in a soothing and encouraging

tone, rallied the greater part of the fugitives, and bringing them back to their position, removed the panic which was widely spreading through the Spanish ranks. The inefficiency, and often absolute cowardice, of the Spanish armies, are evident from the following expressions of sir Arthur Wellesley:—

"The misbehaviour of the Spanish troops before the enemy was constant and shameful." "Whole corps, officers and men, ran off on the first appearance of danger." "They have never, in a single instance, behaved as soldiers ought to do in the presence of an enemy. They made no scruple of running off in a body, and, after an action, were to be found in every village, and every shady bottom, within fifty miles of the field of battle." "We in England seldom hear of their defeats and flights; but I have heard Spanish officers talking of nineteen or twenty actions, all of the description of that of Arzobispo, an account of which has never been published." "In the battle of Talavera, in which the Spanish army, with very trifling exception, was not engaged, whole corps threw down their arms, and ran off in my presence, though they were neither attacked, nor threatened with an attack, but frightened with their own fire." "I cannot say that they do anything as it ought to be done, with the exception of running away, and assembling again in a state of nature." In another place he says, "the only safe places in which the Spaniards can be trusted are behind stone walls and strong entrenchments, and where they can neither betray nor escape." Again—"The Spaniards can do nothing but stand still; and we consider ourselves fortunate if they do not run away." In another place he ironically says, "The Spanish troops behaved *admirably*; they stood like stocks, quite immovable." In his remonstrance to the British ministry, respecting their projected design of withdrawing a portion of the veteran battalions serving in the south of France, for the purpose of

sending them on an expedition to Germany, and replacing them with drafts from the militia, the duke cautioned them on the consequences of leaving "a handful of brave men to the doubtful exertions and inefficient discipline of Spanish troops, long experience having taught me that if Spanish troops can be trusted anywhere, it is behind stone-walls and deep trenches, and remaining still there." But one of the most emphatic proofs of his opinion of the worthlessness of their military character is to be found in his sarcastic irony on their conduct at the battle of Toulouse, where, with their characteristic presumption, they requested to lead the battle; but they were no sooner in position to put into execution an honour to which they had not the slightest pretension, than they were driven by the French, panic-struck, in headlong flight, like a flock of sheep before the wolf,—a scene which drew the ironical reproof from the British chief, "that he had seen many curious sights, but never before saw ten thousand men running a race."

It may be said that the encomiums passed on the good-will and courage of the Spaniards in the official despatches published by the government are at variance with the above declarations in the English general's private correspondence; but then it should be recollected that it was wisdom to give to that "perverse people" credit for a virtue of which they were destitute, in the hope that they might thus be tempted to deserve for the future the praise gratuitously bestowed on them.

"Every action, every proceeding," says the author of *The History of the War in the Peninsula*, "during the six years that the war lasted, proved the truth that the Spanish troops were incapable of defending their country." In another part of his excellent work, the same author, speaking of their never-ending defeats, adds, "they were incapable of obtaining, and consequently incapable of losing military reputation."

When the Spanish leaders and officers gave expression to their insubordination, because the English commander-in-chief had ordered the Spanish troops to march to the Bastan, in the rear of the allied army, as a punishment for their misconduct in the forcing of the French intrenched camp in front of Bayonne, on the 9th of November, as also on account of their murder and pillage of the French peasantry on the borders of France, he told them that he would withdraw the British

army from all union and communication with them, and that then they would not be able to remain in France a few days." Napier, when speaking of the licentiousness and outrages of the Spanish troops, under Murillo, Freire, and Mina, committed in the south of France, admits, that "they were more dangerous than useful" to the English army.

After the sorry affair of O'Donoghue and his fugitives, no movement was made by the enemy, until just as the shades of twilight began to make objects indistinct; when Victor, considering the heights on which Hill's division was posted the key of the position, and apprehending that if he could carry it the battle-ground of the English army would be untenable, ordered Lapisse to make a feint on the centre, to serve as a diversion in favour of the main object of attack; while Ruffin's and Villatte's divisions advanced under the protection of a heavy cannonade on the whole of the English line, against that part of Hill's position which was then occupied by the brigade of colonel Donkin.

These divisions, encouraged by the report of the Spanish panic, advanced to the attack with the confidence and impetuosity of men to whom war and victory had been familiar things; some of them, as they approached the English, calling out, that they were deserters from the German legion; others vociferating "Vivan los valorosos Ingleses!" and all desiring the British troops not to fire, as they were Spaniards. By this *ruse de guerre*, they turned the left of Donkin's brigade, and gained the hill in its rear; but the brigade discovering its error, and being supported by the 29th regiment, the first battalion of the 48th, and the first battalion of detachments under Hill, the whole force poured in a destructive fire, and immediately charging with the bayonet, drove their assailants down the hill with great slaughter. At midnight, the attack was renewed with increased fury, but was gallantly repulsed: the assault being made and met with the greatest spirit, the combatants were scarcely twenty yards, at any period of the fight, from each other; the hill the whole time sparkling with incessant flashes of musketry. While this attack was going forward, a false one was made as before stated, against the German legion.

Each army bivouacked for the night, which was one of watchfulness and alarm, on the ground which it had occupied during

the day; the English troops slept with their arms beside them, the cavalry with the bridles of their horses round their arms, anticipating "a fiercer and a bloodier day" on the morrow. The condition of the English army was very wretched. The men were suffering much from hunger; a few ounces of wheat in the grain forming the whole of their sustenance—and such had been their fare for some days—sir Arthur not having furnished himself with magazines, depending on the fulfilment of the contracts he had entered into with the Spanish government. "A morsel of bread, and some pure water," says one of the sufferers, "would have been considered luxurious fare on the battle-field of Talavera."

During the night, another unaccountable panic took hold of the Spanish army, which, probably alarmed by the movements of one of those animals Sancho Panza loved, while browsing among the olive trees, thinking that the French were in the midst of their unassailable trenches, poured forth a roll of musketry along the whole of their line, and immediately "three battalions, alarmed at their own noise, took to their heels." The idle "noise" was taken up by some of the inexperienced battalions, drafts from the militia, of the British army; and the consequence was, they shot several of their own officers and men who were at the outposts.

Soon after day-break, on the morning of the 28th, a cannon-shot from the centre of the enemy's line, was the signal for the advance of his columns, and the opening of all his guns. A shower of balls instantly fell in all parts of the English line; and under cover of the smoke, two strong columns of chosen troops ascended with the most resolute bearing, the hill on the extreme left. Again and again they pressed forward to within a few paces of the summit,

* While the French were advancing, the following memorable circumstance occurred. Its detail in the identical words of the original narrator will, no doubt, be the most interesting to the reader. During the second day of the battle of Talavera, a Spanish officer rode up to me, and inquired, "If I was one of the English generals?" As I was only a colonel of the staff, I said, "No; but that I commanded the brigade then engaged in our immediate front." He answered—"I am sent by the duke of Albuquerque to desire that sir Arthur Wellesley may be informed that the Spanish general will afford him no assistance in this battle, and that he is in communication with the enemy." As the enemy was at the time making repeated and vigorous attacks on our left, in which my brigade was, I was not able to communicate the intelligence to the commander-in-chief until the lapse

and struggled hard for a footing, but they were repulsed and baffled in all their attempts, by the closely delivered volleys, and rapid charges of the English, leaving the ground covered with slain.

A pause in the work of death now took place, from nine o'clock till mid-day, on account of the extreme sultriness of the weather, and that Joseph Buonaparte was engaged in a council of war with Jourdan, Victor, and Sebastiani, as to the ulterior measures they should adopt. By virtue of a sort of tacit truce, a cessation of hostilities took place; and in the interim, the French army was engaged in cooking and eating their dinner; while the English army, having none to cook, ate their very scanty modicum of nature's unsophisticated gifts; namely, a few handfuls of wheat which they bruised between stones, handed from one man to the other. During the portentous calm which had suspended the work of death and destruction, many men of both armies straggled down to the Portina rivulet, which at that season of the year was only a muddy stream, and then ensanguined with the bodies of the slain, which were lying in it. There, and at the well at the foot of the Gata chain, which was also surrounded by the men of both nations,—imitating the gentle courtesy of the heroes of the Iliad, who shook hands and exchanged weapons in the hour of contest,—they passed the interval in social intercourse and mutual good wishes, exchanging the contents of their canteens and calabashes, as tokens of good fellowship and respect, which proofs of mutual courage had inspired, and which brave men know how to value in a brave enemy, till the rolling of the drums along the whole French line, and the roar of the signal guns, recalled them to the posts of duty and allegiance.* All were again engaged in the great and glorious game of war, and the

of half-an-hour; when I found him surrounded by his own staff and that of general Hill. Sir Arthur hearing that somebody was waiting to make a report, desired that I might go to him. I found him sitting on a low stone, his elbows resting on his knees, with his two hands flat on his face, each on one cheek, and his eyes looking out sharply beyond his two little fingers. I have seen the duke in this position at table more than once since. On my going up to him he turned his whole person as he sat towards me, and in the calmest manner, but with quickness, said—"Well, what have you to say?" I then repeated to him the message I had received. Sir Arthur, without removing his hands, or showing the least sign of surprise, answered—"Oh, very well; you may go back to your brigade." "Not a motion indicated the slightest agitation; but calmly turning

goddess of arms held up the dazzling prize of victory to the view of the rival combatants, as the reward of superior prowess and skill.

During the suspension of hostilities, sir Arthur remedied his omission of not having occupied the hill of the Gata chain, which was further on his extreme left, and separated from it by a deep valley; but which at the time of his taking up his position, had been deemed too distant to have any influence on the position, by stationing a body of cavalry, and Bassecour's brigade, (which he had induced Cuesta to send him as a corps of observation), on the plain or valley between the two hills. He had scarcely effected this change, when, under the protection of a furious tempest of balls and bullets from 80 pieces of artillery, and of clouds of voltigeurs, four heavy columns were observed advancing, to make a simultaneous attack on the right and centre of the English line: the first against Campbell's division; the second against Sherbrooke's; the third against Mackenzie's and the German legion; and the fourth, accompanied by a mass of cavalry, against Hill's division on the hill; each column not deploying into line, till it had gained the summit of the ridge, except that against Sherbrooke, which advanced partly in line and partly in column.

When the first column under Sebastiani was within a few paces of Campbell's division, it was received with a shattering volley, and its flanks being at the same moment assailed with a lapping fire from the flanks of Campbell's line, it was, by a firm charge of the bayonet, driven back with great slaughter; and a battery of ten guns was taken. But Campbell prudently resolving not to break his line by a pursuit, the enemy rallied on their supports, but in the act of making head for another attack, were so

vehemently battered by the English artillery and musketry, that they fell back in disorder.

While the battle was thus won on the right, Vilatte's division, supported by Maubourg's cavalry and two batteries of eight guns each, was advancing against the left of the line, to turn Hill's division, which had been already so fiercely contested; when Anson's brigade, consisting of the 23rd regiment of light dragoons and 1st German hussars, which had been posted in the valley, being ordered to charge the head of those columns, the 23rd, under major Somerset, rushing forward impetuously, fell over the brink of a deep ravine or dry water-course, which the long waving state of the grass concealed from their view, and both men and horses were precipitated over one another in dreadful confusion. Nowise discouraged by this untoward accident and the destructive fire which the French, who had thrown their columns into solid squares (partly formed against the side of a house within gun shot of the British left, and protected by sixteen guns), poured in upon them, they mounted the opposite bank "in twos" and "threes," and being reformed by major Ponsonby, dashed through the intervals of the French squares, under a deadly blaze of fire—rushed on a brigade of chasseurs drawn up in the rear—and cutting the first line in two, attacked the second line. The French being assisted by the advance of some Polish lancers and Westphalian light horse, the gallant remains of the 23rd, after having lost above the half of its men and officers, repassing through the intervals of the French columns, again formed in the rear of Fane's brigade of heavy cavalry in the valley, whose advance had been countermanded on observing the discomfiture of the 23rd.* The 1st German Hussars on seeing the calamitous condition of the

himself back, he again directed his view to the battle." (*Communication of general sir Rufane Donkin, to the United Service Journal, for 1830.*) The following anecdote, on the occasion of the battle of Waterloo, confirms this remark. At three o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June, while the troops were snatching a brief repose, the duke was employed in writing three letters (two of which were in French) to sir Charles Stewart, the duke of Berri, and the governor of Antwerp, calmly describing his situation, and expressing unshaken confidence in the result of the approaching battle. The author of *Twelve Years' Military Adventure*, says, that a cavalry officer told him that he had been sent express, one night, from a distant part of the army, with information of a sudden movement of the enemy, which was supposed

to be of great consequence. The duke received him while in bed, heard the communication, asked a few questions, and then saying "All's right," fell back on his pillow, and resumed his repose. As sir Rufane Donkin observes in his communication above stated, instances of the duke's cool and imperturbable self-possession were of daily occurrence during the Peninsular war; the feeling was habitual to him.

* The daring and desperate charge of the 23rd dragoons, says a correspondent of the *United Service Journal*, was the subject of eulogy in the French army, "who are always more disposed to give the due measure of praise to the gallant bearing of the English, than their own countrymen are." In military circles, the following anecdote is current, as the cause of the escape of the remnant of the regiment

23rd dragoons, had reined up and retired. During this exploit, the attack on Hill's position was repulsed with the same success as had attended that on the right. Both sides displayed the same undaunted courage and resolution. The French columns advanced close up to the English line, but were so vigorously encountered, that they fell back in disorder, leaving the hill covered with their dead, dying, wounded, and exhausted comrades.

While these terrible conflicts were going on in the British wings, the battle raged in all its fury in the centre, being assailed by Lapisse's division, which advanced under the destructive fire of fifty pieces of heavy artillery. Though fearful chasms were made by the tempest of cannon balls in the British ranks, the enemy was received with close and well directed volleys, and being charged with the bayonet, their whole line broke, and they were hurled in confusion down the steep. In this struggle the brigade of guards quitting their lines, in the victorious excitement, and the headlong

from the great force with which it was surrounded:—A German trumpeter, who had deserted from the enemy a few days before the battle, and had enrolled himself in the 23rd, seeing there was no possibility of escape, and aware of the punishment that awaited him if taken, rushed towards the trumpeter of the 23rd dragoons, exclaiming in the most agitated tones, "Gif me de trumpet, gif me de trumpet!" and at the same time snatching it as it hung loosely at the English trumpeter's side, blew with shrill and loud notes, "the French order to retreat." The enemy, on hearing it, supposing that some part of the army was in danger, retreated; and in the meantime the survivors of the 23rd rejoined their own army. Among the survivors was the late lord William Russell, who was murdered by his Swiss valet.

* The commanding officer of this regiment was the gallant old colonel Donellan, who, having his knee dreadfully shattered by a ball, while leading his regiment at double-quick time, beckoned the next officer in command, major Middlemore, and, though suffering excruciating pain from the wound, taking off his hat, resigned the command, as formally as if he had been on the parade of a barrack-ground. Like the rest of the wounded, he was allowed by the ungrateful Talaverans to lie in the streets; but a mortification of the limb ensuing, he was released by death from his sufferings. When, on Cuesta's disgraceful and culpable abandonment of the British hospital, the French entered Talavera, some of the French officers who had witnessed the gallant bearing of the deceased during the action, as a testimonial of their admiration and esteem, conveyed him in a cloak to the spot of his gallant exploits, and buried him with all the honours of war. That gallant soldier was as distinguished for his eccentricity as for his officer-like and gentlemanly bearing. He was styled in the army "the last of the powderers;" an appellation acquired from the circumstance of his persevering in his exhibition of the good old cauliflower head; which

passion of fight, hotly pursued the enemy into the plain, but being assailed in flank with a tempest of grape from the batteries, and at the same time attacked by the enemy, who had faced about, and their supporting columns and cavalry, they were thrown into great disorder, in which the German legion, who had followed their example, participated, so that all the mounted officers and about 500 privates were killed or wounded. Sir Arthur, to remedy the disaster, ordered the 48th regiment,* which he had kept in hand, to advance to their support, and that gallant regiment wheeling back by companies, and allowing the guards and Germans to retire through the openings, immediately wheeled into line, and delivering a well directed and closely telling fire, arrested the advance of the enemy. In the interim, the guards and German legion having recovered their formation, the re-formed line rushed forward with a loud huzza—which was answered with a thrilling cheer, "the earthquake voice of victory," by the whole of the line of the

he considered as essential a part of the soldier's costume as that of the sword and sash. Jack boots and white buckskin breeches were also the objects of his adoration; and when grey overalls and Wellingtons were ordered to be substituted, he pertinaciously adhered to his favourite costume. The eccentricities of that true son of Mars often occasioned many laughable circumstances. Among those fondly held in remembrance by the survivors of the regiment, the following is not the least interesting:—The battalion which he commanded first, and for the longest time, was the second, but he was promoted to the first on a vacancy occurring; an occurrence which occasioned him for some time to lose sight of his favourite portion of the regiment. Prior to the battle of Talavera, sir Arthur Wellesley reviewed the British army in the presence of Cuesta and his staff, in compliment to the exhibition of the Spanish army having been displayed to him on the junction of the allied forces. As the respective staffs rode down the line, every soldier stood perfectly motionless, not even a movement of a facial muscle being observable. All of a sudden, however, a bustle and a murmur were remarked in the second battalion of the 48th; its line had lost its usual statue-like appearance, and caps and heads, and tongues and hands, seemed to be undergoing an electric shock. This breach of discipline in that distinguished corps was caused by the sight of their old commander riding amongst the staff-officers, in his stiff white leathers, his cauliflower head, and square cocked hat. The men were those he had formerly commanded, and the sight of him had given rise to the murmurs of "There goes old Charley;" "God bless the old boy;" "long life to him;" and similar ebullitions of their esteem and affection. The explanation of the cause of these merited, but rather out-of-place expressions appeased sir Arthur's chagrin; and all were delighted as "Old Charley" waved his hat, in cordial salutation of his old friends, and in return for their compliment.

army—against the enemy, whose battalions in all parts of their line having been already shattered and disordered, and their slain strewn along the gallant front of the English in fearful numbers, retreated, under cover of the smoke of their artillery and numerous cavalry, to the rear of their original position; having been repulsed at all points, and leaving in the hands of the conquerors, seventeen guns, with two tumbrils and ammunition. Seventeen thousand stand of arms were found on the field of battle, and several silk standards, their eagles which had been made to unscrew, so that the standard-bearers, when hard pressed in the pursuit might pocket them, having been taken off. Near the termination of the battle, which closed about six in the evening, a melancholy scene occurred. The dry grass and leaves which lay upon the ground, becoming ignited from the cartridges and wadding that had fallen upon them, a volume of flame spread itself over hundreds of acres, involving in the conflagration many of the wounded of both armies.

The loss of the British was two generals, 31 officers, and 761 sergeants and privates killed; three generals, 193 officers, and 3,718 sergeants and privates wounded; nine officers, and 643 sergeants and privates missing. That of the French was, according to their own returns, 944 killed, 6,294 wounded, and 156 prisoners; but sir Arthur Wellesley's estimate, "about one quarter of their army," was nearer the truth, and this supposition is confirmed by the French war-office statement, of 8,794 men lost. The Spaniards returned their loss in the action as 1,200; but no credit was given to the account, as they had scarcely been engaged in the battle. The great loss which the

English army had suffered was chiefly occasioned by the murderous and overwhelming fire of the French artillery, several regiments which had been scarcely engaged having suffered nearly equal loss with those that bore the brunt of the battle. Two balls perforated sir Arthur Wellesley's coat, and a spent ball struck him on the shoulder. On the evening of the 27th a cannon-ball struck off the branch of a tree just above his head. The danger to which he had been exposed may be inferred from the following observation in a letter to the duke of Richmond:—"All my staff have either been hit, or have lost their horses."*

The English army consisted of near 19,000 men, and the French army, according to the returns of the war-office at Paris, to 56,174 men. But only 38,000 of the French and 16,000 of the English were engaged in the battle; the reserves on both sides were not brought into action. Thus, to adopt the words of the author of *The History of the War in the Peninsula*, "16,000 English soldiers," the greater part raw and inexperienced, as the 87th, the 88th, &c., a large proportion of which had just been drafted from the militia, and of which they bore evident marks on their knapsacks and accoutrements, "worsted 38,000 French, who were all hardy veterans," and who, moreover, were troops who had no misgivings from having witnessed English courage and felt English bayonets at Roliça, Vimiera, Corunna, or Oporto. Thus had the battle of Talavera been "bravely fought and nobly won," and which, according to Sarrazin's acknowledgment, "avait repandu l'effroi dans l'armée Française."

The English army bivouacked on the same requital from the municipal body of Cadiz, for his gallant and patriotic services in saving that city from the grasp of the French. When that true patriot demanded clothing for his gallant corps, the municipality of that city (though the sordid and mercenary varlets had 700 pieces of cloth in their possession), refused to grant a single suit, until an order should emanate from the regency for the purpose, as they would then be entitled to a commission on the transaction. Albuquerque petitioned the regency for the purpose, and was directed by them to publish his memorial, which so exasperated the abject-souled municipal authorities, that they resorted to every species of calumny and virulence that malice and disappointed avarice could devise. Albuquerque, in the agony of his soul at the ingratitude and baseness of his contemptible countrymen, renounced his office of governor of Cadiz, and declined to continue in his military command. That illustrious patriot and real soldier died of a broken heart in England, while he was executing the office of ambassador from the Spanish government.

* When the motion was made in both houses of parliament for a vote of thanks for the battle of Talavera, "so sternly fought, so hardly won," there were men to be found there who, to adopt Napier's indignant reproof, "considered the merits of him, who had delivered Portugal, cleared Galicia and Estremadura, and obliged a hundred thousand veterans to abandon the offensive, and concentrate about Madrid, nought; his actions silly, presumptuous, rash; his campaign one deserving not reward, but punishment." The same malignant and villifying spirit was indicated by a portion of the public press, and the cuckoo-note of ignorant and presumptuous reprehension of his military knowledge was taken up and re-echoed by the sages of the corporation of the city of London. The common council in their petition to parliament for inquiry (dated February 26th, 1810), presumptuously described his conduct as "exhibiting, with equal rashness and ostentation, nothing but useless valour." But presumption and ingratitude of the kind were not confined to English corporations. The duke of Albuquerque met with the

field of battle during the night, in a very cheerless state, being on the verge of absolute famine, and the night was very damp and chilly. In the course of the night the enemy passed the Alberche, leaving their watch-fires blazing along the whole front of their lines, and took up a defensive position on the heights of Salinas.* On the following morning the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th rifles, under major-general Robert Craufurd, reached the field of battle. In their advance, having met 6,000 of the panic-struck Spaniards, who told them that the English had been defeated and Wellesley killed, and were fleeing before the French, the gallant band, desirous of sharing in the peril of their countrymen, made a forced march of sixty-two miles in the course of twenty-six hours, without a single halt—an effort of endurance unequalled in military annals. The 29th and 30th were employed in establishing the hospitals, and endeavouring to obtain food; for, as has been just observed, the army was on the verge of famine, though plenty abounded in Cuesta's camp, and that the cellars of Talavera contained a sufficiency of corn and provisions for a month's consumption. When the wounded were carried into the town, the inhabitants inhumanly refusing to receive them into their houses, and the civic authorities to grant any medical aid for the relief of their suffering protectors, they were obliged to rest on the pavement of the streets and squares, without aid or assistance. To sir Arthur Wellesley's application to Cuesta and the magistrates of the city, to furnish rations for the troops, a positive refusal was given, until the British chief threatened to retreat into Portugal. And the inhumanity and ingratitude of Cuesta and the people of Talavera were not confined to the refusal of food and medical aid to those who had shed their blood and sacrificed their limbs in their defence, but they refused to assist in burying the dead, and soon after the termination of the battle they were actively employed in stealing the arms, ammunition, clothing, and money of the sick and wounded, and in stripping the bodies of the dead on the field of battle. To prevent their knocking out the brains of the wounded French, (which they did wherever they could), sentries were

placed on the field, with orders to fire on the offenders. But cruelty was congenial to and inherent in the nature of that people. On the retreat of the French from before the Spanish intrenchments on the 27th, their dastardly enemies were observed to be busily employed in stabbing and maiming the wounded and dying, whom they had feared to close with when unmaimed and unhurt.

"In the battle of Talavera, the Spanish army, with very trifling exceptions, was not engaged. Bassecour's corps was stationed on our left, and was kept in check throughout the day by one French battalion."* "It needed but a forward movement on the part of the Spaniards to render this hardly won, but singularly splendid victory, as decisive as any on record. Had it been possible to move them from the right of their line, so as to have gained the flanks of the French, one-half of the French army must have been sacrificed. But neither Cuesta nor his troops were capable of the change of a position in the face of an enemy; and therefore to attempt to manœuvre them, however simply, would have thrown them into confusion; and a second panic, such as that of the 27th, would have led to the most disastrous consequences." Again, while expressing his admiration of the English general's "moral courage in accepting battle with such a coadjutor as Cuesta," Thiers properly observes, that, had Jourdan's plan of carrying the key of the position (namely, the height occupied by Hill,) succeeded, the English general was prepared to neutralize the flank attack by a change in front, as by his left wing and cavalry he would have been enabled to keep the enemy in check, while his right, marching on the position abandoned by the French, would have cut the enemy off from the Alberche; and sir Arthur would have effected a junction with Vanegas and sir Robert Wilson's corps; and the results would have been, that Madrid and Toledo must have fallen into the possession of the allies; and before Soult could have united with Joseph, the allies would have obtained a new line of operations through the fertile country of La Mancha.

Cuesta now, that the fighting was over, "reared his abject head," and assuming

of the toils they had been weaving for its destruction by its retrograde movement from Talavera, it was then Soult's design to intercept its retreat on Portugal by seizing the boat-bridge of Almaraz.

* See sir Arthur Wellesley's letter to the duke of Richmond.—Gurwood's *Despatches*.

* The reason that Victor, with the first corps d'armée, made his stand at Salinas was, for the purpose of falling on the rear of the English army when Soult had approached its position, after having passed the Puerto de Banos, and compelled it to retreat. When they found that it had escaped out

the part of the Roman general, began to decimate the runaways from his strong entrenchments. The victims to his unappeasable wrath were numerous; but on the intercession of sir Arthur Wellesley, he re-decimated them, and limited his high and indignant sense of violated Spanish military renown to the immolation of five officers and thirty privates.

The kindly and generous feeling displayed at the rivulet Portina, and the well at the foot of the Gata Chain, by the hostile troops during the suspension of the battle of Talavera, was exhibited on several other occasions. On the morning after the battle of Busaco, the men of both armies were to be seen quenching their thirst in the same narrow stream, and even leaning over to shake hands. During the movements preceding the battle of Salamanca, while each army was on the opposite banks of the Douro, the soldiers of the hostile armies used to bathe together in the same stream, and to exchange their rations in token of amity and good fellowship. The men of both armies often passed the Douro, and held friendly intercourse in groups. During those conventional civilities, the arrangements were so perfectly amicable, that they not only made interchanges of presents, but the English took charge of the love letters of such of the French who had been prisoners of war in England, to be sent through the English army posts to their sweethearts there.* Of the friendly intercourse and generous feeling generally subsisting between the outposts of the adverse armies during the Peninsular campaigns, the following incident is an illustration. Lord Wellington, desirous to ascend a hill in possession of the French near Bayonne, ordered the riflemen who composed his escort to drive the French away. Observing them to steal up the ascent more cautiously than he thought was necessary, he ordered them to fire. "No firing," cried one of the generous soldiers, at the same time holding up the butt of his rifle towards the enemy, and tapping it in a peculiar manner understood among the initiated in the proprieties of war. At the signal, which signified, "We must have the hill for a short time," the French retired. It must, however, be recollected that the point was not capable of an effective and permanent defence, or it would not have been relinquished without a contest. And this friendly understanding and observance

of the proprieties of war was so strictly maintained between the hostile armies, that not only the sentries, but also the piquets were safe from wanton surprisal; no attack on an outpost, being, under any circumstances, thought of, unless it was meant to be followed up by a general engagement. During the whole of the continuance of Massena before the lines of Torres Vedras, the sentinels, though within musket range of each other's post, never wantonly fired; and indeed, throughout the war, neither the sentries nor videttes of the contending armies ever fired on one another, or made any attempt at the outposts, to provoke or wrong each other by feigned attacks; for in regular armies it is rivalry, not hatred, that animates the troops even when engaged in battle; therefore all useless slaughter is abstained from by the sentries and outposts of each army.

But this courteous mode of carrying on hostilities may, as the author of *The Subaltern* observes, be pushed too far. This he proves by the following anecdote:—

"Towards the close of the war, so good an understanding prevailed between the outposts of the two armies, that lord Wellington found it necessary to forbid all communication whatever; nor will the reader wonder at this, when I state to him the reason. A field-officer (I shall not say in what part of the line,) in going his rounds one night, found that the whole of the serjeant's piquet-guard had disappeared. He was, of course, both alarmed and surprised at the occurrence; but his alarm gave place to absolute astonishment, when on stretching forward to observe whether there was any movement in the enemy's lines, he peeped into a cottage from which a noise of revelry was proceeding, and beheld the party sitting in the most sociable manner with a similar party of Frenchmen, and carousing jovially. As soon as he showed himself, his own men rose, and wishing their companions a good night, returned with the greatest *sang-froid* to their posts. [The officer unwilling that the sacred character which had by the practice of both armies been tacitly conferred on the piquets, should be violated, took no notice of the affair.] It is, however, but justice to add, that the sentinels on both sides faithfully kept their ground, and that no intention of deserting existed on either part. In fact, it was a sort of custom, the French and English [out-post] guards visiting each other by turns.

* Suttree's *Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade*.

"At the period of which I have spoken above, however, no such extraordinary intimacy had begun. And yet we were merely civil towards one another; and even that degree of civility was for awhile interrupted by the surprisal of a French post, by a detachment from general Beresford's division, on the river Nive. Not that the piquet was wantonly cut off, or that any blame could possibly attach to the general who ordered its surprisal. The fact was, that the out-post in question occupied a hill upon the allied bank of the stream. It was completely insulated and detached from all other French posts, and appeared to be held as much out of perverseness, as because it commanded a view of the British lines to a great extent. Lord Bresford had repeatedly despatched flags of truce, to request that it might be withdrawn, expressing great unwillingness to violate the sacred character which had been tacitly conferred upon the piquets; but Soult was deaf to his entreaties, and replied to his threats, only by daring him to carry them into execution. A party was accordingly ordered out, one stormy night, to cut off the guard; and so successful was the attempt, that an officer and thirty soldiers, with a midshipman and a few scamen who had charge of the boat by which the reliefs were daily ferried over, were taken. Not a shot was fired. The French trusting to the storm for protection, had called in their videttes, leaving only one on duty at the door of the house, and he found his arms pinioned, and himself secured ere the roar of the tempest had permitted him to detect the sounds of approaching steps. The unfortunate officer who commanded, sent, in the course of a few days, to the French army for his baggage; but the reply was, that the general would forward to him a halter, as the only indulgence which he merited."

The same feeling prevailed among the officers of each nation; besides observing all the courtesies of society and of kind and gentlemanly bearing towards one another in the friendly intercourse which took place, they often interchanged presents. During the marches and counter marches

that preceded the battle of Salamanca, while the armies were moving in parallel columns, the officers on each side made recognitions of courteous feeling towards each other, touching their shakos, and waving their hands in friendly salutation. Numerous instances of this honourable and humane mode of mitigating the austere discipline of warfare, in which civilities were exchanged, and often more substantial things, at the respective limits, are mentioned in *The Subaltern, Renimiscences of a Subaltern, Recollections of a Subaltern, The Bivouac, &c.*; among them the following possess much interest.

While the light division was at Gallegos, some greyhounds belonging to an officer, strayed into the enemy's lines, and an opportunity was found, by means of the first flag of truce, to request their being returned. The answer was favourable, stating, that they should be sent on the first opportunity. A day or two after the enemy made a reconnoissance, and when the skirmishers were thrown out, the greyhounds were seen in couples in the rear, and on the first carbine being fired, they were let slip, and came curvetting through the whistling balls to their old masters.

"Many a time," says the author of *The Subaltern*, "have I waded half across the Bidassoa in fishing for trout, and the enemy's piquets posted on the opposite bank, have come down in crowds to watch my success; and have pointed out particular pools or eddies where the best sport was to be had."

The courtesies and proprieties of war are not confined to the French and English services. During the siege of Tripolitza and Mesolonghi, in the Greek war of independence, the Greek and Turkish soldiers held communications and conference with each other, sitting down in two lines, smoking and conversing together for hours. Their conversations, however were not always so amicable as those of the English and French during the Peninsular war, but occasionally had a tragic conclusion, which generally terminated to the disadvantage of those who were the most distant from their friends.

ULTERIOR OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST SPANISH CAMPAIGN, AND THE RETREAT ON THE FRONTIERS OF PORTUGAL.

WHILE sir Arthur Wellesley was contemplating a movement on Madrid, intelligence was brought on the 30th that Soult and Ney, with 54,000 men, were marching on his rear and flank, with the intention of cutting off his retreat into Portugal, the former having advanced through the Puerto de Baños (the marquis del Reyna having fled from that strong pass without firing a shot), and had entered Placentia. The English general, thinking that Soult's force did not exceed twenty thousand men, determined to march against him. Having obtained a promise from Cuesta, that he would remain at Talavera to secure his rear from Victor, and cover the removal of the wounded and stores to a place of safety, he broke up his cantonments from that city, on the 3rd of August, and began his march to Oropesa.

When Victor, supposing that the appearance of the Lusitanian legion under sir Robert Wilson, on his flank, was the advanced guard of sir Arthur Wellesley's army, had quitted the heights of Salinas, with the intention of retreating to Mostolles, heard that the British army had broke up from Talavera, he immediately retrograded on that town. As soon as Cuesta heard of his advance, forgetting his promise to cover the evacuation of the English hospital, and thinking his only safety was in his proximity to the British army, he took to his heels, and with his Spaniards, followed the English army in a rapid and hurried flight, like a flock of sheep, reaching Oropesa at day-light of the morning of the 4th. He not only left the sick and wounded*—as the faithless old Spaniard expressed himself,—“to the Almighty helper of the friendless,” but

* When colonel Mackinnon, who had been left in charge of the hospital, found that Cuesta was determined to abandon it to the enemy, he applied to him for cars for its removal; and though the selfish old man was encumbered with cars and waggons for which he had no lading, he gave only seven for the purpose. In the course of the battle he had displayed a like spirit. To sir Arthur Wellesley's application for the loan of some of his artillery, on account of the small calibre of the English guns, and their insufficiency to meet the weight of the enemy's artillery, he sent him only two out of the seventy which he had. Also, “on the very field of battle, and with the steam of English blood reeking in his nostrils,” he refused to lend his able and friendly coadjutor ninety mules,

exposed the English army to be attacked both in front and rear, by two superior armies, and also endangered the Portuguese corps under sir Robert Wilson, and the Spanish army under Vanegas. Fortunately, however, for the inmates of the hospital, they found a better friend and a more humane heart, in their adversary, Marshal Victor, than in the faithless and ungrateful Spaniards for whom they had shed their blood. That gallant officer as soon as he entered Talavera—no doubt influenced by the noble example of sir Arthur Wellesley, in his humane and generous treatment of the French prisoners that had fallen into his hands, as also in consequence of the letter he had received from the English chief, containing the noble expression, “as you found them brave, I trust you will treat them kindly,”—not only compelled the selfish and inhuman inhabitants to supply the sufferers with every requisite, but to receive into their homes the sick and wounded, who were lying on the bare stones, weltering in their blood, in the plaza, or square.

The ingratitude and inhumanity which the troops experienced at Talavera and other places in Spain, as well as the outrages frequently practised on small and isolated parties of officers and men on their way to join the army, created so much disgust and hatred in the breasts of the privates of the army, that to those causes may partly be ascribed the commission of the excesses that took place at the storming of Badajos and St. Sebastian. The men never forgot the cruel usage which the sick and wounded had received from the inhuman and ungrateful Talaverans.

As soon as Cuesta—whose fears had in the room of those that had been lost at the battle of Talavera, to draw the artillery in his advance to engage Soult, though he had hundreds in his army, employed in drawing only empty carts. Colonel Mackinnon succeeded in removing about two thousand of the wounded in forty cars, which, by sacrificing a great quantity of baggage, sir Arthur had forwarded to him; but still many hundreds were left behind. Many of the wounded, unwilling to fall into the hands of the enemy, crawled after the army, some still bleeding, many with their wounds open and undressed. Sir Arthur, when made acquainted with Cuesta's determination to abandon his wounded, remonstrated with him in strong terms against the impolicy and cruelty of the measure; but all in vain.

duced him to sacrifice the wounded at Talavera, and to leave an undisputed passage open to Victor—reached Oropesa, he assumed the same vapouring tone which he had displayed when sir Arthur Wellesley extricated him from the indefensible spot on which he had taken his position prior to the battle of Talavera; and in reply to the English general's proposal to take up a defensive position on the line of the Tagus, he talked loudly of standing his ground and fighting the French; but when he found that his skilful ally would not expose his army, which was exhausted from want of food, to the overwhelming force of the enemy (amounting to at least 70,000 men, concentrated in the valley of the Tagus, and which threatened the English army in front and rear at the same time), and had determined to secure a communication with Truxillo and Merida, before the enemy could seize the Col de Mirabete, and thus cut off his retreat on Portugal, the obstinate old Spaniard was glad to escape out of the toils the enemy had been laying for him, and to follow in the wake of the English.

In pursuance of sir Arthur's determination, the English army, by a forced march, passed the bridge of Arzobispo, and taking up a line of defence behind the Tagus, was, by two o'clock of the 4th in position; and thus the designs of the enemy were baffled, and the English army extricated from the critical position in which it had been placed in the valley of the Tagus. On the 7th the British head-quarters were at Deleytoza. On the 11th they were at Jaraicejo, and the main body of the army was cantoned in the villages, round the head-quarters. Two divisions occupied Almaraz and the Puerto de Mirabete, and the cavalry the city of Truxillo, where sir Arthur halted the army in a position favourable for the defence of the passage of Almaraz, and keeping open the defiles of Deleytoza and Jaraicejo, had thus a clear retreat to the frontier of Portugal. On the 8th the Spanish army crossed the bridge of Arzobispo; but the rear guard, consisting of two divisions of infantry and one of cavalry, under Albuquerque, was surprised by Mortier, who took 400 prisoners, the survivors fleeing to the mountains in complete confusion, leaving their cannon behind them ready shotted. Another calamity similar to that which had occurred at Talavera, took place on this occasion. The herbage, stubble, and shrubs with which the ground was covered, took fire, from the ignited cartridges

and wadding which had fallen upon it, and communicating with the neighbouring groves of ilex and olive trees, all rendered dry and inflammable by the intense heat of the season, the blaze spread far and wide with frightful rapidity. The cries of the wounded at the same time mingling with the explosion of cartridges and cassoons, and the crackling of the flames, as the wind rolled the fiery flood from one part of the scene of conflagration to another, was heart-rending.

At this time the condition of the English army was very distressing: want and sickness assailed it in their direst forms. The soldiers were weakened for want of food, and the sick were dying for want of necessaries. "Starvation," said sir Arthur, in a letter to the duke of Richmond, dated August 8th, from Deleytoza, "has produced dire effects on the army." From July 20th to August 20th, Napier declares, that the army had not received ten days' rations. "A quarter of a pound of goat's flesh, half a pound of wheat in the grain, and a few ounces of flour twice a week, formed the sole subsistence of men and officers." During the same time, the cavalry and artillery horses had received only three deliveries of food; the consequence was, that 1000 horses had died, and 700 were on the sick list. In a letter addressed to Cuesta, dated Deleytoza, August 8th, sir Arthur Wellesley told the heartless old man, "I assure your excellency that since the 3rd the army has had no bread till yesterday, when about 4000lbs. of biscuit were divided among thirty thousand mouths. There is this day again no bread for the soldiers." In a letter dated August 11th, and addressed to Cuesta, sir Arthur tells the imbecile old Spaniard, that "while the British troops were starving on the hills, he met on the 7th of the month 350 mules laden with provisions for the Spanish army, and that General Sherbrooke, on the following day, gave a written order to another convoy, addressed to all British officers, to allow them to pass through the army unmolested. Yesterday I met on the road and passed not less than 500 mules laden with provisions for the Spanish army; and no later than yesterday, Major Campbell, my aid-de-camp, gave an order to another large convoy, addressed to all British officers and soldiers, not to impede its progress."*

The consequence of these wants and sufferings was, sickness rapidly increased. In the cantonments the troops now occupied,

* Gurwood's *Despatches*.

fever, ague, and dysentery stole upon them. In a few weeks many thousand men were in the hospital, and in a few more some thousands were in the grave; and to enhance the calamity, there was a great deficiency of the necessary medicaments. In the autumnal season the valley of the Guadarama is peculiarly insalubrious; for the river then ceasing to be a stream, noxious vapours arise from the detached pools of stagnant water that remain in the deepest hollows of the torrent bed.

And these were not the only grievances which the English army experienced from their ungrateful and faithless allies. The Spanish troops not only intercepted the provisions and forage destined for the English army, and which had been bought and paid for by the commissioners of that army, but had fired on the convoys and the foragers as if they had been enemies. Even the provisions that had been collected by the English, and put into the magazines at Ciudad Rodrigo, were seized by the cabildo of that town, under the feigned pretence of a debt due for the supply of Sir John Moore's army. When the English chief applied for a remount of six hundred mares for those lost by the British cavalry in the course of the campaign; when he demanded mules to draw his guns and ammunition, to supply the place of those which had been lost at Talavera by Cuesta's flight; when he requested the use of bullock cars to convey his sick and wounded, who had received their wounds and injuries in the defence of the Talaverans—he met with a refusal in each case, though the mares required could not be used by the Spanish troops, and the bullock cars asked for followed the Spanish army, without having any lading. The junta, also, threw every obstacle in the way of the exchange of the British prisoners (though those prisoners consisted chiefly of the sick and wounded who had been captured at Talavera in consequence of Cuesta's perfidy), and did all in their power to prevent any communication between the British chief and the enemy on that subject.

Neither did this spirit of hostility and ingratitude cease during the continuance of the British army in the Peninsula. During the whole six years it was lavishing its blood in the defence of the national independence of both countries, it experienced ingratitude, calumny, and the most heartless treatment from the governments and authorities of

both Spain and Portugal. Even at near the end of the contest, when it had driven the French from the soil that was drenched with its blood, the sordid and ungrateful cortes published a decree to prohibit the English from entering their fortresses, which had been lost by their own countrymen's cowardice and treachery, but recovered by English valour, though the blood of the gallant captors still smoked on the ramparts of those fortresses; and, in many instances, the magistrates ordered the inhabitants of the country not to furnish succour of any kind to their deliverers from thralldom and oppression, even for payment; though, at the same time, the French generals had merely to issue their orders for forced contributions, and other succours, even the muniments of war, and they were sure to be provided on the day, and ready at the place appointed. At Fuenterrabia, where a hospital had been established for the wounded of the allied army, the Spanish authorities endeavoured to burn the beds, that the English and Portuguese soldiers might not have the use of them. At Bilbao, the magistrates refused, even for payment, to allow any of the public buildings to be used as hospitals. The British hospitals at Santander, containing many thousand wounded men, with their attendants, were placed under quarantine, under the pretext of contagious fever; and consequently all vessels coming from them were prohibited from entering the waters of any other Spanish port. And to consummate the cruelty and ingratitude of their proceedings, they expressed a desire, that the English would not make use of that town and harbour as a depôt for their sick and wounded, though the English army was, at the time, in the midst of its arduous operations on the soil of France, forcing mountain fortifications, effecting the passage of various rapid rivers, storming five strongly entrenched camps, and fighting numerous battles—and all for the safety and independence of their ungrateful and heartless persecutors. Mercenary and empiric writers were also employed to excite the people to commence a warfare of assassination against the British soldiery. Officers and men were frequently murdered on the high roads; often severely ill-treated. Those enormities ran to so great a height, that while the British army was on the frontiers of France, its chief, in one of his communications to the earl of Bathurst, says, "that it was expedient to demand

security for the British troops against the criminal disposition of the Spanish government, and those in authority under them;" and at the same period of the operations in France, he adds, "that should it be expedient, in consequence of the machinations and treachery of the Spanish and Portuguese governments, to embark the British army at Passages, it would be necessary to adopt precautions for its safety, as the Spaniards would co-operate with the French army in molesting it." That this was not unfounded and vague surmise, is evident from the fact, that the regency and Spanish generals were in communication with the duke of San Carlos and Joseph Palafox, in pursuance of the treaty that had been entered into by Napoleon and Ferdinand at Valency, for the liberation of the latter, and his return to Spain under the protection of the French armies. Copons, the conde de Montijo, and the duke del Parque, also had secretly made proposals to pass over the forces under their command; and their example would, no doubt, have been followed by others, had they not been awed into obedience by the magical influence which the British chief exercised over them. Napoleon, in his "Memoirs," speaks of secret negotiations having been in agitation for this purpose. Indeed, so imminent was the crisis to the British army, that lord Wellington had more cause to dread his insidious Spanish friends in his rear than the whole of the French armies in his front. While in the south of France, he received many secret and earnest warnings from the well-disposed part of the French population, apprising him that a great act of treachery and delusion was in agitation between his Spanish allies and the French government and its generals.

The British commander-in-chief was also the object of their most rancorous hatred and calumny. "If he was active in the field, he was more intent on the subjugation of Spain than the defeat of the enemy; if he was cautious in preparation, his delay was to enable the French to conquer; if he was vigorous in urging the government to useful measures, his design was to impose his own laws; if he did not indicate a strong concern for the Spanish armies, he desired that they should be beaten; if he meddled with them usefully, it was to gain the soldiers, in order to turn the army against the country, and thus render Spain dependent

on England."* Nor were their falsehood and malice confined to these base and unfounded insinuations; they spread reports that he had the ambition of aspiring to the crown of Spain. They hinted that he had correspondence with some of the Spanish nobility to make himself king of Spain; and that to render himself acceptable to the Spaniards for this object, he had changed his religion. The report was so accredited, that three Spanish grandees deemed it necessary to exculpate themselves, by publishing a refutation of the calumny.

Such was the conduct of the selfish and perfidious government of Spain—such that of the imbecile and presumptuous leaders of its armies; patriotism and honourable feeling were unknown to them; they were merely words in their mouths to delude their credulous and confiding countrymen. Far different, however, was the conduct of the lower classes of society; they, confiding in the deceitful professions of patriotism so loudly vaunted by their treacherous leaders, rushed in tens of thousands to the defence of their native soil, and its liberation from the thralldom of its oppressors; but they were uselessly sacrificed to the merciless and unmitigated fury of the foe, and the ignorance and treachery of their own countrymen.

Nor was the conduct of the Portuguese government (particularly that portion constituting the faction of which that odious priest the patriarch of Lisbon and the principal Souza, were the organs), and the hidalgos, or nobles, less inimical to the measures which the English general had devised for the salvation of their country. They strongly opposed all his plans for the defence of Portugal, and the protection of its inhabitants. They even refused him the permission to establish hospitals for his sick and wounded, in the rope-walk at Belem, or to make use of the hospitals in Lisbon, which had been formerly used by the British army for that purpose. Both the commander-in-chief and his troops were the constant subjects of their obloquy; and the contemptible faction carried their mischievous feeling to so high a pitch that they had concocted plans for libelling and caricaturing in England their saviours; in hopes that the factious and incendiary part of the press would excite the terror-stricken portion of the population to raise a clamour to have the army recalled. They laid a plot to raise the mob of Lisbon, seize the forts of Belem, St. Julien, and Bugio, and thus prevent, in case of retreat, the embarkation of

* Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*, vol. vi., p. 311.

the English army on board of the transports. A traitorous correspondence was also carried on by them with Massena during his invasion of Portugal; and in his retreat they placed large supplies of provisions and cattle within reach of the French at most critical moments. As the historian of the Peninsular War has well said, "the Portuguese government was a more evil enemy to the British general, and occasioned more mischief, than all the skill and courage of the enemy."

All sir Arthur's complaints and remonstrances to Cuesta and the junta were met with falsehood, duplicity, and inhumanity. The junta told him, that "the British army was not only well but over-supplied." Their drivelling old general said, that "the British army robbed the peasantry, plundered the villages, intercepted the Spanish convoys, and openly sold the provisions thus shamefully acquired." Sir Arthur's reply to the faithless junta was, that he should withdraw his army into Portugal, where he could be provided with subsistence; and to their falsifying old general, that it was not only unbecoming the Spanish authorities to make accusations so unfounded, but that it was unworthy an English general to refute them. He moreover briefly and sternly declined any further correspondence with the last-mentioned official, till the insolent offence offered was acknowledged and atoned for by a fit apology.

Irritated at these unjust proceedings, and apprehensive of the safety of the army, sir Arthur determined to separate himself from his Spanish connexion, and, as has just been said, fell back on the frontiers of Portugal. The junta, fearful of the consequences of the separation, now endeavoured to conciliate him. With this intent, they appointed him captain-general of the Spanish armies, and offered him the command of a body of their forces. He accepted the military rank, but declined both the pay of the appointment and the separate command; as the latter would necessarily compel the renewal of the co-operation of the English army with the Spanish, and would entail upon it that defensive system which he knew would be utterly ineffective under the present circumstances. They also, at the suggestion of the marquis of Wellesley, who had succeeded Frere as plenipotentiary, displaced Cuesta, August 12th, and appointed general Eguia to his command. But that

officer differed from his predecessor, in his transactions with the British army, only in the plausibility of his conduct, and the profusion of his professions: "the evil of incompetency and faithlessness was," says a sagacious writer, "inherent in the character of the Spanish people." He not only connived at and sanctioned the false promises of the junta, to supply the British army, but he even permitted his troops to seize and appropriate to their own use the stores which were on their way to the British cantonments.

Having by his brilliant victory of Talavera saved the south of Spain from being overrun by the enemy, and also prevented him from making a fresh irruption into Portugal, the English chief, while stationed at Jaraceijo, was actively employed in devising measures to neutralize the overwhelming force which the enemy had concentrated in Estremadura; and, if possible, to infuse something like wisdom and vigour into the councils of the Spanish government, and discipline and science into its armies and generals. For this purpose he directed the duke del Parque and Vanegas to threaten Madrid, and the guerilla bands, which at this period of the war had become formidable, to hover round the capital; and thus, by intercepting convoys, and threatening the enemy's rear, to create a diversion, and compel him to divide his force. He instructed the junta to direct their generals to shun general actions, as their destruction, and to confine their operations to taking up strong defensive positions, and acting on his lines of communication. But that corrupt and perverse body deeming his opinions heretical, and jealous of his ability, determined to adopt their own plans. The result was commensurate with their inordinate folly and self-complacent ignorance. Their generals were as imbecile and self-willed as themselves: sir Arthur wished Eguia to take, in conjunction with the British army, a post behind the Guadiana, but the Spaniard refused to co-operate, and marched to form a junction with Arcizaga, at Ocaña, near Aranjuez.

The British general finding his best plans, either for defence or aggression, not only opposed, but often thwarted—at the same time threatened on every side by an enemy possessing a numerical force four times exceeding his own,—his army more worn down, more diminished in numbers,* and in con-

* "The handful of troops which he now commanded were composed of second battalions of mere youths,

both officers and men. The guards, the buffs, the 48th, and the 61st, with the light division, could

sequence of hunger, long privation, sickness, and hardship, more disorganized than if it had fought an unsuccessful battle, instead of having been the victor in a contest in which it had borne the palm from the famed and dreaded legions of Buonaparte, as the crouching and awe-stricken nations of continental Europe deemed them—exposed to the most imminent hazard, and discovering that all the solemn promises of the junta to supply the army with food, were false and fallacious,—issued orders, August 20th, to break up the cantonments from Jaraceijo, and to retreat on Merida, with the intention of falling back on the frontiers of Portugal; at the same time desiring Eguia to occupy, in the course of the night, the posts in the neighbourhood of the bridge of Almaraz, which the English army would evacuate. But the instant the junta and their general found that he had commenced his retreat, they assailed him with a storm of invectives and reproach, and calumniated him whom only ten days before, on his appointment as generalissimo of the Spanish armies, they had addressed with the most fulsome compliments. “The retreat,” they said, “across the Tagus, was unnecessary; Soult ought to have been destroyed; and the English general must have secret reasons for his conduct, which he dare not avouch.” Finding sir Arthur deaf to their idle clamour, and despising their ingratitude and calumnies, in the wildest terror and consternation they importuned him to desist from the retreat, and promised to reform their heartless system of duplicity and ingratitude; the junta promising “to apply to the nourishment of the army all the resources of the country,” and their equally faithless general declaring, “that the British army should have *all the provisions*, and the Spanish army *none*.” The English general, not to be deceived by the false professions and hollow promises of the junta and their general, replied in a cutting tone of rebuke to the preposterous offer of leaving the Spanish army provisionless. At the same time that that “miserable body made their ridiculous proposal, they earnestly conjured sir Arthur to adopt the offensive, and march upon Madrid, lest the enemy should escape their conquering and invincible clutches.

alone be regarded as fit for active service. One half of the army was fitter for the hospital than the field.”

* This position had been carefully surveyed by sir Charles Stuart, while he commanded the British

troops in Portugal, from the opinion that on this ground, in the event of a hostile invasion of the country, the kingdom must be won or lost. His maps and topographical accounts were in sir Arthur Wellesley's possession.

So sure did they expect to be in possession of it (could they have induced the English general to undertake the wild project), that they actually appointed civil officers for its government, and charged two of their body to frame regulations for its internal tranquillity: verifying in this instance, as in all their other acts, the truth of the remark, that in all their deeds, “at one moment they were shrinking with fear, and at the other bursting with folly.” In the beginning of October the English general established his head-quarters at Badajoz, and cantoned his troops in the towns and villages of Estremadura, contiguous to the frontier of Portugal.

On the 12th of September, sir Arthur Wellesley received intimation that he had been created viscount Wellington, of Talavera, and baron Douro. In October, he went to Lisbon, to concert measures with the regency for the more complete organization of the regular army, and the militia of Portugal, and for putting the kingdom in a state of defence capable of resisting the threatened invasion of the enemy. As it was impossible to defend the extensive frontier of the country with the force at his disposal, he, at this time, selected a position, in the event of the British army retreating on that city, in which his flanks could not be turned, his front forced, or his army reduced by famine. The mountains traversing in two lofty ridges from the Tagus to the ocean, in the tongue of land in which Lisbon is situated, offered that position.* Nature had drawn a rude outline of a strong defensive position; it remained for art to perfect it. This the British chief determined to effectuate, by the most gigantic application of the principles of field fortification to defensible positions that has ever been called into practice in warfare. Having, after a careful examination of the country in front of Lisbon, selected the line of defence, and fixed the principal points for forts, redoubts, the formation of intrenchments, &c., he left the detail and execution of the works to colonel Fletcher, according to the memorandum he had drawn up, dated October 20th, and returned to Badajoz about the end of the month. In consequence of the signal defeats of the Spanish armies at

troops in Portugal, from the opinion that on this ground, in the event of a hostile invasion of the country, the kingdom must be won or lost. His maps and topographical accounts were in sir Arthur Wellesley's possession.

Ocaña and Alba de Tormes, under Areizaga and the duke del Parque, he, on December 15th, removed his head-quarters from that city, and fell back on the north-eastern frontiers of Portugal; satisfied, as he expressed himself, "that no British army could, with safety, operate with Spanish troops," on account of their national infirmity and military imbecility. The main body of the army, under his own command, observed all the country between the Douro and the Tagus. The cavalry, except the brigade furnishing reliefs for the outposts, were stationed in the rear. The light division was in front of Almeida, its patrols extending as far as Ciudad Rodrigo. General Hill was posted, with 14,000 men, in Alentejo, his main body at Abrantes, and his advance at Portalegre, to watch Mortier and Regnier, who held the Upper or Spanish Estremadura; and Beresford, with the Portuguese, was stationed at Thomar, in case the enemy should threaten Lisbon through the Alentejo. The line of defence taken up, formed the segment of a circle, of about forty miles in extent, along the frontier mountains of Beira, its convex part being opposed to the quarter from which the invasion was expected. By that arrangement more than thirty thousand men could be assembled in two marches, on any point menaced by the enemy. The different divisions were so posted as to hold the strong and rugged line of the Beira frontier, and command the two great roads which pierce on the north and south that mountainous region. Visen, Guarda, Pinhel, and Celerico, were its main points; the Coa, with its tributary streams flowing in front of the line, along the greater part of its extent. The defence of the extremes of the line was entrusted to the militia and the ordenanzas; and to give confidence to the Portuguese recent levies, they were brigaded with the English troops, in the proportion of one battalion to two English battalions. During the remainder of the year the active and vigilant mind of the commander-in-chief was employed in tours of inspection; in examining the state of fortresses, securing the passes of the mountains between Spain and Portugal, and in selecting the positions to be taken up on the enemy's advance.

During the operations of the British army, the affairs of the patriots had been very disastrous: defeats succeeded each other in rapid succession. Blake had been overthrown at Maria and Belchitti, January 15th,

and 18th; Venegas at Almonacid, August 11th; Areizaga at Ocaña, November 19th; the duke del Parque (who, being joined by sir Robert Wilson, had repulsed Marchand at Tamames, October 18th) at Alba de Tormes, November 27th. In this last action the Spaniards fled without drawing a sword, and that too in the very sight of Tamames. So disastrous had been all their efforts, that as it has been said, without much hyperbolic exaggeration, "they were more familiar with defeat—formed only to be broken, fighting only to be slain." Town after town had been taken—fortress after fortress had been reduced—army after army had been dispersed—every battle a defeat—and three-fourths of the kingdom in possession of the enemy. Gerona had surrendered; but it fell after a desperate defence, for the third time; its heroic defenders resembling spectres haunting a city of the dead, having been reduced to the unparalleled extremity of feeding on their own hair. The brutal rigour and contumely with which the French marshal, Augereau, treated its gallant governor, Mariano Alvarez, whom he cast, though in the last stage of a malignant fever, into a dungeon at Figueras—"a name that will live till old Gerona be a heap of ruins, and Spain a solitude"—were equalled only by his cruelty to the Catalans, all of whom taken in arms he caused to be hung up on gibbets erected along the roads of Catalonia. The Catalans met with the same fate from Suchet, when he succeeded to the chief command in their province: besides giving up several of their towns and villages to pillage, he treated all Spaniards taken in arms against the French, as banditti. The severe and savage executions of the patriots—who were all declared assassins, beyond the pale of military law—taken in arms in Murcia, Granada, and Andalusia, by Soult; and by Massena in his invasion of Portugal, and his retreat from Torres Vedras, also forcibly proved how deplorably a military despotism debases the moral feelings and all the humane impulses of the heart; he ordered no quarter to be given to the ordenanzas, or militia; and those who had been already taken, he commanded to be shot. To repress his savage cruelty, the following remonstrance, dated "Gouvea, November 9th," was addressed by Lord Wellington to the French marshal: "You call these men peasants, without any uniform," said the British chief; "I have the honour to assure you, that they are the

ordenanzas of this kingdom, military corps, commanded by officers paid and appointed by military laws. You appear to insist, that they alone are entitled to the rights of war, who are clad in military costume, yet forget that you yourself have added to the lustre of the French army, at the head of soldiers who were not dressed in any uniform. Is not a country, invaded by a formidable foe, justified by defending itself by every possible means? If so, Portugal is entitled to put its ordenanza in requisition, a body

* "To Maréchal Massena, Prince d'Esseling.

"Au Quartier Général de l'Armée Anglaise,

"Ce 9 Sept., 1810.

"Monsieur le Maréchal,—Il m'a fait la plus grande peine d'apprendre que vous avez donné des ordres à l'armée Française, de ne pas faire de prisonniers parmi l'ordenanza Portugaise, et que les troupes Françaises obéissent à cet ordre, et fusillent tous ceux de ce corps que leur tombent dans les mains.

"Il faut que je vous fasse savoir que tous Portugaise est obligé par les anciennes lois du pays de servir dans les troupes de ligne, ou dans la milice, ou dans l'ordenanza; et que les troupes des trois descriptions sont également soumises aux lois militaires, et sont sous les ordres des officiers généraux Portugais. La preuve en est, que malgré que l'ordenanza ait souffert et se plaint des ordres que vous avez donnés, et de la violation des usages de la guerre en leurs personnes, ils obéissent aux ordres qui leur ont été donnés; et ont préservé la vie, et ont bien traité tous les prisonniers qui sont tombés dans leurs mains. Monsieur le colonel Pavetti, au sort duquel vous êtes intéressé, a été fait prisonnier par cette même description de troupes, et il en a été bien traité, aussi bien que son escort.

"Comme l'ordenanza fait donc partie de l'armée Portugaise, comme elle est également sujette aux lois militaires, et comme elle agit d'une manière loyale envers les prisonniers de l'armée Française qui tombent dans ses mains, je vous prie de donner ordre que les officiers et soldats de l'ordenanza, fait prisonniers, jouissent également avec les autres soldats de l'armée Portugaise des droits et usages de la guerre.

"Depuis que j'ai commandé les troupes dans ce pays-ci, j'ai fait tout ce que a été en mon pouvoir, et j'ai réussi à faire la guerre d'une manière loyale; et j'ai fait respecter les usages de la guerre établis et reconnus parmi les nations civilisées, qui avoient été oubliés. Mais si l'armée Française continue à faire fusiller les prisonniers qu'on fera de l'ordenanza, on ne peut pas s'attendre que les soldats de ce corps, aussi bien que les autres soldats de l'armée Portugaise, ne retournent pas sur les prisonniers qu'ils feront de l'armée Française. Il ne sera en mon pouvoir de les protéger; et les ordres que vous avez donnés seront la causes des malheurs que souffriront les soldats de l'armée Française qui tombent dans les mains des troupes Portugaises.

"J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.,

"WELLINGTON."

"To Maréchal Massena, Prince d'Esseling.

"Au Quartier Général de l'Armée Anglaise,

"Ce 24 Sept., 1810.

"Monsieur le Maréchal,—J'ai eu l'honneur de recevoir la lettre que votre excellence m'a adressée

recognised and organized by the ancient laws of the country." As a compulsory measure to induce the Frenchman to desist from his fell and cruel purpose, he further informed him, that if the outrages and excesses of the French troops were not restrained, he could not be able to extend his protection to the French prisoners who might fall into the hands of the Portuguese.*

On a review of the eventful campaign of 1809, and of the admirable plans and

le 14 de ce mois. Ce que vous appelez 'des paysans sans uniforme', 'des assassins et des voleurs de grand chemin,' sont l'ordenanza du pays que, comme j'ai déjà eu l'honneur de vous assurer, sont des corps militaires commandés par des officiers, payés et agissent sous les lois militaires. Il paraît que vous exigez que ceux qui jouiront des droits de la guerre soient revêtus d'un uniforme; mais vous devez vous souvenir que vous même avez augmenté la gloire de l'armée Française en commandant des soldats qui n'avaient pas d'uniforme.

"Vous vous plaignez de la conduite de l'ordenanza à Nave d'Aver envers M. le colonel Pavetti. La question est seulement si un pay qui est envahi par un ennemi formidable a le droit de se défendre par tous les moyens en son pouvoir. Si ce droit existe, le Portugal est justifié en mettant en activité l'ordenanza, un corps reconnu et organisé par les anciennes lois du pays. Je peux assurer votre excellence que l'ordenanza de Nave d'Aver a bien traité M. le colonel Pavetti, et il aurait été puni s'il l'avait maltraité. Je voudrais n'avoir pas entendu que malgré cet officier fût aussi bien traité et par le capitaine de l'ordenanza et par moi, la maison du capitaine de l'ordenanza à Nave d'Aver avait été brûlée et que quelques-uns de sa compagnie ont été pris et fusillés parcequ'ils avoient faire leur devoir envers leur pays.

"Je suis fâché que votre excellence sente quelques inconvénients personnels de ce que les Portugais quittent leurs foyers à l'approche de l'armée Française. Il est de mon devoir de faire retirer ceux que je n'ai pas les moyens de défendre; et j'observe que les ordres que j'ai donnés là-dessus n'étaient presque pas nécessaires. Car ceux qui se ressouvenaient de l'invasion de leur pays en 1807, et de l'usurpation du gouvernement de leur prince en temps de paix, quand il n'y avait pas un seul Anglois dans le pays, pouvaient à peine croire aux déclarations que vous faites la guerre aux Anglois seuls; et ils pouvaient à peine trouver la conduite des soldats de l'armée Française, même sous vos ordres, envers leurs propriétés, leurs femmes, et eux-mêmes, conformes aux déclarations de votre excellence.

"Il n'est pas étonnant donc qu'ils quittent leurs foyers volontairement, brûlant et détruisant tout ce qu'ils ne peuvent pas emporter; et je n'ai nulle excuse à offrir pour l'encouragement que je leur en donne, excepté pour les inconvénients personnels qu'ils peuvent causer à votre excellence.

"Votre excellence a été mal informée sur l'affaire de la milice ci-devant partie de la garrison d'Almeida. Avant de vous plaindre de l'infraction de la capitulation d'Almeida, votre excellence aurait dû se ressouvenir qu'elle a été violée aussitôt que signée. Votre excellence s'est engagée que les officiers et soldats de la milice retourneraient chez eux; et malgré cet en-

combinations, as detailed in the *Despatches*, it is clear, that if the British chief's designs had been seconded by good faith and exertion on the part of the Spaniards, and to adopt his own expression, "had the junta of Truxillo fulfilled their contract to furnish 240,000 rations, the English army would have slept in Madrid on the night of the battle of Talavera,"* and the war would have been brought to an early conclusion; but all his measures were paralyzed by want of vigour and concert on the part of the Spanish government and its generals, or thwarted by the mean jealousies, and breach of right and honourable feeling on their part. Often, by their culpable conduct, his army was exposed to the hazard of total destruction, from which it had to be rescued by extraordinary efforts of skill on the part of its leader, and equally extraordinary efforts of courage on its own part; and generally at a vast expenditure of life. Thus (among numerous other similar affairs) the desertion by the Spaniards, of their post at the pass of Baños, and their conduct at the bridge of Arzobispo, exposed the British army to the most imminent danger. Indeed, the Spanish armies never behaved as soldiers ought to do in the presence of their enemies; they often took to their heels without waiting to receive their enemy's fire, or to deliver their own; their cavalry often fled before a sword was crossed; and they more than once ran away leaving their cannon ready shotted for the enemy. "The whole six years that the Peninsular War lasted taught them nothing more," as an intelligent writer observes, "than to run away, and assemble again in a state of nature." Nor were their officers "a whit braver or more skilful than their men. A few, like Albuquerque and Romana,† fought with some degree of valour, but with little skill or discipline. Many of them were traitors and poltroons. If any part of their forces behaved well they consisted of Swiss, the Irish brigades, and other foreigners; and the few of their officers who displayed any military skill were of Irish or other foreign extraction. On these accounts, the British general,

gagement, vous en avez détenu sept officiers et deux cents soldats de chaque régiment, pour en faire un corps de pionniers. La capitulation d'Almeida est donc nulle, et je suis en droit d'en faire ce que je voudrait. Mais je puis vous assurer qu'il n'y a pas un soldat de la milice que était a Almeida, au service.

"J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.,

"WELLINGTON."

"Le Maréchal Massena."

VOL. I.

R

from this time, never made his movements dependent on the valour of Spanish troops, on the sagacity of Spanish generals, or on the policy of Spanish juntas; all that was to be done for working out the destinies of Europe, he determined should be done by English hearts and English hands. Nor were the imbecility and inefficiency of his allies the only difficulties with which the English general had to contend. By his own countrymen and government, discouragements were thrown in his way.

On the motion for a public acknowledgment of the services which had been rendered by sir Arthur Wellesley to his country, much rancorous feeling was displayed by some of the members of each house of Parliament. Earl Grey denied that the battle of Talavera was a victory, and declared that sir Arthur had betrayed want of capacity and skill in its direction. Lord Grenville talked of "gilded disasters," and denominated the blooming laurels that hung over the graves of its gallant victors, "cypresses indicating their country's sense of its grief for the dishonour sustained." In the lower House, Ponsonby called for impeachment, and Whitbread dissolved in tears for "the blood that had been sacrificed to folly and incapacity." Tarleton was profuse in his reproof and exposition of sir Arthur Wellesley's incapacity. Bankes predicted, that "all fresh levies to the army would tend only to swell the triumphs of Napoleon's invincible legions; and that if we did win a battle, every defeat of the French was to be considered a snare to draw the English farther into Spain." Calcraft denounced the hero, and foretold "ruin and defeat would be the inevitable consequence before three months passed over the British chief's head; and for these reasons refused his assent to a pension for so grievous a blunder as the battle of Talavera."

The earl of Suffolk, in the abundance of his sapientcy, propounded this wonderful discovery, that the reason the French artillery fell into the possession of his countrymen was, "that it had not been convenient for the French to remove it;" and, therefore, they

* *Despatches*, vol. v., p. 355.

† Perez de Hervasti, Mariano Alvarez, Julian de Estrada, and Santocildes, the governors of Ciudad Rodrigo, Gerona, Hostalrich, and Astorga, also deserve to be honourably mentioned. The memory of those brave men and true patriots will live in the recollection of the good and wise of every caste and country, when the fortresses they so nobly defended have become heaps of ruins, and Spain a solitude.

had left it as a waif of insignificant value, to be picked up by their enemies. The gloomy predictions of the factious and disaffected portion of "the fourth estate of the realm," especially during the early period of the peninsular war, and their libels against the British army and its illustrious chief were endless. They talked of "a shade having been thrown over the British arms"—ridiculed the idea of an English army being able to contend against the legions of France—laughed at our military knowledge, and prophesied disaster and disgrace.

But to all the calumny and ingratitude, the folly and presumption of the croaking and desponding tribe, the British hero's contemptuous reply was: "They may do what they please, and prate as much as they choose, I shall not give up the game here as long as it can be successfully played." . . . "I should forget my duty if I should permit public clamour or panic to induce me

to change, in the smallest degree, the system and plan of operations which I have adopted after mature consideration, and which daily experience shows to be the only one likely to produce a good end." He felt that the honour and interest, not only of England, but of the whole civilized world, required him,—notwithstanding, as he expressed himself, "the obloquy heaped upon him by the ignorant of his own country"—to maintain the struggle as long as there was a probability of a successful issue. The result produced a memorable and instructive contrast between his firmness, sagacity, and patriotism, and the craven-hearted fears and consternation, the abject pusillanimity and puny spirit of his calumniators, befooled and besotted with their stupid hallucination of French invincibility, and their fanatic wonder and idolatry of their "great and magnanimous Napoleon," and his "famed and dreaded—his terrible legions."

THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

ANNO 1809.

THE SPANISH WAR OF INDEPENDENCE—SIEGE (THE SECOND) OF SARAGOSSA.

We will now resume our history of the Spanish and Portuguese war of independence, which, for the sake of chronological arrangement, was broken off at the end of 1808. At the opening of the year 1809, the siege of Saragossa raged in all its horrors.

On the 2nd of January, Junô took the command of the besieging force, and had immediate recourse to a heavy bombardment of the town. Every day and night was now signalized by bloody combats, but notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the besieged, almost all the fortified posts outside the town were in the possession of the enemy. A second parallel was then opened, and a tremendous bombardment kept up without intermission. The parapet of the feeble wall being now levelled by the enemy's batteries, its place was supplied with bags of earth, as fast as they were shattered by the enemy's balls. But a worse and more destructive enemy now assailed the city than the shot and shells of their implacable foe.

For security from the shells that were

thrown upon the devoted city in profusion, often many hundreds in the course of a few hours, a great number of the inhabitants, especially the women and children, took refuge in the cellars, where they were crowded together day and night, and the air entered their dismal abode but scantily. The places soon became hot-beds of infection. The impossibility of recruiting exhausted strength by needful sleep, on account of the incessant bombardment to which the enemy cruelly and inhumanly subjected the city, increased the calamity and aggravated the virulence of the disease. Thus, in this ill-fated city, the horrors of disease and contagion were added to war and slaughter.

In this state of the siege, marshal Lannes assumed the command of the besieging army. To intimidate the Saragossans, he wrote a letter to Palafox, stating that the force on which the city relied for relief had been destroyed; that the English army had fled to Corunna, leaving seven thousand in the hands of the French, and that Romana had

escaped with them, his army with its officers having submitted to Bonaparte; at the same time he demanded the surrender of the city. Palafox replied, that the Saragossans were too sensible of the duty they owed their country to submit to so ignominious a condition, and that it would more redound to the French general's honour to win the place by force of manly courage with the sword, than by bombarding it.

On the day following the summons, fifty guns opened their fire upon the wall, and on the morrow three practicable breaches were made. The enemy advanced to the assault, a dreadful struggle ensued, and the combat was prolonged during the whole of the night; but though the besieged maintained the conflict with the most desperate valour, the convents of Santa Engarcia and San Joseph were possessed by the besiegers.

The enemy's efforts were now directed against San Augustine and Santa Monacha; and having effected a breach in their walls, they carried them by assault. They forced their way into the church. Every column, every chapel, every altar became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, retaken, and attacked again; the pavement was covered with blood, and the aisles and nave of the church strewn with the dead. In the midst of the conflict, the roof, which had been shattered with bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock, and the sense of their escape occasioned, renewed the fight with increased desperation; fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, citizens, and soldiers came to the defence, and the contest was continued on the ruins of the bodies of the dying and the dead. Women mingled with the combatants, distributing cartridges to them; and sometimes, when their sons, husbands, and fathers fell, they rushed on the enemy, to avenge their deaths and to die with them. The contest, however, ended in favour of the besiegers, who succeeded in keeping the undisputed position. Taking advantage of the opportunity afforded while the attention of the besiegers was directed to this point, the French entered the Rua Quemada, and obtained one side of the street to the angle which it makes with the Corso; and at the same time, the Poles in the French service obtained possession of some houses on the side of San Engracia. But the enemy had sustained so great a loss in these affairs, that they de-

termined to make no more direct attacks, but to proceed as much as possible under cover, and by sap and mine.

The deadly warfare was now, as in the former siege, to be carried on from house to house; on balcony and in chamber; in vault and cellar.

The French having established themselves in the ruins of a house, which formed an angle of the Cozo and of the Rua del Media, endeavoured to penetrate into the principal street of the Cozo, but were repulsed with great slaughter. Every house, every room now became the scene of mortal combat; and the contest was continued until the dead and the dying lay heaped upon one another, to the height of several feet above the ground; but the undaunted foemen, in nowise discouraged, mounting the ghastly pile, maintained the contest so obstinately that no progress was made on either side; and not unfrequently, while still locked fast in the deadly struggle, the whole—dead, dying, and combatants—were together blown into the air by the explosion of the mines beneath.

On the same day of this event (7th of February), operations were renewed against the suburbs on the left bank of the Ebro, where the enemy, at the commencement of the siege, had already received two severe repulses. Gazan's division attacked it with vigour, at the same time opening a fire of fifty guns from their batteries on both sides of the convent of Jesus, effected a breach in San Lazar, and possessed themselves of the convent, which was the principal point of defence on that side, at the same moment the university was rendered a pile of ruins, from the explosion of a mine charged with 3,000 lbs. of powder. The suburb being no longer tenable, its brave defenders retired in two columns; the one crossing the bridge effected its retreat into the town, the other, consisting of 1,500 men, in endeavouring to escape into the country, along the bank of the Ebro, was after a desperate resistance captured, as its powder was exhausted. On the 19th, a furious assault being made on the suburbs on the right bank of the river, the monastery of the Trinity near the university and the traverses which the besieged had so gallantly defended, were carried. At the same moment, a mine charged with 1,600 lbs. of powder, exploded with a terrific shock, near the Comic theatre.

Meanwhile pestilence was consuming the Saragossans faster than fire and sword. The

infection occurred among that part of the inhabitants who had been compelled to seek safety in the noisome cellars of the town, in order to escape the enemy's bombardment, and which having now continued more than a month, made the city one vast charnel-house, hundreds dying every day of the infectious epidemic that was raging in every quarter of the town. In this dilemma Palafox, who was labouring under the prevailing epidemic, transferred, on the night of the 18th, all his authority, civil and military, to a junta, appointing as president Don Pedro Marc Ric, the regent of the Royal Audience of Aragon. The junta immediately summoned the chiefs of the various military departments to report their state. The general of cavalry represented that only sixty-two horses remained, and those weak and unserviceable, the rest having died of hunger. From a statement of the infantry department, it appeared that there were only 2,822 men fit for service. The ammunition was nearly exhausted; and the commandant of the engineers reported that the fortifications were demolished, and that there were neither men nor materials for repairing them, all the cloth which could serve for bags of earth having been consumed. General San Marc declared that it was not possible to maintain the contest longer than four days more. While the junta were deliberating, the bombardment was renewed with additional violence, no doubt intended by Lannes to induce them to a speedy determination. Two-thirds of the city had been now destroyed, thirty thousand of the inhabitants had perished, and from three to four hundred persons were dying daily of the pestilence.

Under these circumstances, the junta dispatched a flag of truce to the French general, requesting a suspension of hostilities for three days, that officers might in the mean time be sent to ascertain the situation of the Spanish armies, and according to the intelligence obtained they would treat for a surrender, a proposal Lannes himself had made when he had summoned the city. He now resented the proposal as an insult, and vented the most ferocious threats against the city unless it were immediately delivered up. The flag of truce was sent with a second letter, to which he returned no other answer than by a shower of bombs, and by ordering the attack to be renewed.

A flag of truce was again sent to the French head-quarters soliciting a suspension of hostilities for twenty-four hours, that a

treaty of capitulation might be adjusted in the mean time. The French general requiring the junta to repair to his head quarters, Ric and some of the junta went thither, when a capitulation was agreed to, by which it was stipulated that the garrison should on the following morning march out with the honours of war, and be conveyed as prisoners of war to France. While copies of the capitulation were being drawn up, Lannes produced a plan of the city, and laying his finger upon the part which was that night to have been blown up, told Ric that 44,000 pounds of powder were already lodged for the explosion, which would have been followed by a cannonade from seventy pieces of artillery, and a bombardment from thirty mortars, at that time being mounted in the suburbs.

On the evening of the capitulation, the French troops entered the city, when a sad spectacle presented itself to their vision, six thousand dead bodies lay in the streets, and the court-yards and chambers were filled with corpses: in some instances were seen infants endeavouring to draw nutriment from the breasts of their dying mothers.

The French being now masters of the place immediately began to pillage. From the woe-struck city, 50,000 pair of shoes, 8,000 pair of boots, and 1,200 shirts, with medicines and every requisite for an hospital were haughtily demanded. Several of the officers demanded for themselves double equipage and linen, and whatever they wanted, wishing that plenty of everything should be supplied them, and the best of its kind, at the expense of the city. A service of china was required for Junôt, and this merciless oppressor, who had escaped the proper punishment of his crimes in Portugal, wished that a tennis court should be fitted up for his amusement, in a city of which two-thirds were then lying in ruins, beneath which so large a proportion of the inhabitants lay buried. Lannes rifled the church of Our Lady of the Pillar, of jewels to the amount of 4,687,000 francs, and appropriated the whole to his own use.

Lannes made his entrance on Sunday the 5th of March, and proceeded in triumph to the Church of the Pillar, where a sermon, inculcating obedience to the oppressor, was preached by the despicable traitor to his country, the suffragan bishop of the diocese. A superb entertainment followed, at which Lannes and his chief officers sat down to a table of four hundred covers, furnished at

the expense of the wretched city of Saragossa.

And the foe, not content with his spoliation and robbery, sought also victims to satisfy his vengeance. Don Basilio Bagyiero and the patriotic priest, Santiago Sass, were, by the express commands of Lannes, bayoneted, on the banks of the Ebro, and many monks were tied up in sacks and thrown at night into that river.

In the course of this siege, fifty days of which were open trenches, above fifty thousand persons had perished, and now lay buried beneath the ruins. The troops that surrendered, 2,400—though the French bulletin affirmed that seventeen thousand men had laid down their arms,*—and that number, with 2,500 taken in the suburbs and during the siege, were all that were marched off for France. Two hundred and seventy of these men, who from fatigue and weakness could not keep up the pace which their ferocious guard required, were butchered and left on the road, where their companions in the next march had to pass over their bodies. Augustina Saragossa was among the prisoners. She had distinguished herself as much in this siege as in the former. At the commencement she took her former station at the Portillo, by the same gun that she had served so well. "See, general," said she, with a cheerful countenance, pointing to the gun, when Palafox visited that quarter; "I am again with my old friend." Her husband was severely wounded, and she pointed the cannon at the enemy while he lay bleeding among his companions, by her side. Frequently she was at the head of an assaulting party, sword or knife in hand, with her cloak wrapped round her, cheering the soldiers, and encouraging them by her example; constantly exposed as she was, she escaped without a wound: yet even she was thrown into a ditch, and nearly suffocated by the dead and dying who covered her. At the close of the siege she was too well known by the French to escape notice, and they made her prisoner. Fortunately, as it proved, she had at that time taken the

contagion, and was removed to the hospital, where, as she was supposed to be dying, little care was taken to secure her. Feeling herself better she availed herself of this and effected her escape. The other Saragossan heroine, Donna Beneta, escaped the hourly dangers to which she was exposed, only to die of grief on hearing that her daughter had been killed while heroically engaged with the enemy in the streets.

The tragic story of the siege of Saragossa—a monument of heroic devotion, which will thrill the hearts of the brave and the generous to the end of time—having now reached its consummation, the junta pronounced the funeral oration of the heroic city. "Spaniards," said they, "the only boon which Saragossa begged of our unfortunate monarch at Vittoria, was, that she might be the first city to sacrifice herself in his defence. That sacrifice has been consummated. More than two months the murderous siege continued; almost all the houses were destroyed; those that were still standing had been undermined; provisions were nearly exhausted, ammunition all consumed; sixteen thousand sick were struggling with a mortal contagion which every day hurried hundreds to the grave; the garrison was reduced to less than a sixth part; the general dying of the pestilence; O'Neill, the second in command, dead; St. Marc, on whom the command then devolved, prostrated by the fever: so much was required, Spaniards, to make Saragossa yield to the rigour of fate, and suffer herself to be occupied by the enemy. The surrender was made on such terms as the French have granted to other towns: these terms have been observed as usual, by the perfidious enemy. Thus only were they able to take possession of those glorious precincts, filled only with the dead and the dying; where every street, every ruin, every wall, every stone, seemed mutely to say to the beholder, 'Go, tell my king that Saragossa, faithful to her word, hath joyfully sacrificed herself to maintain his truth.'

"A series of events, as mournful as they

* To adopt a familiar phrase, this story is of "a piece" with that told the French people of the battle of Corunna. Three regiments, the French *Moniteur* said, the 42nd, 50th, and 52nd, had been entirely destroyed in the action. That the English had lost everything that constituted an army—artillery, horses, baggage, ammunition, magazines, and military chests. Of eighty pieces of cannon they had landed, they embarked no more than twelve. Two hundred thousand pounds weight of powder, sixteen thousand

muskets, two millions (francs) of treasure had fallen into the hands of the pursuers, and treasure yet more considerable had been thrown down the precipices along the road, between Astorga and Corunna. Five thousand horses had been counted, which they had slaughtered by the way; five hundred were taken at Corunna, and the carcasses of twelve hundred were infecting the streets, when the conquerors entered the town.

are notorious, frustrated all the efforts that were made to relieve the city; but the imaginations of all good men accompanied her defenders in their dangers, were agitated with them in their battles, sympathised in their privations and efforts, and followed them through all the dreadful vicissitudes of their fortunes; and when strength failed them at last, through a continued resistance, which they had prolonged almost beyond belief, in the first moment of grief it seemed as if the light of liberty had been at once extinguished, and the column of independence overthrown. But, Spaniards, Saragossa still survives for imitation and example! still survives in the public spirit which, from her heroic exertions, is for ever imbibing lessons of courage and constancy. For where is the Spaniard, priding himself on that name, who would be less than the Saragossans, and not seal the liberty of his country, which he has proclaimed; the faith of his king, which he has promised, at the cost of the same perils and the same labours? Let the base, the selfish, and the cowardly, be dismayed by them; not the other towns of Arragon, who are ready to imitate and to recover their capital; not the firm and faithful patriots who see in that illustrious city a model to imitate, vengeance to be executed, and the only path of conquest. Forty thousand Frenchmen, who have perished before the mud walls of Saragossa, cause France to mourn the barren ephemeral triumph which she has obtained, and evince to Spain, that three cities of equal resolution will save their country and baffle the tyrant! Valour springs from valour; and when the unhappy, who have suffered, and the victims who have died there, shall learn that their fellow-citizens, following them in the paths of glory, have surpassed them in fortune, they will bless their destiny, however rigorous it has been, and rejoice in the contemplation of our triumphs.

"Time passes away, and days will come when those dreadful convulsions, with which the genius of iniquity is now afflicting the earth, will have subsided. The friends of virtue and patriotism will come to the banks of the Ebro to visit these majestic ruins; and beholding them with admiration and with envy; here, they will say, stood that city which in modern ages realised, or more truly, surpassed, those ancient prodigies of devotement and constancy which are scarcely credited in history! Without a regiment, without other defence than a weak wall,

without other resources than its courage, it first dared to provoke the fury of the tyrant: twice it withstood the force of his victorious legions. The subjection of this open and defenceless town cost France more blood, more tears, more slaughter, than the conquest of whole kingdoms; nor was it French valour that subdued it, a deadly and general pestilence frustrated the strength of its defenders, and the enemy, when they entered, triumphed over a few sick and dying men, but they did not subdue citizens, nor conquer soldiers."

This address was followed by a decree declaring that Saragossa, its inhabitants and garrison, had deserved well of their country in an eminent and an heroic degree: that whenever Palafox should be restored to liberty, to effect which no efforts on the part of the government should be wanting, the junta, in the name of the nation, would confer on him that reward which should seem most worthy of his unconquerable constancy and ardent patriotism. That every officer employed in the siege should be promoted one step, and every private soldier enjoy the rank and pay of sergeant. That all the defenders of Saragossa and its inhabitants, and their heirs, should enjoy personal nobility. That pensions, conformable to their rank and circumstances, should be granted to the widows and orphans of all who had perished there. That the having been within the walls during the siege, should be considered a claim in future pretensions. That Saragossa should be exempt from all contributions for ten years from the time when peace should be established; and that at that time the rebuilding of the public edifices, with all possible magnificence, should be begun at the expense of the state, and a monument erected in the great square of the city, in perpetual memory of the valour of the inhabitants, and their glorious defence. That in all the cities of the kingdom an inscription should be forthwith set up, relating the most heroic circumstances of the two sieges, and a medal be struck in its honour, as a testimony of national gratitude. Finally, the junta promised the same honours and privileges to every city which should resist a like siege with a like constancy, and proposed rewards for the best poem and the best discourse on this memorable event; the object being not only to uphold the Saragossans to the present generation and to posterity, but to inflame the hearts of the Spaniards with the same

ardent patriotism, the same love of freedom, and the same abhorrence of tyranny.

The consequence of the fall of Saragossa was, in a military point of view, the submission of the whole province of Aragon, commanding the principal pass through the Pyrenees from that province to France; Monzon, Benasque, and other places, immediately submitted to the invaders.

In the commencement of this year, a treaty of amity and alliance was concluded between Great Britain and the Spanish nation acting in the name of Ferdinand VII.; in which the contracting parties bound themselves to make common cause against France and its usurping government; and the British government engaged to assist the Spanish nation in its resistance against Buonaparte and his brother Joseph, the usurper, to the utmost of its power. This promise, it will be seen in the sequel, was fulfilled to its utmost possible limits. In the early part of the year, Soult, who was at St. Jago de Compostella, in Galicia, received orders from Buonaparte to leave Ney in charge of that province, and to march with 30,000 men on Oporto, while Lapisse and Victor were with their armies to menace Portugal on its eastern frontier, and thus a joint movement was to be formed on Lisbon, which Buonaparte calculated would be in their possession by the 16th of February; "so deeply was the future career of the English in the Peninsula shrouded from the Frenchman's view." On the 1st of February, Soult, in obedience to his orders, "to cut down the people with grape shot," began his march, and reached Tuy on the 10th, which he made a place of arms, leaving his artillery and all heavy incumbrances, with a garrison for its defence, and entered Orense on the 15th. On his road from this town he overtook the rear-guard (9,000 men) of Romana's army (March 6th) at Monterey, which, after a short skirmish, fled towards Puebla de Sanabria. The fleeing Spaniards were so closely pressed by Franceschi's cavalry, that a body of about 3,000 finding itself assailed in the rear by the French infantry, and headed by their cavalry, halted on some rough ground, and formed a large weak square. Against each face of this square, Franceschi directed a regiment of cavalry; the dismayed Spaniards, were broken, trampled down, and sabred without mercy, to the number of 1,200. Soult then resumed his march to the banks of the Minho. But scarcely had Soult quitted

Galicia, than the patriots blockaded Tuy and Vigo. Soult despatched a force to relieve Tuy; but Vigo, where his military chest was deposited, surrendered to the Galician peasants, though garrisoned by 1,300 men.

At Soult's departure for Portugal, Ney assumed the charge of Galicia. Hearing that Romano, after a seven days' siege, had compelled the garrison of Villa Franca, consisting of 800 men, to surrender, he marched from Corunna against him, but Romana evaded him by retreating to the valley of the Syl.

At the close of the year 1808, we have seen the unfortunate results that attended the exertions of the patriots in Catalonia—that Vives and Reding, who were posted in a strong position at Cardaden to impede the advance of St. Cyr, for the relief of Barcelona, were defeated (December 16th) by that general, with the loss of 2,000 men, and all their artillery and ammunition; and also on the 21st of the same month, Reding, who had collected the fugitives, and had increased his force to 20,000 men by the debris of the various routed and dispersed patriot armies. It was by this means, as also by the prisoners who escaped from the French escorts, and those who deserted after they had been armed and equipped for Joseph Buonaparte's service, that the Spanish armies were recruited after their disasters, with so surprising facility and despatch. When the army of Castanos arrived at Cuenca, after the battle of Tudela, it was reduced to 9,000 foot and 2,000 horse; a month after, at the battle of Ucles, it was more than 20,000 strong. After the defeat of Blake's army at Espinosa, the marquis de Romana had great difficulty in collecting 5,000 soldiers in Galicia; but as early as the beginning of December he had assembled 22,000 men in the neighbourhood of the city of Leon, was overthrown by the same general, and his army totally routed in the course of half-an-hour, when all his stores, ammunition, artillery (fifty pieces), and magazines (in which were 30,000 stand of English arms), fell into the hands of the enemy. Reding, however, in no wise discouraged by his disasters, immediately began to reorganise his fugitive troops that had fled to Tarragona, and the mountains in the interior of the province, with the intention of marching to the relief of Saragossa. In the mean time the duke del Infantado, in the indulgence of his delusive dream of relieving Saragossa, recovering Madrid, and making a diversion for the relief of sir John

Moore's army, ordered Vanegas to canton his troops at Ucles, to be ready to co-operate in the design. This ill-omened ground—for here the Spaniards had, under Alonzo VI., endured the most disastrous defeat that the Christians had ever suffered from the Moors since the declaration of the kingdom of the Goths—was to be the scene of an action as disgraceful to the Spaniards for the facility with which they were routed, as it was infamous to the French for the enormous wickedness with which they abused their victory. On the 13th of January, the French, under Victor, attacked this ill-fated army, and instantly put it to the rout; some laid down their arms, others fled wildly across the fields. The fugitives, in their panic, rushing on the enemy's artillery, were cut down with grape-shot. The victors immediately rushed into the town of Ucles, and, to compel the inhabitants to discover where their valuables were secreted, they put them to the torture. Having obtained the portable wealth of the place, they yoked the towns-people together, and loading them with their own furniture, and piling it in heaps on the castle-hill, set fire to it. They then dragged a considerable number of the inhabitants to the shambles, and there butchered them. These monsters, besides perpetrating atrocities that "cannot be hinted at without violating the decencies of language and the reverence which is due to humanity," tore the nun from the altar, the wife from her husband's corpse, and the virgin from her mother's arms, and treated them with such foul brutality, that many of their victims expired on the spot. The loss of the patriots was great in killed, wounded, and prisoners; of the latter of whom the French boasted that they had taken 300 officers and 12,000 men, though Vanegas' force did not exceed 8,000 foot, and 1,900 horse. A great number of the prisoners were massacred in cold

blood; the rest were marched to Madrid, and such as fell by the way from hunger and exhaustion were shot by their captors.

The affairs of the patriots in Catalonia were equally inauspicious. St. Cyr attacked (February 17) the Spanish troops assembled at Igualada, under Juan Baptista de Castro, as a nucleus for the formation of a *levy en masse*, which had, in obedience to the order of the central junta, been ordered to be raised for the relief of Saragossa, and quickly put them to the rout.

He immediately marched against Reding, sacking and burning, in his progress, Villarodoña and La Puebla; and for the purpose of cutting off Reding's retreat to Tarragona, and intercept his communications with that fortress, he took possession of Valls.

Reding was now on his march to Tarragona, with 12,000 troops, in a state of discipline superior to that of any body of troops which the patriots had yet been able to bring into the field in that quarter. The vanguard and the centre had in the course of its night march (February 24th) passed the town of Valls, when a volley of musketry being poured in, the Spaniards, both those that had passed the town and those who had not come up, took their battle station with alacrity and precision; the artillery on both sides began to play; and at the same moment the French, descending from the heights of Valls, were met by the Spaniards, and attacked so vigorously, that they were driven back to the heights. But reinforcements arriving to their aid, Reding, on account of the exhausted state of his army from its night march, determined to retreat towards Tarragona. But the following morning forced him to a re-engagement, when, after a short combat, with the loss of 2,000 men and all their artillery and baggage, Reding was severely wounded, having received five sabre wounds, from the effects of which he shortly after died.*

* The eulogy on this brave man—the real conqueror at Baylen, whatever Spaniards may say to the contrary—by Mr. Southey, is too touching and appropriate to need an apology for its introduction here:—

"The cause for which Theodore Reding fell, was the same for which his brother Aloys had fought amidst their native mountains; it was the cause of his own countrymen, as well as of the Spaniards; the cause of all good men everywhere. The motives for which ordinary wars have been undertaken are so mean and transitory, and come so little to the heart of man, that after a few years have elapsed all interest concerning them is exhausted; and even nationality does not prevent us from feeling that they whose

lives have been expended in such contests, have died rather in the exercise of their profession than of their duty. But the struggle of Spain against Buonaparte is of the same eternal and unfading interest as the wars of Greece against Xerxes: at whatever distance of time its records shall be perused, they will excite in every generous mind the same indignant and ennobling sympathy. Not, therefore, in an ungrateful service did Reding lay down his life, for with those records his name will be perpetuated: Switzerland will remember him with pride, as one of the most honourable, though not the most fortunate of her sons; and Spain with respectful gratitude, as a soldier not unworthy of her service in its best day, and true to it in its worst."

The discomfited patriots fled to the mountains, or to Tortosa, or Barcelona.

The result of this victory was, that the French, on the following day, entered Reuss, a rich commercial city, which saved itself from inevitable destruction by voluntarily raising a large contribution for the French army. The sick and wounded Spaniards in the hospitals were sent by St. Cyr to Tarragona, who, as they amounted to several thousands, occasioned an infectious disease to break out in that city.

St. Cyr had hoped by his victory at Valls, assisted by his ruse of sending the sick and wounded to Tarragona, that the Spaniards would be convinced of their usual inferiority to their conquerors, and their hopelessness of escaping the horrors of war. But he was mistaken, so far from having that effect the spirit of the Catalans was raised, and and the central junta spoke of his victory in their proclamations as one of those defeats in which ill-fortune brought with it no dishonour, but rather hope and confidence. They never believed themselves conquered, or doubted of their overcoming their enemies. Neither did they allow themselves to be depressed by reverses. Like the Roman senate, which after the defeat of Cannæ, thanked Varus that he had not despaired of the salvation of Rome; so the supreme junta of Seville declared, by a public ordonnance, after Cuesta's signal overthrow at Medellin, that he and his army had deserved well of their country, and awarded them the like recompense as if they had been victorious. Their patriotism was a religion, as it was with the ancient Romans, who never allowed themselves to despair, or believed that they had been conquered, even in the midst of disasters. As the sacred eagles of the god of the capitol, bore aloft in battle, led the Romans on to victory, the religious sentiment of dependence on their patron saint animated and cheered on the Spaniards in their aspirations for independent nationality. The vision of "driving the enemy across the frontier," constantly flitted before their eyes, and inspired them with renewed hope.

The enemy now occupied Villa Franca and the port of Salen, and thus cut off Tarragona from all communication by sea and land with the rest of Spain. Want of provisions, however, compelled them to retreat from that city; St. Cyr accordingly retrograded towards the Lobregat and the French frontier, and took post near Vich,

for the purpose of preparing for the siege of Gerona.

On his retreat, the Somatenes and Migueletes reissued from their mountains in renewed force and vigour. These irregular troops began to acquire that superiority which this species of warfare assured them; Chabron's division, harassed by repeated assaults, fell back from Igualada on Villa Franca, and the Spaniards, pushing parties up to the walls of Barcelona, cut off St. Cyr's communication with that city, and so excited Duhesme's apprehensions of the patriots within the city gaining possession of some of the gates, and delivering them up to their countrymen, that he determined to compel all the principal functionaries and the military to take the oath of allegiance to the intruders; and on their refusal to disgrace themselves and betray their country, both civilians and military were sent as prisoners of war into France.

To so high a pitch had the spirit of patriotism risen among the rural population of the mountainous districts, that the peasants of the Vallés displayed a memorable example of the sacrifices that love of country will excite the heart of man to make. Their country lies in the line between Vich and Barcelona; and the peasants taking arms to impede the communication, occupied the heights near the church of Canovellas, about a mile from Granollers, which is the capital of that district. The district is so strong, that the invaders were desirous of opening the communication by persuasion rather than by force, and therefore communicated to the insurgents, that the French commanders had ordered their troops to make war on soldiers only, not on peasants; that if they would lay down their arms, and retire every man to his house, no injury should be done them; but otherwise, there was a division in their front, and another was coming in their rear. A written answer was returned in the name of the peasants of the Vallés. "They held it a great honour," they said, "to form a part, but a small one, of the Spanish nation; and they had seen what their requital had been from receiving and entertaining the French troops, when their government had commanded them to do so; their peaceful habitations had been invaded, their property plundered, their houses burned, their women violated, their brethren murdered in cold blood; and, above all, the religion of their forefathers outraged and profaned. Nothing remained for them but

to repel force by force. General St. Cyr and his companions might have the poor glory of beholding that country one heap of ruins; they might pass in triumph over the bodies of those whom they had sacrificed; but neither they nor their master should ever say that the people of the Vallés had submitted their necks to a yoke which the whole nation had indignantly spurned." The success with which these peasants harassed the French, and cut off some of their artillery and baggage, raised the spirits of the Catalans more than the battle of Valls had depressed them. The devoted attachment of the Spanish peasantry to their country is admirably exhibited in the following incident mentioned by M. Rocca in his *Mémoires de la Guerre Française en Péninsule*.

"Among the insurgent peasants seized by our skirmishers, was one armed with a gun, who was driving before him an ass, laden with provisions for his family. The officer of the advanced guard took pity on him, and ordered him to be set at liberty, making signs to him to escape. The peasant availed himself of the boon granted, but quickly returned and fired at his deliverer; but the ball missed. The man had hoped to die a martyr, by killing one whom he supposed to be one of our chiefs. On being brought before the colonel of the regiment, our men told him that he would be shot; he immediately, and proudly, knelt down, prayed to the Virgin Mary and the saints, and then awaited his death. Had these men," says the narrator, "have known how to fight as well as they did to die, we should not so easily have passed the Pyrenees."

The next calamity that befel the patriot cause was the defeat of the Estramaduran army, under Cartajal, at La Carolina, or as it is sometimes termed, Ciudad Real. Here general Sebastiani attacked him (March

27th), and quickly putting his army to the rout, pursued it to the entrance of the Sierra Morena, capturing 4,000 prisoners, among whom were 200 officers, 18 pieces of cannon, and sabring 3,000 of the scared troops in their flight, though, according to his official report, they had fled on the first charge, without the least resistance.

A still greater disaster awaited Cuesta's army in Estremadura. The French having crossed the Tagus, by the Puerto del Arzobispo, and dislodged the Spaniards from their position at Mesa d'Ibor, advanced against Cuesta, but in their march the chasers of the advanced guard were surprised at the village of Mia Casas by some squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, and lost above 150 of their party. Cuesta now apprehending, from the circumstance of a heavy train of artillery having been sent from Madrid towards Estremadura, that the object of the enemy quitting his strong position at the bridge of Almaraz, was to lay siege to Badajoz, posted his army, consisting of 20,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, at Medellin, for the purpose of annoying the besiegers in their operations against that city, and cutting off their communication with Madrid. At first the Spaniards occupied the heights and the town of Don Benito, but perhaps influenced by the recollection of the victory gained by their ancestors over the Moors on those plains, Cuesta drew up his army in a kind of crescent, in one line, of about a league in extent, without any reserve, or availing himself of any advantage of ground, on the wide and open plain in front of Medellin, so confident was he of the result of the contest. The French army, under Victor, amounted to 18,000 infantry and 2,500 cavalry, and had been concentrated on the 21st of March, in Merida and its neighbourhood, crossing the Guadiana, advanced against the patriots on the 28th.

THE BATTLE OF MEDELLIN.

THE BATTLE of Medellin, or, as it is sometimes termed, Merida, began about eleven o'clock, on the 28th of March. The French batteries opened on the Spanish infantry, who had been ordered to charge with the bayonet, and take them; the order was bravely obeyed; two regiments of French dragoons charged the foot, but were repulsed with loss; the German division, which had been formed

in the centre of the enemy's line in close columns, being now resolutely attacked, formed itself into square, but resisted with so much difficulty, that Cuesta was in full hope of a complete victory, and Victor not without apprehensions of a defeat, till part of the French reserve succeeded in enabling their comrades to keep their ground. The Spaniards on the left had taken the first

battery, when a strong body of cavalry advancing to recover it, the whole of the Spanish cavalry on the left took panic, and, without facing the foe, or attempting to make the least stand, fled in the greatest disorder from the field, most of them to the distance of many leagues. The day being irrecoverably lost by the defeat of the left wing, the victors turned on the centre and the right, and directing the whole force of their artillery on those columns, a total dispersion of both took place, though the right wing had, while the discomfiture of the left wing was taking place, compelled the enemy to give ground, and was following up its success. A chain of cavalry now forming around the routed patriots, gave no quarter, in pursuance of the murderous system on which it had been instructed to act. The survivors threw down their arms, and took to headlong flight, pursued by the whole of the French cavalry. The infantry followed the cavalry, and despatched the wounded with their bayonets. Weariness, rather than compunction, put a stop to the carnage. The Spanish loss in killed is variously stated from 7,000 to 12,000 men. Two regiments of Swiss and Walloon guards were stretched on the field in the very line they had occupied in battle. The loss in prisoners was from 3,000 to 7,000; but of the latter not 2,000 ever reached Madrid. A wounded Spanish officer was brought into the room where Victor was at supper, when the French marshal said to him, "If my orders had been obeyed, sir, you would not have been here."* Those orders had been too well obeyed. The French dragoons were a large part of the night of the battle employed in rubbing their sword-arms with soap and spirits, to recover the muscles, from that day's slaughter. And their cruelty was not yet satiated. A peasant in one of the neighbouring villages had a son in Cuesta's army; when the army drew near Medellin, Juan's conversation induced his two brothers to join the army as volunteers. Juan was never after seen; but the father, on searching the field of battle,

found Antonio's body, and his wounded brother Carlos weeping over it. He removed the dead son and the living one to his cottage. A party of the French, in their work of pillage, entering the house, deliberately shot the wounded son before the face of his father. When every thing had been lost by the ill-fated patriots, and that their last battalion had been broken and scattered, the duke of Albuquerque, and generals Alava and Eguia, with an English officer of the name of Whittingham, and a few orderlies, remained on the field, endeavouring to rally and form the scared and fleeing Spaniards. This little party, when they saw that all was lost, broke through the chain of cavalry by which they were surrounded, and in the course of their flight general Alava was addressed by name by a wounded Spanish soldier, who entreated him not to leave him to be butchered by the merciless French soldiery. The general, disregarding the imminent danger in which his own life would, by the delay, be placed, from the hot pursuit of the approaching French dragoons, pulled up, and desired the soldier to mount behind him, declaring that they would escape, or fall together. As soon as the wounded man was mounted, *en croup*, the horse was again urged forward, and fortunately both the wounded soldier and the noble-hearted general escaped their merciless pursuers.

When Cuesta had collected the remains of his fugitive troops at the rallying point Llerena, he thanked them, in his general orders, for their good conduct, excepting by name the horse regiments that had disgracefully fled. Three of the colonels he suspended from their rank, and he took from the privates one of their pistols, till by some good service they should regain the honour which they had lost. The conduct of the junta was equally magnanimous and politic. They decreed pensions to the widows and orphans of all who had fallen at Medellin, in proportion to their rank and circumstances, and a badge of distinction to those corps who had distinguished themselves.

* In the pursuit from Medellin, and some other battle-fields of the feeble efforts of the patriots, the savage work of pursuing and slaughtering, for several miles, the supplicating and defenceless fugitives, is spoken of in the French accounts of those battles, as a severe labour that quite exhausted the victors; in the language of the narrator, "they were worn out in the savage and merciless work." In one battle nine thousand fugitive peasants were cut down; in another, three thousand of the fleeing host were slaugh-

tered; and in neither case, did the merciless havoc cease while a fugitive could be overtaken. At Ucles, a large number of the nine thousand prisoners taken, when they could march no farther through inanition and fatigue, were shot without mercy. Nor was this an isolated instance of French cruelty. At Ucles many of the principal inhabitants were bound in pairs and massacred in the slaughter-houses, and their wives and daughters delivered over to the passion and brutality of the soldiery.

They pronounced that the general and the body of the army had deserved well of their country. Knowing that Cuesta had been lamed, by the fall from his horse, they required him in all his despatches to report the state of his health. In the preamble to their decree they said that all the details of the battle tended to console them for its loss, and that the spirit of Herman Cortes might have beheld with joy the courage which his countrymen had manifested upon the scene of his childhood. The example of that day, they said, might make them hope that with perseverance they might form an infantry capable of defending the national independence; an infantry that should be the worthy rival and successor of those famous *Tercios*, which, under the best captains in the world, had supported the glory of Spain in Flanders and in Italy, and in Germany.

On the death of Reding, Blake having been appointed his successor in the command of the Catalanian patriot army, his appointment so raised the spirits of the soldiers and the people, that the inhabitants of Monzon, a fortification on the left bank of the Cinca, rose upon the French garrison, who were tyrannizing over the country, and levying contributions without mercy, and drove the invaders out. They had been enabled to effect this from the absence of the greater part of the garrison, being marched to the town of Albelda, which had refused to answer one of their oppressive demands, and was to be made, in French phraseology, an example of for its disobedience. In their attempt to retake the place, and punish the inhabitants, the French lost in prisoners eight companies, who were cut off in their attempt to recross the Cinca, after having being repulsed from Monzon.

To revenge the affront received on the Cinca, and repair the late reverses, Suchet, who had superseded Junôt in Arragon, advanced from Saragossa with 10,000 infantry and 800 cavalry against Blake, who was posted in the plain of Alcaniz, in front of that city. At six of the morning of May 26th, the hostile armies were in front of each other. The action began by an attack by the French on the centre of the Spanish line, which was with difficulty repulsed. Defeated in this attempt, Suchet withdrew to the heights, on which he originally took post; and after an action of seven hours, both armies stood looking at each other; but a false report being spread

by a drummer in the course of the night, the French army was so panic-struck, that it fled towards Saragossa in confusion, as if it had been utterly routed, leaving 500 dead on the field, and about as many wounded. The loss of the Spaniards was not 400.

Blake, inspired by his recent success, determined to recover Saragossa. On the 14th of June, he was in front of that city, with an army of 17,000 men. Early on the following morning, Suchet drew out his whole force from Saragossa, and the battle was fought under the walls of the town. The fire began at the advanced posts at five in the morning, and continued increasing till the same time in the afternoon, when a violent storm arising, which concealed the two from each other, the French general having during the obscurity prepared for the decisive movement of breaking the Spanish line,—no sooner had the weather cleared, than he made a rapid charge on the Spanish right, and having broken it, turned fiercely on the centre. To prevent a total rout, Blake withdrew his army, and retreated to Barrita, where he was joined by Areizaga, with 5,000 men. The loss of the Spaniards was 1,000 men and twenty guns; that of the French 800. This battle, in Spanish history, is termed *the Battle of Maria*.

On the following day he retreated to Belchite, where he was followed and attacked by Suchet. After four or five shots had been fired on both sides, and a few shells had been thrown by the French, which wounded four or five men, one of the shots falling into the middle of a regiment, the men were seized with a sudden panic, and fled; the panic instantaneously spread; a second and a third regiment ran away without firing a gun, and in a few minutes the generals were left with none but a few officers in the midst of the position. With all their efforts, they could not rally more than 200 men, and no other remedy was left to them but flight, leaving artillery, baggage, ammunition, and all the materiel of the army in the possession of the enemy. The fall of the fortresses of Tortoso, Morella, and Monzon was the result of this defeat.

The defeat was, in all its circumstances, so disgraceful and disheartening, that Blake almost sank under it. He wrote to the government, that the calamity was so oppressive to his feelings, that he was not able to enter into its details, but considered it due to the nation that a judicial inquiry should be instituted into the conduct of a

general, under whose command an army of from 13,000 to 14,000 effective men had been utterly routed and dispersed. "He knew that he had not been culpable," he said, "but after so many proofs of his unhappy fortune, he wished not to be employed any longer in command. As a Spaniard and a soldier, he was still ready to serve his country in an inferior station, and he requested that only some portion of his present pay might be continued for the support of his family, or a part of the *encomienda* which had recently been conferred on him, but which it was not fitting that one so useless should retain." The

government neither accepted his offered resignation, nor instituted any inquiry,—for the Roman senate never demeaned itself more generously towards their unfortunate general, than did the central junta of Spain—it declared that the commander-in-chief and the generals had done their duty, and retained the confidence of the country. To brand the fugitives in a body would have been useless. A religion which is contented to accept the slightest degree of contrition, and keeps short reckoning with conscience, would soon teach them to be on easy terms with themselves.

SIEGE (THE THIRD AND LAST) OF GERONA.

THE town and fortress of Gerona stand upon the side and foot of a hill, where the little river, Onar, which divides the city from the suburbs, falls into the Ter. A wall fifteen feet high surrounds the upper town, but a rampart and wet ditch protect the lower. The citadel, Monjuic, and the forts termed the Capucins, which are situated on rocky eminences, constituted the principal defence. Monjuic was a square fort about 240 yards on each face, and was situate about sixty fathoms from the city.

The reduction of this place was an object of deep interest to the despoiler of Spanish freedom and nationality, and since the last attempt of his generals to obtain its possession, they had been busily preparing for their renewed assault. The brave Geronans and their gallant governor, Mariano Alvarez, were as actively employed in their efforts for defence, and exhibiting a sacrifice of heroic duty, no less memorable than that which Saragossa had displayed; to which they were encouraged by having twice driven the enemy from before their walls. The inhabitants of the place were about 14,000,

but they were overlaid by priests and religieux, who formed more than a fourth of the number. The garrison consisted of 3,400 men. The French army numbered 30,000 men, under the command of St. Cyr, and Verdier.

Every military preparation that the circumstances permitted was taken to prepare for the contest; and as the surest reliance was to be placed on that moral resistance, of which the Saragossans had set them so glorious an example, the whole male population, without distinction of rank or age, formed itself into a corps, to support the efforts of the garrison. Women, too, even of the highest rank and station, formed themselves into an association which they called "The Company of St. Barbara," to bear away and attend to the wounded, and perform whatever duties lay in their power, as their countrywomen had done at Saragossa. The patron saint of the town, St. Narcissus,* or as he was called in the clipt language of the province, St. Narcis, and who had obtained the credit of defeating Duhesme in his attempt on the city, was de-

* The Spaniards are the most superstitious and credulous people on the face of the earth. Every town and even every village have their patrons, to whom they pray, and on whom they place their confidence. In all the towns and villages, and even on the high roads, saints and virgins are set up in niches, with the inscriptions underneath, "One thousand years"—"Two thousand years"—"Ten thousand years' indulgences for every one who will say five Paters, and five Aves before this holy image." Their lofty opinions of themselves and their nation are on a par with their superstitious notions. Such is their nature, that imagination cannot tax itself sufficiently to produce absurdities proportionately to their credulity. During the siege of Saragossa, the

extravagant report that the French were in headlong flight, and the marquis de Lazar was wasting France in his march to Paris, met with implicit credence. Several nuns, who believed themselves to be inspired prophetesses, were produced to the inhabitants of Seville, to assure them, that if ever the French should see the walls of that town, the fire of heaven would fall upon them, before they could reach the gates. In many other towns, the same prophetic inspiration descended on the nuns, who invariably predicted the destruction that awaited the invaders; and their extravagant predictions were religiously believed by the populace: so hoodwinked and stultified were that people by priestly craft and delusion.

clared generalissimo of the armies. To give effect to the appointment of his saintship, the aid of Romish superstition was invoked. A meeting was held for the purpose, of the municipality, the chapter, the heads of the religious houses, and all the chief persons of the city, Julien Bolivar presiding, as the king's lieutenant. Resolutions were passed, that seeing St. Narcissus had always vouchsafed his especial protection to the principality of Catalonia, as had been manifested during the former invasions of the French, and recently by the defeat of Duhesme, which was wholly owing to his favour; and seeing, moreover, that for the purpose of resisting the tyranny and oppression of Napoleon Buonaparte, it was necessary to appoint a commander, who should be capable of directing their operations and repulsing so inveterate and cruel an enemy, no one could so worthily fill that office as the invincible patron and martyr, St. Narcis; and therefore, in the name of Ferdinand the king, they nominated him generalissimo of all the Spanish forces, by land and sea, and confided to him the defence of Gerona, of its district, and of the whole principality. On the following Sunday, the junta, with all the clergy and persons of distinction, went in procession to notify this appointment to the saint, in his shrine in the church of St. Felix; the shrine was opened, and a general's staff, a sword, and a belt, all richly ornamented, were deposited beside the relics of the chosen commander; and the enthusiastic joy which the mummary excited was such, that the spectators said it seemed as if the glory of the Lord had descended and filled the church, manifesting that their devotion was approved and blessed by heaven. And further to animate his fellow-townsmen, and restrain by fear the few treacherous that might be waiting, when an opportunity offered, to side with the foe, and betray their country, Alvarez published an edict, forbidding all persons from speaking of capitulation, on pain of immediate death, without exception of rank, class, or condition: the noble order ran thus, and was dated May 5th:—"Whoever speaks of a capitulation or surrender, shall be instantly put to death;" and the order was received, both by the garrison and people, with acclamations.

On the 6th of May the besiegers first appeared on the heights of Casa Roca and Costarroga, on the opposite side of the Ter, and began to form their lines without op-

position. When the lines were completed, and everything ready to commence the bombardment, a flag of truce was sent (the 12th of June), requiring submission. Alvarez desired the officer who was the bearer of the summons, to tell his general to save himself the trouble of sending flags of truce in future, as no other communication would be held with him but at the mouth of the cannon. On the night of the day following the summons, about an hour after midnight, the bombardment began. Then, for the first time, the *generale*, or alarm, was beat; a sound that afterwards became so frequent in this devoted city. Roused from their sleep, the aged and the children repaired to cellars and other places of imagined security, which they who could had provided for this emergency; and the female company of St. Barbara hastened to their posts. The bombardment continued, and, among other buildings, the military hospital and those of St. Domingo and St. Martin were destroyed, so that, as the sick and wounded increased, the difficulty of providing for them was greatly augmented. About the end of the month an epidemic affection, in the shape of a bilious fever of the bowels, became prevalent, occasioned partly by the perpetual agitation of mind which the people endured, and partly by sleeping in damp subterranean places.

During these operations Palamos, a port by means of which Gerona communicated by sea with Tarragona, was carried by assault, by Italian troops under general Fontane, and the only persons found in it who were spared from slaughter, were the few who threw themselves into the sea, to escape the ferocity of the foe. This dreadful carnage was highly approved of by St. Cyr; it would prove, he said, useful as an example to other towns. The express words of the heartless soldier were: "La gloire de defendre ses foyers domestiques, menacés par l'étranger, est grande, la plus grande de toutes, peut-être; mais la vertu qui y fait prétendre, ne serait point la première des vertus, si elle pouvait être pratiquée sans peril!"

Verdier, in the mean time, prosecuted the siege with vigour. The suburbs were soon rendered untenable, and by the beginning of June, their batteries keeping up an incessant fire upon three sides of the fortress of Monjuic, the angle upon which the flag was hoisted fell into the ditch; Mariano Montano, who commanded at this post, instantly descended amidst a shower of balls,

brought it up in safety, and replanted it on the walls. The breaching batteries having thundered incessantly on the walls for a fortnight, a breach having been effected wide enough for forty men abreast, about three o'clock of the morning of the 8th of July, an assault, under cover of a tremendous bombardment, was made by a close column of 6,000 of the enemy. Thrice the assailants renewed the assault, and thrice they were driven back. The summit of the breach was so formidably barricaded, that it was not possible to surmount the obstacles; and the flanking fire of the half-moon and ravelin did such fearful execution among them, that their loss in killed and wounded amounted to above one thousand men. A mortar which lay masked among the ruins of the ravelin, and which discharged five hundred musket-balls at every shot, was played full upon the foe, and the havoc which it made was immense. The company of St. Barbara distinguished themselves on this occasion; covered with dust and blood, under the burning heat of July, and through the incessant fire of the batteries and musketry, they carried water and wine to the soldiers, and bore back the wounded. Throughout the whole siege those heroic women shrunk from no duty, however laborious, however perilous, or however painful. In the frequent removal of the hospitals, which the bombardment occasioned, the exertions of the company of St. Barbara were attended with the severest toil, and the most imminent danger. Three of the leaders are especially mentioned—Dona Lucia Joana de Fitzgérald, Dona Mariangela Vivern, and Dona Maria Custi, commandants of the three divisions of St. Narcis, St. Dorothy, and St. Eulalia. An instance of extraordinary heroism was displayed one day by a youthful drummer of the name of Luciano Ancio. He was stationed to give the alarm whenever a shell was thrown; a ball struck off his leg at the knee, but when the women came to remove him, he begged of them to leave him where he was, saying, "As my arms are left, I can still beat the drum, to give my comrades warning in time to save themselves." Every day produced similar acts of heroism, both among the garrison and the townspeople.

The severe loss which the enemy had received in their late attack, convinced them that Monjuic was not to be taken by assault; they therefore resorted to the operation of the sap and mine. During the mining

operations, repeated attempts were made night after night to storm the ravelin, which was now the chief defence of Monjuic, but as it was a point of contention with the garrison who should be stationed there, the defenders were always ready, and always repulsed the enemy. To harass the garrison as much as possible, marksmen and sharpshooters were thickly stationed in the trenches, and so fatal was their aim, that for any of the garrison to be seen only for a moment was certain death; and this process of destruction was carried on so effectually, that it became only possible to observe what the enemy was about, by some one in the fosse lifting up his head and taking a momentary glance, for the besiegers had pushed their parallels to the very edge of the fosse.

Monjuic had now held out thirty-seven days since the practicable breach had been made. The defences being utterly ruined, and the fort no longer tenable, the governor deemed it his duty to preserve the men still left, that they might assist in the defence of the city. On the evening of the 11th of August he abandoned the ruins, and retired into Gerona. Five hundred of the intrepid garrison, which originally consisted of nine hundred men, had been killed and wounded, but the assailants had lost six times the number. Just after the fall of Monjuic, the garrison of Gerona was recruited by the arrival of seven hundred volunteers from the neighbouring towns and villages, who had passed unobserved through the enemy's lines.

About the end of August several breaches had been made in the walls of the lower town, from the batteries which the enemy had planted on Monjuic. Every hour an assault being expected, and as strong appeals had been made by many of the inhabitants to the governor to propose terms of capitulation, he published the following order to the troops occupying the first posts:—"The troops that occupy the second line have orders to fire on any Spaniards who retreat from the first line, as enemies to their country, who, by their example, do greater injury than the foreign enemy." But the garrison was now so greatly reduced by death and wounds, that the hospitals could no longer contain the numbers that required admission; the contagion increased, and became more virulent; the magazines were exhausted, and famine was beginning to be severely felt. Still not a word of capitulation was heard within the city.

In this critical moment Blake advanced with an army of 14,000 men, and a large convoy of supplies, to the relief of the place. Having made arrangements with Claros and Roviro, two Somatene chiefs, to threaten the besiegers' posts on the north, from the side of Figueras, he advanced from the side of Hostalrich. He accomplished his purpose by diverting their attention on various points of their extensive line, and inducing them to suppose that he intended to give battle in the quarter directly opposite to that by which the convoy was to proceed. This was accomplished with complete success by general Condé and colonel O'Donnell. Those officers, having left 3,000 men to reinforce the garrison, returned successfully with the rest of their force and the beasts of burden, to Hostalrich. As the stores introduced amounted only to a fifteen days' supply, Alvarez reduced the rations one-half, resolved to meet the extremity which he saw was now to be expected. At this time the convent of N. Señora de los Angeles, the chief outpost held by the besieged without the city, and which was an important point, as facilitating both ingress and egress for the besieged, was carried by the enemy, after a brave resistance by its garrison of 500 men, when every man was mercilessly put to the sword, except the governor and three other officers, who, leaping from the windows, escaped; in retaliation, as the captors said, for the massacre of some of their sick and wounded who had fallen into the hand of Roviro and other guerilla chiefs.

The fire of the breaching batteries was now recommenced with redoubled fury, on the three points of St. Lucia, St. Christobal, and the Quartel de Alemanes, or quarter of the Germans, that the French might enter over their ruins as by a bridge. The fire was well sustained by the besieged in return; but the French had so greatly the advantage, both in the size and number of their artillery, that Alvarez ordered a sortie, for the purpose of spiking the enemy's guns, and destroying his most advanced works; but though the assailants were partly successful, they were repulsed. By the 18th of September, the batteries had effected three enormous breeches, and the engineers declared that they were all practicable. But Monjuie having taught the enemy not to be confident of success, a white flag was sent to the town, and the French officers refusing to retire on Alvarez's verbal order to do so, they were fired on. As soon as the

officers reached their own lines, a furious bombardment began on the town, and all the batteries opened on the walls and breaches; and this continued without intermission, till day-break of the 19th. Between the hours of three and four of that day, the enemy was seen advancing in force towards the three breaches. Now was to commence a struggle of unparalleled resolution and heroism.

The tocsin was rung from the cathedral and beaten through the streets. The whole of the inhabitants hurried to the posts assigned them, and calmly and silently, amidst the fire of two hundred pieces of artillery, awaited death in the service of their country. There was scarcely an interval between the alarm and attack, so near to the walls were the points of which the enemy was in possession. Under a terrific fire of artillery that swept the ramparts by which they were flanked, three massive columns of 2,000 men each marched direct to the breaches. The Geronans were prepared to receive them at each point. The company of St. Barbara was distributed among the different posts, to perform their functions, and proclamations were issued inviting the other women of Gerona to assist them in the awful hour.

"Three times did the assailants, with the most heroic courage, mount to the summit of the breaches, and three times were they repulsed, by the equally heroic firmness of the besieged." At the Quartel de Alemanes, they succeeded in forcing their way into the first quadrangle of the building, their batteries in the meanwhile playing on the walls and buildings adjoining the breach; when the Geronans, rushing forward, drove them back to the breach, the contending parties fighting hand to hand all the way. Such was the press of the conflict, and such the enthusiasm that animated the defenders of the town, that impatient of the time required for re-loading their muskets, they caught up stones from the breach, and brained their enemies with those readier weapons. After a contest of two hours' duration, the enemy withdrew hastily and in disorder, leaving the breaches covered with his slain, and weakened by the loss of sixteen hundred men. Of the besieged forty-five fell on this glorious day, and 197 were wounded. Among the former were three gallant sons of England, by name Marshall, M'Carty, and O'Donnell. Alvarez, during the whole of the assault,

hastened from post to post, wherever there was most need of his presence, providing every thing, directing all, and encouraging all: he had prepared cressets to light up the walls and breaches in case the enemy should persist in his attempt after darkness had closed.

A glorious success had been gained, but it brought the conquerors no rest, no respite, scarcely even a prolongation of hope; and after all their exertions, the only refreshment they could obtain was a scanty mess of pulse or corn with a little oil, or a morsel of bacon in its stead. For want of other animal food, mules and horses were slaughtered for the hospital and in the shambles. Fuel was exceedingly scarce; yet the heaps which were placed at the corners of the streets, to illuminate them in case of danger, remained untouched, and not a billet was taken from them during the whole siege. At the same time the fever became more prevalent.

St. Cyr now despairing of obtaining possession of Gerona by the sacrifice of his soldiers, determined to convert the siege into a blockade, hoping, to use his own heartless phraseology, to accomplish that by "time, fever, and famine," which the fervid enthusiasm and desperate valour of the besieged proved to him he could not easily obtain by force of arms. Having thus extinguished in himself all sense of humanity, he prepared to accomplish the reduction of the heroic city by the medium of famine and disease, aided by the cruel process of bombardment and the ceaseless fire of artillery.

The besieged were now looking anxiously for Blake and his army, to make another effort for their relief. On the morning of the 26th he approached the town with a force consisting of ten thousand men and a convoy of two thousand laden beasts. But St. Cyr having drawn his lines round the town more closely than they were at the time of the entrance of the first convoy, only one thousand men under O'Donnell, with 170 laden beasts, could effect an entrance; the rest fell into the hands of the enemy; and Blake was defeated with the loss of 3,000 men.

St. Cyr now was superseded, October 13th, by Augereau; and not many hours after his taking the command of the besieging force, O'Donnell, with his brave band, accompanied by a few families of the town, broke through the besieging army in the course of

the night, and reached Blake at St. Colona, with scarcely any loss. They had passed through five-and-twenty posts of the enemy, through many of which they forced their way with sword and bayonet. Souhan was surprised in his quarters, and fled in his shirt, leaving behind him as much booty and plunder as the Spaniards had time to lay hands on.

The first act of Augereau was to possess himself of Hostalrich, where magazines were collected for the relief of Gerona. After a gallant resistance, the garrison, consisting of 2,000 men, retreated into the citadel, leaving the magazines in the possession of the enemy. The French now redoubled their vigilance; they drew their lines closer to the city; stretched cords with bells along the interspaces; and kept watch dogs at all the posts. The bombardment was continued with fresh fury, and always with greater violence during the night than during the day, in the hope of exhausting the Geronans by depriving them of sleep. Augereau sent letters into the city, threatening the utmost vengeance if the defence was prolonged, but at the same time offering an armistice for a month, and to send in provisions, if Alvarez would then capitulate if relief did not arrive; an act of humanity unequalled by any other French general during the Revolutionary War of France; but the terms were sternly rejected by Alvarez and the Geronans.

The siege being now converted into a blockade, and the arrival of large reinforcements from France enabling the beleaguering force to preserve it more strictly, famine began to do the fearful work of the enemy more effectually than his arms. Both the private stores and the public magazines were exhausted; the whole garrison and population were in a famishing state; and the few mules and horses which remained unslaughtered, were reduced to so severe a state of starvation, that they gnawed the hair from each other's manes and tails before they were led to the shambles. The enemy, aware of the dire privation that prevailed in the city, endeavoured to tempt the garrison to desert, by calling out to them to come and eat, and holding out provisions. A few were tempted; they were received with embraces, and fed in sight of the walls. But notwithstanding all their privations, all their sufferings, still the people of Gerona, as a body, opposed an heroic spirit of endurance to the enemy. The only circumstance that cast a shade of

dishonour on the heroic patriotism of the Geronans, either garrison or townsmen, during the whole of the siege, was the desertion of ten officers, two of whom were of noble birth, who, failing to persuade the governor to capitulate, took this disgraceful mode of revenge. Except in this instance, the number of deserters was very small. Towards the end of November, many of the inhabitants preferring their chance of death to the certainty of being made prisoners, ventured to pass the enemy's lines, some failing in the attempt, others being more fortunate.

The siege had endured nearly seven months; scarcely a woman had become pregnant during that time; the very dogs, before hunger had consumed them, had ceased to follow their kind; they did not even fawn on their masters; the almost incessant thunder of artillery seemed to make them sensible of the state of the city, and the unnatural atmosphere affected them* as well as human kind. It even affected vegetation. In the gardens within the walls the fruits withered, and scarcely any vegetables could be raised. The pestilential vapours that arose from the stagnation of the rain-water in the streets and the sewers, was rendered more noxious by the dead bodies which lay rotting amidst the ruins. Within the last three weeks above 500 of the garrison had died in the hospitals; a dysentery was raging and spreading, the sick were lying upon the ground without food or medicine; and there was scarcely fuel to dress the little wheat and the few horses yet unconsumed. At length human nature was exhausted; but the flame of patriotism still survived: "if by these sacrifices," said the heroic Geronans, "the liberty of our country can be secured, happy shall we be in the bosom of eternity and in the memory of good men, and happy will our children be among their fallen countrymen." This melancholy picture of the sufferings of the Geronans is not in the least overcharged; it was strictly true; and the dismal wreck of destruction still continued.

The breaches which had been assaulted ten weeks before were still open, and another being now made, the enemy determined

* All dumb animals have an instinctive aversion to the smell of putrefying animal flesh. Rocca (*Histoire de la Guerre Française en Péninsule*) says that the oxen of La Mesta, which had come as usual to pasture in the neighbourhood, fled with horror from the pasture grounds, at the sight of the dead bodies of Cuesta's

on holder operations, having learned from the ten treacherous deserting officers that the ammunition and food were almost expended. They accordingly, having obtained possession of the Calle del Carmen, the forts Merced and Paula, with the city redoubts, were close to the walls, and thus cut off the forts of the Capucins and the Constable. As those forts were of the last importance, and their little garrisons, amounting to 160 men, were without food, and had scarcely any powder, and but little water, it was resolved to make a sortie for their relief, the garrison of the town giving up for this purpose their own scanty rations, contributed enough for the consumption of three days. The men who could be allotted for this service, or indeed who were equal to it, sallied in broad day through the Puerto del Socorro, within pistol-shot of the redoubts of the enemy. The sally was so sudden, so utterly unlooked for by the besiegers, and so resolutely executed, that its purpose was accomplished, but with the loss of a third of the party.

This was the last effort of the Geronans; their animal powers were prostrated. The deaths now increased in a dreadful and daily accelerating progression; and the difficulty of interring the dead was increased, by the French keeping up a fire on the cemetery, to prevent the interment of the corpses, in the hope the contagion would thereby be promoted. The way to the burial-place was never vacant. The deaths, from fever, flux, and want, averaged from thirty to forty daily; in some days they amounted to seventy. It was at this period, that Alvarez was seized with a dangerous fever, and that the command devolved on Don Julian de Bolivar, who, with a few of the brave survivors, felt that the time was come when to capitulate would not be attended with dishonour; and that it was perfectly useless to protract the siege a moment longer. D. Blas de Furnas, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself during the siege, was sent to the enemy's camp for the purpose. Angerean, glad to gain possession of the town, granted honourable terms. The whole of the 10th was employed in adjusting the terms of capitulation; which were, that the garrison (4,300 men) should march out with the honours of war, and army, that lay on the field of Medellin, and the smell of the pestilential vapours arising from the putrefying carcasses. "Their melancholy howls, and the long howls of the dogs that kept and guarded them, indicated the vague instinct of terror which agitated them."

should be exchanged for an equal number of French prisoners; and that the inhabitants should be unmolested in their persons and property. On the 12th the French took possession of the city, which was little better than a heap of ruins, and sent Alvarez to Figueras, where he died. The first act of the French officer who was appointed governor, was to order all the inhabitants to deliver in their arms, on pain of death; and to establish a military commission. *Te Deum* was ordered in the cathedral; it was performed with the tears of the officiating priest, and a voice which could with difficulty command its utterance. Augereau would fain have had a sermon like that which had been preached before Lannes at Saragossa; but not a priest could be found who would sin against his soul, by following the infamous example. Nine thousand persons had perished in the defence of Gerona, of whom above 4,000 were the townsmen. The loss of the enemy, by the sword or disease, was 15,000. The central junta decreed the same honours to Gerona and its heroic defenders, as had been conferred in the case of Saragossa; besides awarding honours and titles to Alvarez.

The conduct of the French officers and soldiers was marked with so much atrocity and cruelty, during the wars of the French Revolution, especially during the Peninsular War, that it is gratifying to record an instance of their exhibiting those feelings and observances by which the evils of war are mitigated. This took place while the capitulation of Gerona was going on, when many of the enemy's soldiers ran eagerly to the walls with provisions and wine to be drawn up by their brave defenders. Also, during the siege, some of those humanities of warfare appeared, which were systematically outraged in Spain by the French soldiery, in consequence of the authorized example and enjoined orders of their generals. The out-sentries of the French and Spaniards frequently made a truce with each other, laid down their arms, and drew near enough to converse; the French soldier would then give his half-starved enemy a draught from his leathern bottle, or brandy-flask; and when they had drank and talked together, they returned to their posts. Humanities like these redeem the character of the French army, and incline us to forget, for a season, that they were the instruments of the most insatiable and merciless ambition

that ever cursed the face of the earth. The same, as has already been said, was frequently the case, during the Peninsular War, with the English and French soldiers.

Thus unparalleled necessity compelled the submission of Gerona; but, to the eternal honour of its heroic defenders, be it known that the word *capitulation* never escaped their lips, or even entered their thoughts, until the last vestige of food had disappeared, and that they had been reduced to the necessity of feeding on the hair of their heads.

After the fall of Gerona, Augereau marched to the relief of the besiegers of Hostalrich, and the dispersion of the patriots who were assembled in its neighbourhood to impede the operations. Having put to the rout two bodies, of 6,000 and 5,000 each, on December 18th and 26th, he advanced against Blake, and defeating him on December 28th, at Coll-de-Sespena, drove him in confusion towards Tarragona. He then commenced the blockade of Hostalrich. From this time the only resistance the patriots could oppose to the progress of the enemy in Aragon and Catalonia was confined to a desultory guerilla warfare in the mountains. All the fortresses in the first mentioned province were in the possession of the enemy, and it was clear that Tarragona, Lerida, Tortosa, and the other fortified cities in Catalonia, still in the hands of the patriots, were about to change masters, as Suchet was making vigorous preparations for their reduction.

Calamitous as the cause of the patriots had been in the north-eastern part of Spain, their efforts were attended with more success in the north-western portion.

On re-entering Spain, Soult, in his flight from Oporto, finding that the pursuit by the English army was not continued, marched to the relief of his countrymen blockaded in Lugo by the Spanish general Mahi, with 10,000 men, having previously concerted with Ney a combined movement against Romana. Their plan of combined operations was that Ney should act against Carrera and Murillo, and having defeated them and retaken Vigo, to send a column on Orense; while Soult was to pursue Romana's army in the valley of the Sil, and disperse it, after which he was to march on the Puebla de Sanabria, and there observe the Portuguese frontier, threatening to re-enter it, and keeping up a communication with Ney by Orense, and with the corps

under Morlier by Zomora. In pursuance of this plan, Ney hastened to Corunna, and Soult having been supplied from that fortress with field-pieces and stores, marched for Lugo. As on his approach the patriot beleaguering force withdrew, he entered the town without difficulty to reorganize his troops, broken down by the hardships of their recent campaign. During the five days which they halted, wherever they bivouacked, the scene was such as might have been looked for in a camp of predatory Tartars, rather than in that of a civilised people. Food and forage, and skins of wine, and clothes and church vestments, books and guitars, and all the bulkier articles of wasteful spoil, were heaped together in their huts, with planks and doors of the habitations which they had demolished. Some of the men, retaining amidst this brutal service the characteristic activity and cleverness of their nation, fitted up their huts with hangings from their last scene of pillage, with a regard to comfort hardly to have been expected in their situation, and a love of gaiety only to be found in Frenchmen. The idlers were contented with a tub, and if the tub were large enough, three or four would stow themselves in it.

The spirit of resistance of the Galicians was now raised to the highest pitch, that the utmost efforts of the French to repress it were ineffectual. The task of burning villages, erecting gibbets, and executing, in the mockery of justice, such Spaniards as fell into his hands, was assigned to Loisson, who discharged it to the utmost of his power with characteristic remorselessness.

In the mean time, Ballasteros, who was on the eastern frontier of Asturias, attacked, May the 19th, the French garrison of Santander, or, as it is otherwise written, St. Andero, slew 800 of it, took 600 prisoners, and won the place; but that part of his army which he had stationed in the passes leading to the town, suffering itself to be surprised by the enemy, he was compelled to abandon his prize, and disperse his men to seek safety in flight. On the 23rd of the same month, Carrera, who had succeeded to the Galician army (8,000 men), under Barrios, at Vigo, marched against the garrison of Santiago, which consisted of only 2,100 men. The garrison, despising their opponents, came out of the town, and advanced to meet them at Campo de Estrella, or, as it is otherwise written, Campostello, but were now driven back into the city, and

through it, and pursued more than a league beyond it, till night came on. The conquerors did not fail to remark, that their success had been obtained on the day of Santiago's apparition, and on the field where his body had been discovered by the star that rested on his grave. These advantages were however counterbalanced by the following reverses. On the 22nd of May, Ballasteros, endeavouring to defend the passage of the river Deba, with 10,000 men, was defeated by Bonnet; and on the 11th of June he suffered a total defeat at St. Jago de Compostello.

While Soult was in his work of destruction, employed in the interior of the province, laying it waste with fire and sword, always in pursuit, but always baffled, as the patriots invariably dispersed before a superior force could reach them, and continually harassed by those whom his cruel y exasperated, Ney proceeded, with a force of 8,000 infantry, and 2,500 cavalry, to execute his part of the concerted plan of operations. On his approach to Pontevedra, the Conde de Novroño retreated to the bridge of San Payo, which had been fortified, resolving to make a stand there to cover Vigo, in which town the stores of the Galician army lay. Here Ney attacked him, but after several desperate attempts to dislodge him, retreated during the night, leaving his wounded, and 600 killed.

Ney, in his advance and retreat, put into operation the savage system of the French marshals—a system enforced by the French government, and faithfully adhered to by its generals. At Lourizon, thirty priests and forty-nine of the principal inhabitants had been hung by the French, who then set the place on fire; in retaliation for this barbarity, 130 of the prisoners taken at the bridge of San Payo were put to death. Barrios, while he commanded the Galician army, had repeatedly remonstrated with Ney on the atrocious system of warfare which he pursued; but his representations being treated with contempt by the French marshal, he executed the threats with which he had vainly endeavoured to enforce them, and threw 700 French prisoners into the Minho.

Discouraged by these reverses, and fearful of the vengeance of their outraged opponents, the French marshals determined to retreat from Galicia. Evacuating Orense, Soult retreated to Puebla de Sanabria; and Ney evacuating Corunna and Ferrol,

retreated (June 21st) through Lugo, Villafranca, and Astorga. The citadel of Ferrol, which was commanded by a treacherous Spaniard whom Ney had appointed, surrendered to captain Hothan, of the *Defiance*, on June 26th.

On the deliverance of Galicia, the Central Junta addressed one of their animated proclamations to the inhabitants of the province, which concluded, "People of Galicia, you are free! and your country, in proclaiming it, effaces with tears of admiration and tenderness the mournful words wherein, in other times, she complained of you."

After the separation of Soult and Ney, the former marched for Benavente and put his troops in cantonments on the Esla; the latter, after his repulse at the bridge of San Payo, in the valley of Soto-Mayor, set out for Asla; and Kellerman and Bonnet at the same time evacuated Asturia. The object of their concentration was to prepare for the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; but in consequence of the pressing orders of Joseph, after the battle of Talavera, they united their forces near Salamanca, and by forced marches, were advancing on the rear of the British army, to intercept its line of communication with Lisbon. But the defensive policy adopted by the English general thwarted their intentions. Cuesta's Spaniards were however defeated by Mortier at the bridge of Arzobispo, with the loss of all their guns, which, in their panic, they left ready shot. The object of delivering Madrid, which was at the same time threatened on one side by Vanegas, and on the other by sir Robert Wilson, being accomplished, the French generals separated. Soult and Mortier took post at Talavera, and Ney marched for Ciudad Rodrigo.

At this time Vanegas was at Aranjuez, and threatening Madrid. Joseph ordered Sebastiani to march against him. The French army consisted of 24,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry. Vanegas had about an equal force. The attack was first made by the enemy on the Spaniards posted in the gardens of the royal palace of Aranjuez, but was repulsed with the loss of 300 men. Encouraged by his success, Vanegas assembled his whole army at Almonacid, where he was attacked by Sebastiani on the 18th of August, and, though the action was contested with great spirit by the Spaniards, his army was routed with the loss of the whole of his artillery and baggage and 6,000 men killed, wounded, and prisoners. The loss

of the French was 2,000. The routed army fled to the Sierra Morena, leaving the whole of the province of La Mancha in the hands of the victors.

About this time the Central Junta announced the assembly of the Cortes. At the same time the necessities of Joseph and his intrusive government were so urgent that their wits were put to work to glean whatever had been spared in the former pillage. They therefore abolished the monasteries and all the ecclesiastical orders of Spain, and confiscated the revenues and property of all Spaniards in foreign countries. Among many other decrees for seizing property of different descriptions, was one commanding persons possessing plate to the amount of more than ten dollars to give in an account thereof within three days; the mint was immediately to pay a tenth of its value; the remainder was *promised* within four months. All persons whose sons were serving in the insurgent armies were required to furnish a man for the intruders' service for every son, or a proportionate sum of money; and those who had no money for procuring the substitute, or paying the fine, were to be imprisoned or sent into France. Kellerman, in the extensive tract of country of which he was governor-general, ordered all the horses and mares above a certain height to be taken in requisition for the French armies; and every horse or mare below the size named, or under thirty months' old, with every mare that should be three months gone with foal, to have the left eye put out by the owner, and to be in other ways rendered unfit for military service. And to consummate the climax of atrocious aggression, Marchant, who had succeeded to the command of the south corps on the return of Ney to France, ordered that the principal sheep-owners in the plains of Castile, should be responsible in their persons and property for the guerillas who eluded his vengeance. He declared, also, that the priests, alcaides, lawyers, and surgeons of every village should be responsible for any disorders committed by the guerillas within their respective parishes, adding, that every village and every house which the inhabitants might abandon on the approach of the French, should be burned.

The French now began to prepare for the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the third invasion of Portugal. As a preparative they attempted to carry Astorga by a sudden attack; but they were repulsed by Santo-

cildes, who commanded there, with the loss of 200 men.

A movement of more importance was soon undertaken against the duke del Parque, who, with the army formerly commanded by the marquis Romana, had taken a strong position on the heights of Tamames, in the mountains on the northern side of the Puerto de Banos. Marchant advanced, October 18th, against him, confident of success, and anticipating an easy victory. The French were at first successful on the left of the position, but the main body of the Spanish army falling back on their strong ground, showered down a murderous fire on the assailants, when Marchant drew off his men in disorder, having lost above 1500 men and one gun. On the third day after the battle the duke del Parque advanced towards Salamanca, hoping to surprise the French there, but on his entering that city (October 25th) he found it deserted, the French having retreated during the preceding night, carrying off the church plate and abundance of other pillage.

Elated with this transient gleam of success, the Central Junta entertained so sanguine hopes of recovering possession of Madrid, that they appointed a captain-general, a governor, and a corregidor, who were to enter on the functions as soon as it should be recovered, and directed Areizaga, who had been appointed to the command of the army of Vanegas, which had been raised to fifty thousand men, of whom seven thousand were cavalry, with sixty pieces of artillery, to advance and capture it. The new commander, partaking of the blind confidence of the Junta, on the 3rd of November moved forward from the foot of the Sierra, against Sebastiani, who, with the fourth corps, consisting of 30,000 men, of whom 5,000 were cavalry and lancers, was posted so as to defend the capital. His advanced guard lay in the plain of Ocaña.

Having reached the plain, Areizaga drew up his army, consisting of 43,000 infantry, 6,600 cavalry, and sixty guns, in order of battle. His left wing was placed behind a deep ravine, and his right in front of the same, the centre in advance of the town of Ocaña. He himself took post in the church tower of Ocaña. About seven in the morning Zayas attacked the French cavalry with the advanced guard, and drove them back. Laval's division now advanced against the

Spanish centre and right, which was received with so shattering a fire that its leading ranks fell back, but being speedily reinforced by Girard's division, the Spanish right wing was broken; a charge of cavalry completed the confusion in this side. The centre was driven through Ocaña by the French cavalry, Areizaga hurrying with them from his steeple. The Spanish right following the same example, a complete rout ensued, and the whole motley crowd fled in the wildest disorder, pursued and cut down on all sides over the wild and desolate plains which extend to the south, towards the Sierra Morena, by the savage French cavalry. In this calamitous affair the Spaniards lost 4,000 in killed, 26,000 prisoners, and all their ammunition and artillery. Of the Seville regiment, which entered the action with four hundred and fifty men, only eighty of them were accounted for when the battle was over. The loss of the French was 1,700. Though the pursuit of this battle was not disgraced by the butchery that attended that of Medellin, all those prisoners who were recognised to have been in Joseph's service, were shot, and by harsh usage and bad food, 8,000 of them were forced to join the intruders' banners.

This defeat was soon followed by that of the duke del Parque, who after his repulse of Marchant, advanced towards Medina del Rio Seco, in order to assist in the contemplated general movement on Madrid; but learning the issue of the battle of Ocaña, he began to retreat, pursued by Kellerman, who came up with him at Alba de Tormes (November 25th). The French were repulsed by the infantry and artillery, but the Spanish cavalry fled the moment they were attacked by the French horse, without firing a shot or drawing a sabre. The victorious cavalry then charged the whole of the Spanish line, but were thrice repulsed. On the approach of the darkness, the infantry, forming itself into an oblong square, fell back in the direction of Tamames, but when within sight of the spot of their recent victory, a French patrol appearing, they were so panic struck that, throwing away their firelocks and knapsacks, and whatever else encumbered them, they took to headlong flight, leaving their artillery, ammunition, and baggage, in the hands of the enemy. Thus ended the disastrous campaign (anno 1809) of the Spanish War of Independence.

THE PORTUGUESE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

ANNO 1809.

At the time of the withdrawal of the British army from Corunna, sir John Cradock, the commander of the English forces in Portugal (about 8,000 men), desirous of being in a condition to embark them with safety, in case the enemy should invade the country, took post at Passa d'Arcos, close to the mouth of the Tagus; but being joined about the end of February by 6,000 men under generals Sherbrooke and Mackenzie, for the purpose of defending Lisbon as long as possible, he encamped at Sacavem, a position near that capital. Early in March, general Beresford, who had been appointed by the prince of Brazil commander-in-chief of the Portuguese army, with the rank of marshal, with the aid of a certain number of British officers, who volunteered into that service, retaining their rank in their own, proceeded to the reorganization of that army. At this time the Portuguese army was in an inefficient state; the military profession in that country, as well as in all others, had fallen to the lowest point of degradation: the government having weakened it for the miserable purpose of rendering a corrupt and a vile despotism secure.

In the beginning of February, Soult, in obedience to his orders to reduce Portugal, began to prepare for his march from Vigo,* announcing in his bulletins, that he would cross the Minho from Tuy on the 11th of February, reach Oporto by the 20th, and be in Lisbon on the 28th.

The plan that was laid down for him was well concerted. Victor was to manœuvre on the side of Badajoz, and send a column in the direction of Lisbon to facilitate the

operation against that city; Lapisse was to threaten the frontier between the Douro and Almeida, occupy Ciudad Rodrigo, march on Abrantes as soon as Soult should have reached Oporto, and when he was master of Lisbon, Lapisse was to join Victor, and invade Andalusia; the conquest of the south of Spain, as well as that of Portugal, being considered certain. Ney, in the meantime, was to occupy Galicia, and communicate with the army of Portugal.

Soult, in pursuance of this plan, removed his head-quarters, in the early part of February, to Santiago, and despatched Franceschi, with the light cavalry, to take possession of Tuy. Franceschi, in his march, dispersing a body of Spaniards, took advantage of the panic he had occasioned, and sent a detachment of cavalry to summon Vigo, the treacherous governor of which surrendered. He also entered Tuy without molestation. It having been determined to attempt the passage of the river Minho, below the city, the main body of the army was accordingly assembled there. To effectuate the passage of the river, a small flotilla ferried over 300 soldiers to the Portuguese shore, but these were captured by the armed bands assembled there; and a steady fire being kept up by two six-pounders which the Portuguese general Freire had sent to that point, the other boats of the flotilla were obliged to return. Soult having thus failed in his attempt, leaving his sick and his ordnance at Tuy, marched for Orense, in order to pass by the only remaining bridge at Amarante. Loisson's division, which formed the advanced guard, after a desperate re-

* He, and his fellow marauding generals and officers, had previously caused all their pillage—plate, jewels, indigo, Peruvian bark, and whatever marketable plunder Galicia had afforded them—to be previously shipped at Corunna for France. The sequel of this narrative will show, that he was equally provident in respect of his pillage from the Portuguese, which he had taken care to despatch by carts, a day or two previous to his expected decampment from Oporto. The extent of the robberies of the French generals, their officers and troops, in Spain and Portugal is incredible. The author of this work saw in the palace of Belem, in Lisbon, a number of packages lying about on the floor of the hall, containing precious specimens of sculpture, which Junót, in his

hurry to escape the vengeance of the populace of the city, had not been able to carry off. In some of the packages were the lapis lazuli and amethyst pillars, set in gold, of the inner chapel of Raques Church, together with the silver angels and candlesticks of the altar, valued at three millions of crusadoes. Napoleon Buonaparte, by his Egyptian expedition, had feathered his nest to the tune of above thirty million of francs. His associate generals had, no doubt, not been more abstemious. The system of speculation was so universal, and so recognised as just and laudable, that Serrurier, a general in the wars of Italy, was termed "*the virgin*," on account of his abstaining from robbing the inhabitants of the country where he commanded.

sistance on the part of the Portuguese under Silveira, and Lieutenant-colonel Patrick, an officer who had volunteered into the Portuguese service, carried the bridge, and set fire to the town. In this affair all classes took a part—even females were engaged; a beautiful woman, who had raised 700 followers in the neighbourhood of Penafiel, led them on sword in hand. Even nuns were seen among those who worked the battery which had defeated the French in their attempt at crossing the Minho.

Having halted more than a week at Orense, endeavouring by force to suppress the peasants, and by allurements to seduce the higher classes from their duty, Soult resumed his march by way of Monterey and Chaves, the frontier towns of Spain and Portugal; and encountering Romana at the first-mentioned place, dispersed his army, with the loss of above 1,000 men. Chaves was immediately invested, and capitulated on the 13th. In their march, the French committed unrestrained devastation, setting fire to the little towns of S. Miguel de Zequelenos and S. Christobal de Mourentan, with their adjacent hamlets. The French having now obtained a footing in Portugal, Soult announced his appointment as governor-general of the country; and as Chaves, which was evacuated by Silveira on the 10th of March, was a fortified town, he made it the depôt of the army, leaving 1,400 sick and wounded there.

The country through which the invaders had now to pass is one of the most defensible in Europe, the road lying through a series of defiles of great strength and intricacy; nor would it be possible to find a peasantry better disposed to defend their hearths and altars. At every step, the enemy met with incessant and harassing opposition. The villages were abandoned, stragglers were cut off; sometimes a handful of peasants stood their ground with a spirit like that of their ancestors, and sometimes an individual would rush upon certain death, so as he could be sure of one Frenchman. This harassing mode of warfare so greatly impeded the march of the French army, that it did not come in sight of Braga till the 20th.

Braga was occupied by 20,000 ordenanzas, and 2,000 regulars, under general Freire. Ascertaining that the enemy had forced the pass of Ruivaens, and had won the defiles of Salamonde, having no confidence in his motley and undisciplined force, he determined to retire on Oporto; but the populace

and his tumultuous army were of a different opinion; they thought that the position at Carvalho d'Esté ought to be defended, and considered it an act of cowardice, or of treason, on the part of Freire to abandon Braga. They mutinied, and putting him to death, by acclamation elected in his stead baron d'Eben, a major in the British service, and equerry to the prince of Wales, and who at the time was in command of the second battalion of the Lusitanian legion. The bells of the churches being set ringing the alarm, the ordenanzas quickly obeyed the call, but on inspection, it was found that there were no cartridges to fit their pieces. A single mould was at length found of the just size, lead was taken from the churches, and bullets were made during the night as fast as this slow process would allow. In the meantime, the French vanguard arrived before the position of Carvalho, which a part of this tumultuary force had occupied, about five miles in front of Braga. During three days frequent attacks were made, and the Portuguese kept their ground. By this time (March 20th) the whole French force had come up, and Eben had collected about 23,000 men. The instant the French attacked, the tumultuary rabble was routed, and experienced but little mercy at the hands of their foes. The priests at Braga had embodied themselves as an ecclesiastical corps, to serve as a guard of honour for the primate, the principal part of whose military duties was to take off with one hand the hat at the Ave Maria bell, and to present arms with the other.

Soult now proceeded on his march to Oporto, and on the 28th appeared before that city, which was badly defended. Field works had been thrown up on the north side of the city, which were armed with 150 cannon. Soult sent a summons to the bishop, the magistrate, and the general, protesting, in the usual French style, that the French came not as enemies to the Portuguese, but only to liberate them from the tyranny of the English. Instantly the bells of all the churches were set ringing the alarm, and a storm of wind and rain and thunder breaking at midnight over the city, a discharge of cannon, and useless rolls of musketry, were kept up by the Portuguese along the whole line, at which the enemy gazed as at a spectacle, for not a shot could reach them. At daybreak of the 29th, a tumultuary body of 25,000 men hurried forth and occupied the redoubts.

That odious priest the bishop, whom we shall hear of in the course of this work, as the patriarch of Lisbon, and the intriguing opposer of the measures of the English commander-in-chief, having brought affairs to this awful crisis, quitted the city, and, priestlike, took his station in a convent beyond the Douro, where he could view in safety all the ensuing horrors.

At seven o'clock of the morning of the 27th, which was Good Friday, the attack commenced in three columns, which having quickly succeeded in taking all the outer defences, broke through the centre of the Portuguese. A general panic took place, and the whole force rushed in wild confusion into the town, while one portion of the fugitives fled up, and another down the Douro. In less than an hour from the commencement of the action, the French were in the town; more than 4,000 persons, of both sexes, young and old, were running in wild affright towards the bridge of the Douro, when a dastardly regiment of their own countrymen, fleeing before the enemy, rushed through the helpless crowd, at full gallop, trampling a bloody pathway to the river. At the same moment the French cavalry were charging the fleeing mass, slaughtering indiscriminately all whom they overtook, to the very edge of the river. So great was the multitude rushing on the bridge, that part of the pontoons sunk under the weight, and huge piles of carcases rose above the surface of the water. The crowd from behind still pressing on, to escape the ruthless horsemen, forced those in front headlong into the waves; the French all the while keeping up a fire of grape-shot on the affrighted and helpless fugitives. The surface of the river was covered with dead bodies of all ages and sexes. The scenes of rape, murder, and pillage that ensued were more odious and more opprobrious to humanity, than even the horrors of the carnage. On this unhappy day, above 10,000 Portuguese are said to have perished.

On the fall of Oporto, "the worthy representative of the great emperor," having entertained the design of adorning his head with a diadem, as "Nicholas I., king of Portugal and Algarves," proceeded as "his master had done in Egypt," to endeavour to conciliate the people whom he designed to enslave, by a show of his attachment to the religion of his intended subjects. "There is a famous crucifix, known by the name of Nosso Senhor de Boucas, in the

little town of Matosinhos, on the coast, about a league from Oporto. According to tradition, it is the oldest image in Portugal, being the work of Nicodemus; and Our Lord of Boucas is in so high estimation, that on the day of his festival 25,000 persons have sometimes been assembled at his shrine, coming thither on pilgrimage from all parts. Many miraculous stories are prevalent concerning this idol; among the rest, that when it was cast up by the sea, one of its arms was wanting; but one day a poor woman, while gathering shell-fish, and drift-wood for fuel, picking up upon the beach a wooden arm, and supposing it to have belonged to some ordinary and profane image, laid it on her fire to make the pot boil. But it sprang out of the flames; and the priests hearing of the miracle, carried it in procession to the church of Nosso Senhor de Boucas, and applying it to the stump of the armless idol, a miraculous junction was immediately effected, it being the identical arm the idol had lost. To this idol Soult determined to offer his devotions, in order to qualify himself for his regal aspirations. Accordingly he and his staff visited the church, and prostrating themselves before the altar, "paid," says his servile adulator, "that tribute of respect and reverence which religion requires from those who are animated with the true spirit of Christianity." The French marshal having gone through the mummery of preparatory qualification for royal assumption, directed his attention to the measures requisite for furthering his subjugation of Portugal; but the landing of the British army at Lisbon awoke him from his reverie of aggression and royalty. The surprise of Chaves (March 20th), with the capture of the magazines of the army, and 1,300 prisoners by Silveira and his Portuguese levies, and the occupation of Coimbra by Trant, also tended to occasion him embarrassment. In retaliation, he ordered such Portuguese as he suspected of communicating either with Trant or Silveira, to be hung from the trees along the road-side, and their bodies left to putrefy there, all persons being forbidden to bury them. He moreover ordered Thomières, who had been accustomed to such services, to tie—which the French called inflicting an exemplary and necessary chastisement—twenty-four of the inhabitants of the village of Arifane in couples, back to back, and shoot them, as a punishment, for a party of disbanded militia having killed a chef-d'escadron and his escort of three dragoons

near that village. After the perpetration of this atrocity, the village was set on fire, the women and girls having been previously forced into an ermda or chapel, and there violated.

But "a spice" of French atrocities has been as yet presented to the reader; in its appropriate place in this work, they will be exhibited in all their horror and abomination.

THE GUERRILLA OR PARTISAN WARFARE.

THE origin of the guerilla warfare was the excessive cruelty and extortion practised by the French on the inhabitants of Spain. If you inquired into the private history of the members of any of the guerilla bands, it uniformly recounted some tale of suffering. One had his father murdered by the French soldiers, at the threshold of his house; another had seen his wife violated and massacred, or his children butchered before his eyes; a third had lost both his sons in the war; a fourth, burnt out of house and home, had joined the bands in the mountains as the only means of gaining a livelihood, or of wreaking vengeance. All had in one way or other, been driven by suffering to forget every other feeling but the remembrance of their woes, and the determination to revenge them. "Navarre" said the elder Mina, in the preamble to his counter-proclamation of retaliation for the frightful and sanguinary denunciation of Bessière's proclamation, dated June 5th, 1811, "is covered with desolation; every where tears are shed for the loss of the dearest friends; the father sees the body of his son hanging for having had the heroism to defend his country: the son witnesses with despair his father sinking under the horrors of a prison, for no other reason than that he is the parent of a hero who has fought for his native land."—Proclamation by Espoz y Mina, December 14th, 1811. The immense extent of the contributions imposed, and the excessive rigour with which they were levied on all ranks and degrees of persons, were also highly instrumental in the formation of this species of warfare. Spain had now for the space of three years been devastated by all the horrors of war; had been suffering from a system of organised rapin and plunder, enforced by the most

remorseless severity and cruelty: the consequence was, that guerilla chiefs and bands sprang up in every quarter where the shelter of mountains rendered pursuit difficult.* In Galicia, the Asturias, Biscay, Navarre, Aragon, Catalonia, Leon, the two Castiles, indeed in the whole of the northern and midland provinces, those patriot bands were denominated guerillas: in the mountain districts included under the name of the Serra de Ronda, in Andalusia, the irregular bands were termed *serranos*. The distinction was, that the guerillas acted in concert, the serrano on his own responsibility. The dress of the guerilla was a short jacket of russet brown, and leather leggings of the same dark colour; that of the serrano was velveteen, of an olive green colour, profusely ornamented with silver buttons, and his legs were incased in leather *bottinos*. A belt of short leather surrounded the waist of each, stuck full of the weapons of the French officers whom they had slain. When in small parties those predatory bands were called *partidas*.

This species of force and mode of warfare are peculiar to the Peninsula. From the days of Pompey and Sartorius, to the late contest between the aristocratic and democratic parties, it has been pursued without intermission through all the varieties of time, descent, and physical circumstances.

"To lead these guerilla and serrano bands, which were little more than semi-bandits, the priest girded up his black robe and stuck pistols in his belt; the student threw aside his books and grasped a sword; the shepherd forsook his flock, and the husbandman his home." Cooks, barbers, innkeepers, blacksmiths, and men of all callings and professions, enrolled themselves in their

* No country in the world is more favourable to partisan warfare than Spain. It everywhere abounds in excellent positions, capable of a defence by few against many. The sphere of the exploits of the guerillas was therefore usually the mountain passes

fastnesses, &c., which abound in Spain, particularly in the range of the Pyrenees. The mountain of the Salinas was celebrated for the ambuscades which Mina, Louga, and El Pastor, were incessantly way-laying convoys.

ranks, in hopes of plunder and promotion. Many females wearing male attire (a custom not unfrequent among women who are the inmates of camps) were frequently in the ranks of the guerillas and the serranos, fighting among the foremost. The most ferocious of those female warriors was named Martina. Guerilla juntas were established by the regency in each province, to collect stores and provisions for the bands.

The most distinguished of the guerilla leaders were the two Minas, uncle and nephew, Espoz y Mina and Xavier Mina, and Renovales, in Navarre and Aragon; Porlier and Longa, in the Asturias: in Biscay, Juan Martin Diez (named El Empecinado), and Julian Sanchez, in the Castiles; Juan Paladea, in La Mancha; and Murillo Davila, in the mountainous districts included under the name of the Sierra de Ronda, in Andalusia. The curate Merino, friar Sapia, Jarregui, baron d'Erolles, Amor, Juan Abril, Sornil, Duran, Campillo, and others, acquired much notoriety in this species of warfare. Indeed each province and district had their predatory heroes, whose deeds, in the strain of Spanish bombast, were compared with those of the Cid. Their leaders were often designated from their former employments or professions, or were known by some other distinguishing appellation or kind of nick-name. Some were characterised on account of their peculiar deformity; others obtained epithets from their superior qualifications; many from their truculence, and dexterous modes of spoliation. Thus, Jarregui was styled el Pastor (the shepherd); Paladea, el Medico (the doctor); Porlier, el Marquisito (the marquis). The other *soubriquets* were, el Principe (the prince); el Manco (the left-handed); el Francisco (the Franciscan); el Frayle (the monk); el Cura (the priest); el Cantarero (the potter); el Pescador (the fisherman), &c. &c.

The first adventurers who attracted notice as guerilla chiefs, by collecting stragglers from the Spanish patriot dispersed armies, deserters from the enemy, the English, and their own fugitive forces, and contrabandists or smugglers, and men fond of a life of wild adventure, or made desperate by the ruin of their private affairs, in the general wreck which the spoliation and cruelty of the French had occasioned, were Juan Diez Porlier, in Asturias, and Juan Martin Diez, better known by his appellation of El Empecinado, in Old Castile. A lawyer, by name Gil, commenced the same course in the

Pyrenean valleys of Navarre and Aragon; but after a short career of two months he disappeared; and Egoaguerra, who renewed the attempt in the same quarter, in a short time engaged in Doyle's battalion. The third guerilla chief who at this time raised the spirits of the Pyrenean provinces, and for a while gave employment to the French in Navarre, was D. Mariano de Renovales, by whom the convent of San Joseph had been so gallantly defended at the last siege of Saragossa. Having been made prisoner when the city surrendered, he had effected his escape on the way to France, and collected in the valleys of Roneal and Anso, a body of men and officers, who, like himself, believed that the scandalous manner in which the terms of the capitulation had been violated by the French, released them from all obligation of observing it. On March 1st, 1809, the French sending a force against him, then in the town of Anso, he defeated it and captured all the survivors; but in the following August, being attacked in the valley of Roneal, he was, after a gallant resistance, obliged to demand terms and capitulate for the valleys; himself and such of his followers as chose, being allowed to withdraw. The French, according to their own accounts, lost in this affair 500 killed and 800 wounded.

Xavier Mina, the son of a landholder who cultivated his own estate, and was deputy for one of the valleys of Navarre, was a student at Pamplona when the Spanish Patriot Insurrection began. He was then in the 18th year of his age, and during the earlier part of the war had been confined to his father's house by a severe illness, from which he recovered just after Renovales had been compelled to withdraw from Roneal. A French commander, whose corps was encamped in the neighbourhood, sent a serjeant, requiring the father, in his capacity as deputy, to provide rations for his men. The serjeant disappeared on the road, and, in consequence, the house was surrounded at midnight by a detachment of infantry, who had orders to arrest the elder Mina, and bring him to head-quarters. The son, however, had time enough to secure his father's escape, and then in his name presented himself to the officer. The French general before whom he was carried, threatened him with death unless the serjeant were produced; but as every thing in that quarter was to be arranged by means of money, Mina obtained his liberty after having

been detained three days. The party who arrested him had plundered his father's house. This usage, the danger he had escaped, and the injustice of the whole proceeding, roused into full action those feelings which had been suspended only by disease and languor. He provided himself with a musket and cartouche-box, and in that trim presented himself in his own village, and offered to take the command of as many Spaniards as would engage with him in the good work of avenging their country on its invaders. Twelve adventurers joined him; they took to the mountains, and there, while they waited an opportunity of action, maintained themselves on his father's sheep. His first adventure was to surprise a party of seven artillery-men, who were carrying two pieces of cannon and a quantity of ammunition from Saragossa to Pamplona. This success procured him twenty volunteers, and he retired again to the mountains after sending his prisoners to Lerida. Hearing that a general officer was on the road with an escort of thirty-four foot and twelve horsemen, he laid in ambush for them in so favourable a spot, that a volley was fired on the French with sure effect, before they had any apprehension of danger. The general was shot in his carriage, some of the escort were made prisoners, and some money fell into Mina's hands. This he immediately distributed among his men, recommending them to send part to their families, and to retain no more than would be necessary to defray the expenses of their own interment, exposed as they must now be continually to death. The men were thus raised in their own esteem and in that of their countrymen wherever this was told, and volunteers now presented themselves in abundance, attracted by a success which was reported everywhere with such exaggerations as tales like these usually gather in their way. He received, however, none but those who brought arms, or whom he could supply with the spoils taken from the enemy. His party at this time amounted to about three-score persons, distinguished by a red riband in their hats, and a red collar to their jackets. He proceeded now towards the frontiers of Aragon, where a band of fifty robbers were adding to the miseries of that afflicted country. These he succeeded in surprising; the greater number were killed on the spot; the rest were sent prisoners to Tarragona. Twelve horses were taken from the party, upon which he mounted some of

his men, and armed them with lances; and every day added to his numbers and his reputation. Rations were voluntarily provided for his people wherever they were expected, and given as freely at one time as they were paid for at another, from the spoils of the enemy. He levied a duty on the passes where a considerable trade in colonial produce was carried on, and with these resources he paid and equipped his men, and kept in pay a sufficient number of intelligencers. It was in vain that the French made repeated efforts to crush their enterprising enemy; if his troops dispersed on the appearance or attack of a formidable detachment, it was only to re-unite, and by striking a blow on some weak point or distant quarter, render themselves more formidable than before. In Navarre, Biscay, and on the road from Burgos to Bayonne, he made himself the terror of the French convoys. He nearly captured Massena, in his homeward journey through Spain; but though he missed that chance, he captured his baggage and the whole convoy at the Puerto d'Arlaban, near Vittoria, on which occasion he defeated a French force of 2,000 men, who were escorting the convoy of prisoners and plundered treasure to France. On this occasion he took 150 of the enemy, and slew 600. This active chieftain was always on the watch for the enemy; passing from one province to another, at one time concentrating his forces, at another dispersing them. At this time he had about 1,200 men under his command. His chivalrous spirit had made him so formidable to the enemy that, not being able to capture him, they offered in a proclamation six thousand duros for his head. This failing, they endeavoured to seduce him from his allegiance by tempting offers. Signal as his successes were, his career was as short as his escapes were hair-breadth. Chance, however, at last put him in their power. Expecting the arrival of a convoy, he went on horseback with only one companion, by moonlight, to reconnoitre the ground, when he was surprised and taken by some of the enemy's outposts.

To supply his place, his uncle, Espoz y Mina, was elected commander-in-chief of the guerillas in Navarre. His first act was to capture Echeverria, the leader of a marauding band of guerillas, consisting of about 800 German deserters from the French ranks. He shot Echeverria and three of his principal comrades, and incorporated the

men in his own band. A gang of forty ruffians, with a woman by name Martina for their leader, infested Biscay and Alava, and committed so many murders, that there was a general outcry for her suppression; surprising the leader and her party, he inflicted summary punishment on them. He kept no man in his troop who was known to be addicted to women, lest by their means he might be betrayed. No gaming was allowed among his men; nor were they permitted to plunder.

The only chiefs among the guerillas who had belonged to the genteel rank of society were Porlier, d'Erolles, and Duran, who had been officers in the regular Spanish service.

The daring guerilla chief, Juan Martin Diez, the Empecinado, had been a soldier for a short time previous to the War of Independence, but had returned to his peaceful occupation of an agricultural labourer. When the intelligence of the detention of Ferdinand at Bayonne reached Spain, the Empecinado was the first to make war against the French. Having persuaded two of his neighbours to take up arms, they took a position on the high road from France to Madrid, near Aranda de Duero, to intercept the French couriers. This he soon accomplished, and thus obtained his first horse and arms; and this course was continued till his band numbered fifteen warriors. With these he performed the most daring exploits, cutting off convoys, intercepting supplies, treasure, &c. In a few months he found himself at the head of 1,500 men, and was thus enabled to do the enemy incalculable mischief. In vain were armies sent to surround his band; he baffled them all; shut up garrisons, destroyed depôts, &c., until his name became a terror to the enemies of his country. His disinterestedness was equal to his valour, and for this reason he became the idol of his band, so that they were ready to undertake any exploit at his bidding. Among his daring operations the following is conspicuous. A convoy was conveying in a carriage a lady, the relation of marshal Monecy. The carriage was escorted by twelve soldiers, in the centre of two columns of 6,000 men each, about a mile asunder. The Empecinado, with only eight of his followers, was concealed close to the town of Carovras. He allowed the leading column to pass, then boldly rushed on the convoy, put to death the whole of the escort, seized and carried off the carriage, which contained a rich prize

of money, jewels, &c. This, with his characteristic generosity, he partly divided among his men, and sent the greater portion for the coffers of the state. He was constantly descending from the Guadalaxara mountains, and spreading terror and alarm among the French garrisons. In one of those irruptions, he surprised and captured three battalions at Calatayud. He ultimately became a brigadier-general in the Spanish service, and on the termination of the war, retired to his native village. When the French army, under the duke of d'Angouleme, crossed the Bidassoa, to put down the constitution of 1820, the Empecinado took the field on behalf of the constitutionalists, and though included in the capitulation made by general Placentia, was condemned, at the instigation of the heartless Ferdinand, to be taken on the back of an ass to the place of execution, and hung. The more ignominious part of this iniquitous sentence he refused to submit to, but walked with a firm step to his doom; here a sentence of his hard fate stimulated an attempt to escape; his great personal strength enabled him to burst the cords which bound him, but he was quickly overtaken, and literally dragged by the rope round his neck through the streets, and afterwards suspended on the gallows.

In the other provinces the daring of the bands of the guerillas, particularly that in the Asturias, under Porlier, called El Marquisito, greatly harassed the French. That chief surprised the garrison of Santander, and fought some well-contested battles with the enemy. Don Julian Sanchez gave the foe in Old Castile no repose; he was continually surprising detachments, and making prisoners. On one occasion he drove away the cattle from under the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, and disposing an ambush captured the French governor, who had sallied out to chastise him for his presumption.

The example of these chiefs, and the rich booty which they obtained by the capture of the church plate and that of individuals, which the intrusive government were at that time enforcing by requisition, induced guerilla parties to be on the watch. One party surprised a convoy with eighty quintals of silver, near Segovia. The French, who found themselves annoyed by this species of warfare, endeavoured to raise a counter-force of the same kind in Navarre, styled Miguelets. But that appellation, which was so popular among the Spaniards, had

no attraction for them when it was pressed into the usurper's service.

These forces rapidly increased. By the autumn of 1811, there were not less than 10,000 guerillas south of the Ebro; while to the north of that river Mina and Longa headed corps of 5,000 or 6,000 men each. A few of the other chiefs mustered bodies of 400 or 500 men each, but the majority of them led small bands of forty or fifty.

By these bands great evils were inflicted on the enemy; they cut off communications, intercepted supplies, convoys, and couriers; and destroyed the little forts, block-houses, and redoubts, which were placed midway between the towns to preserve the communication. But the government interfering, and giving these chiefs military rank, rendered them tame and indolent regulars.

These predatory bands were often the scourge and terror of the provinces in which they acted, and their outrages were so great that counter-partidas in many places were raised, both by the regency and the French, to restrain their excesses. Their feelings of patriotism were deadened by the lawless nature of their avocation: the love of country, and all the generous and disinterested feelings which it engenders, had been absorbed in the views of individual interest and selfish enjoyment.

A celebrated chief of a band of marauding guerillas, after making war on the French, turned his arms against the Spaniards. He had struck so great terror into Castile, that the Spaniards joined the French to endeavour to take him. Betrayed by one of his men, he was seized in a venta. A few days after, he was quartered by four horses in Valladolid, and his disparted limbs

were placed on wheels at the four cardinal points of the city.

It has been stated that deserters from the French and English armies were among the guerillas. M. Blazé, in his interesting work, says, the advanced guard of the French army, in the pursuit of the English army to Corunna, arrived at a village surrounded by a palisade, where the tri-coloured flag waved on the steeple, and the sentinels wore the French uniform. Some officers going up to it were informed, that for three months past 200 marauders had occupied the place, their retreat having been cut off. Their commander-in-chief was a corporal, but his excellency was out shooting with his staff.

It may be proper to state that much erroneous misconception has been entertained by all writers on the subject as to the amount of injury which the French sustained from having their convoys and supplies intercepted by the guerilla bands; that misconception will appear from the following fact.

As the French system of warfare was entirely predatory, that is, the troops were maintained by the plunder and spoliation of the countries in which their wars were carried on, the French armies did not suffer from the loss of their supplies and magazines as armies do who carry on warfare according to the civilised usages of modern Europe; and, consequently, their operations were not in the same degree cramped and retarded as is the case with those armies that conform to the accredited usages of civilised nations. The guerilla bands of the Basque provinces, marshalled under Sartorius, were much more formidable to the Romans than those of "the Peninsular War" were to the French.

THE WALCHEREN AND SICILIAN EXPEDITIONS.

WHILE the English army was paralysed in the Peninsula for want of the sinews of war—men and money—by the incapacity of Castlereagh, and the intrigues of Canning, two expeditions, one to Walcheren, and the other to Sicily, were planned and undertaken by the imbecile cabinet of Great Britain. The object was to effect a diversion in favour of Austria, between which power and France war then subsisted. The Austrian government wished the attack to be made in the north of Germany; but the English cabinet, for "the capture or destruction of the enemy's ships, either build-

ing at Antwerp and Flushing, or afloat in the Scheldt; the destruction of the arsenals and dockyards of Antwerp, Terneuse, and Flushing; and the rendering, if possible! the Scheldt no longer navigable for ships of war," determined that the Scheldt should be the point of attack. In the selection of that point they were determined, because of Buonaparte's great maritime preparations there for the purpose of his contemplated descent on England. From the spring of 1807, formidable naval preparations had been carrying on by France in those waters. But both expeditions were rendered nugatory

by the procastination of their preparations, the enemy having obtained a knowledge of their destination, and consequently took the necessary precautions to defeat them; and the first mentioned was further marred by the imbecility of the commander-in-chief, the earl of Chatham, whose name was proverbial for indolence and inactivity, and who, possessed of very slender abilities, but being a court favourite, and in embarrassed circumstances, the national interests were sacrificed to his private emolument, which would arise from the lucrative command to which he was appointed.

The armament destined for the Scheldt was the largest and the most complete that had ever left the British shores. Its preparation commenced from the beginning of the month of May. In July a fleet assembled in the Downs, consisting of thirty-nine sail of the line, thirty-six frigates, and a proportionate accompaniment of gun-boats, bomb-vessels, and smaller craft; in all, 245 vessels of war, accompanied by about 400 sail of transports, carrying nearly 40,000 troops; and on the 28th of the same month it set sail for its destination. The imposing magnificence of this mighty force, forming, together with seamen and marines, a sum-total of 100,000 men, drew thousands of spectators, among whom was its projector and his associate, Curtis the baker, biscuit baker and contractor, to witness the departure of the ill-fated multitude it contained, over whom the angel of death was hovering, who doomed them to perish, not on the glorious battle-field, but by the consuming breath of pestilence and disease. In the course of the following day, the fleet was off the Dutch coast; but it being not sufficiently provided with boats for landing the troops, ordnance, &c., Flushing was not invested till the 2nd of August; and the operations were then so slow, that the batteries were not ready for near a fortnight, so as to commence an effectual bombardment. The wind now permitted a naval blockade to be formed, when a hot bombardment began. On the 15th, the guns of the forts being silenced, and two churches, the stadthouse, and 250 houses having been destroyed, on the following morning, the governor, general Monnet, displayed the white flag, and demanded a suspension of hostilities for a few hours. On the following evening, the articles of capitulation being signed, he surrendered the place, with a garrison of about 6,000 men.

From the oversight by the incompetent military and naval commanders of the expedition, of not taking possession, or intercepting the communications, of the island of Cadsand, the only place from which the enemy could receive supplies and reinforcements, in the course of the siege 3,000 men had been transported from it to Walcheren. With the peaceable surrender of two small islands to the north of the Eastern Scheldt, the reduction of Flushing had been the virtual termination of the campaign.

Lord Chatham now talked loudly and solemnly of advancing on Antwerp and capturing that fortress, and the ships of war in its harbour; but while he was pausing and pondering for nearly another fortnight, a large force was collected there of regular troops and national guards of the Belgic provinces, and those nearest to them in France; and Bernadotte had arrived to take the command. Besides, the strong forts of Lillo, &c., on the Scheldt, were well manned, and all sorts of impediments, bars, boom chains, &c., thrown across and into the Scheldt, to impede the advance of the British fleet. The consequence was, the English offensive operations were suspended, and the French commenced theirs. On the 30th of August, opening a fire from guns and mortars from both banks of the river, they forced the English fleet to retire from its advanced position. The consequence was, that Walcheren was the only post occupied by the English in the beginning of September. Nearly a fourth part of the army being now prostrated by the endemic fever of the country, the Earl of Chatham, on the 14th September, embarked with a portion of the army for England, leaving a feeble remnant of the magnificent army which had been entrusted to his command, under sir Eyre Coote, for the purpose of demolishing the defences and basin of Flushing. Sir Richard Strachan, the admiral of the fleet, wishing to continue his command, and enjoy the perquisites it afforded, transmitted a plan of defence of the island to the admiralty, so as to render it a permanent possession by England. The British ministry now ordered the fortifications to be improved, and sent out English bricklayers, bricks and mortar, for the purpose, as if those materials could not have been procured elsewhere. But the remainder of the troops left to garrison the town disappearing with alarming rapidity in the hospitals and the grave, orders were sent out to lieutenant-general

Don, who had succeeded sir Eyre Coote, to destroy the basin and the naval defences of the island, and withdraw the garrison. Thus ended the Walcheren Expedition, which cost the nation twenty millions of money, and 10,000 of her best troops. The only trophies of that memorable exploit were a frigate and the timbers of a seventy-four, which when put together was christened the *Chatham*, as a memorial of the vigorous and prompt measures—words, namely, “promptitude” and “vigour,” in the communication of the king’s approbation of his operations during the siege of Flushing—of the commander-in-chief of the expedition.

Incapacity, and, in some instances, the want of common honesty and humanity, marked the proceedings of all the prominent persons connected with this ill-fated expedition. The ministry, among their other exhibitions of ignorance, should have known that Walcheren had been maintained in the reign of William and Anne at a fearful expense of health and life. The conduct of the medical folk, or principal officers of the army medical department, was culpable and heartless. The subterfuges of the surgeon-general, the physician-general, and the inspector-general of the forces, of the time, in evading obedience to the command to repair to Walcheren to examine the causes of the malady, and report thereon, are an eternal stigma on them.

The expeditionary force intended to operate in favour of Austria in Italy, consisted of about 15,000 English, Sicilians, Calabrians, Corsican rangers, and other foreigners

in British pay, under the command of sir John Stuart, the hero of Maida, and who were then stationed in Sicily for the protection of Ferdinand IV. and his family, the ex-king of Naples. On the 11th of June, the expeditionary force set sail; and on its passage captured the islands of Ischia and Procida, together with 100 pieces of ordnance, and 1,500 troops. On the 24th, the advanced divisions anchored off Cape Miseno, between three and four leagues from Naples, but being detained there some time waiting the arrival of Don Leopold, whose presence it was supposed would have considerable influence on his father’s late subjects, the usurper of the throne of Naples, Joachim Murat, had put the city in so complete a state of preparation, that its reduction could not have been rapidly effected but by bombardment; and as the court of Palermo was unwilling to resort to that alternative, the expedition returned to Sicily, having previously dismantled the fortifications of Ischia and Procida. Having failed in his Neapolitan expedition, sir John Stuart dispatched general Oswald, with 1,600 men, against the islands of Zante, Corfu, and Cephalonia, which lie at the mouth of the Adriatic, the first and second of which surrendered, together with Ithaca and Cerigo. Corfu was too strong to be reduced by so small a force, and remained in the possession of the French till the peace of Paris, 1814, when it was surrendered to the English. Maura, the remaining Ionian isle, was reduced in April, 1810.

THE SECOND SPANISH CAMPAIGN, AND THE THIRD PORTUGUESE CAMPAIGN.

ANNIS 1810—1811.

UNDISMAYED by the series of disastrous events which closed the year 1809, and ushered in the opening of the following year, in the armies and affairs of Spain, the British chief did not relax in his exertions to prepare for the struggle in which he was engaged.

Having, as has been already stated, taken up a line of defence on the north-eastern frontier of Portugal, the divisions of the army being so disposed as to hold the strong and rugged line of the Beira frontier, on which a sufficient force could be rapidly

assembled at any point which the enemy might seriously menace, or which he himself might choose for a demonstration on the frontier, or for striking a blow should a favourable opportunity present itself; he proceeded to make his dispositions to oblige the French to move in masses, and to gain time himself; time to secure the harvests, complete his lines for retreat, and perfect the organization and discipline of the Portuguese troops.

In pursuance of his authority as Marshal-General of Portugal (so appointed 23rd

November, 1809) he caused the Portuguese regency to enforce the ancient military laws of the kingdom, by which all males of sufficient age were compelled to bear arms in its defence, under the denomination of the *ordenanzas*.

Having thus adopted every means in his power for the defence of the country, and for opposing the enemy when he could successfully resist his progress, he calmly waited the advance of the hostile force, which had three different routes of access open to it: the one on the eastern frontier, by the way of lower Beira; a second by the Alemtejo on the south; and the third on the north, through Galicia. As the first of these routes was the most practicable, the English general concluded that his adversary would select it, and consequently, that he must first effectuate the reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, as places of arms on which to base his line of operations, before he could hazard an advance either on Lisbon or Oporto, along the descent of the Sierra de Estrella, a range of rugged mountains which extend from Coimbra to Guarda, and terminate in the extensive plains of Castile; being the best defensible line between the frontier and Lisbon, and at the same time cutting off the approach by the two great roads which run to the north and south of the Sierra, and which are the only ones passable by an army moving with its *matériel* of stores and guns. In February of this year he visited the lines of Torres Vedras, to ascertain their condition, in order, as he playfully observed, that should his companions-in-arms be eventually compelled to leave Portugal, "he felt a little anxiety that they should go like gentlemen, out of the hall-door, particularly after the preparations he had made to enable them to do so, and not out of the back door, or by the area." As has been happily observed by the author of *The Military Memoirs*, the Duke was always gay and good-humoured with those about him, inspiring others with the confidence he evidently felt himself, as about him was not the slightest ostentation; "no solemn mystery; no pomp of concealment; never one look of importance."

The power of Austria having been broken by the battles of Aspern and Wagram, Napoleon Buonaparte resumed his determination of reducing Spain to subjection. For this purpose, and with the view of bearing down on all points of opposition at once, and on each with an overwhelming supe-

riority, he lost no time in pouring into the Peninsula mass after mass of his veteran troops, accustomed to war and victory, and flushed with their recent German success. In the early months of the year, one hundred and twenty thousand men of the army of the Rhine had crossed the eastern Pyrenees; and thus the French force in the Peninsula was increased to the amount of 368,000 men. From this enormous force, two grand corps d'armée were formed; the first, consisting of 65,000 men, was assembled at the foot of the Sierra Morena, for the purpose of invading Andalusia; and the second, amounting to 80,000 men, was assembled under Ney, Junot, and Reynier in the valley of the Tagus, until Massena should assume the command in chief. At this period (March, 1810) the British army effective in the field did not amount to 22,000 combatants. The Portuguese troops consisted of twenty-four regiments of the line, six of light infantry, and ten of cavalry, with the due proportion of artillery: but the effective strength did not exceed 31,000 men; and of this number many regiments, not being sufficiently trained to act with British troops, remained in garrison.

Soult opened the campaign in the early part of January, by forcing the pass of Despeña-Perros, which forms the main road from Madrid to Cadiz, and though numerous field works and entrenchments had been added to its natural strength, its defenders, amounting to thirty thousand men, under Areizaga, fled before him, even over the field of Baylen, in the greatest confusion and consternation, without firing a shot in their defence. The other passable routes (Puerto del Rey, Venta Nueva, and Venta Quemada) of the mountain chain that embraces Andalusia, were as readily forced by his lieutenants, Dessolles and Sebastiani. Thus, in less than a fortnight, the French were masters of the whole of Andalusia, except the city of Cadiz and the Isle of Leon. Cordova, Grenada, Seville, Malaga, &c., fell without the least resistance; and Cadiz would have met with a like fate had it not been for the promptitude and spirit of the Duke of Albuquerque. That patriotic soldier, knowing that Soult was pushing on from Seville with the chief part of his force to seize that important place, by a rapid march of 260 miles, from Pedroso de la Sierra, entered the Isle of Leon on the 2nd of February, having gained a day's march on the enemy, thus not only outstripping

him in rapidity of movement, but also having outmanœuvred him.

In the north of Spain, the operations of the campaign, after the surrender of Astorga to Junót, commenced by the investment of Ciudad Rodrigo, on the 26th of April, but the siege was not prosecuted with vigour until Massena, whose advent had been vauntingly announced, arrived to take the command of the army destined for the invasion of Portugal. That officer, disapproving of Ney's operations (who, regardless of the reckless expenditure of human life, had begun his approaches where a general more sparing of his troops would have terminated them,) formally invested that city on the 4th of June. Napoleon had instructed him to proceed cautiously, and according to the rules and usages of military science. The fields of Rolica, Vimiera, Corunna, the Passage of the Douro, and the battle of Talavera, had taught the French emperor and his generals to respect the prowess of English troops, and the genius and skill of their leader. The delay that took place subsequent to the surrender of that city, before the French invaded Portugal; their feints and demonstrations, their marchings and countermarchings, prove that they had formed a just and an accurate estimate on the subject.

During the operations of the enemy preparatory to and pending the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, the duty was assigned to the light division of observing an advanced line of country extending from Escalon on the left to Nova Frias on the right, five-and-twenty miles between the Azava and the Coa. This arduous duty it performed for near three months, to the admiration of both armies, though the gallant band was distant but one hour's march from six thousand horsemen of the enemy, with fifty guns; and but two hours' march from their main army, amounting to seventy thousand men. The situation demanded and called forth a quickness and an intelligence in the troops, and a vigilance and skilful disposition in their leader, which have seldom been equalled. But the secret of this wonderful performance was the high state of discipline which they had attained. "Seven minutes," says one who shared in their perils and exploits, "sufficed for the division to get under arms in the middle of the night, and a quarter of an hour, night or day, to bring it in order of battle to the alarm-posts, with its baggage loaded and assembled at a convenient distance in the

rear. And this not on a concerted signal, or as a trial, but at all times and certain." The enterprising spirit and skilful manœuvres of their leader were equal to the bold countenance and perfect discipline of those "matchless soldiers." Where the river was full, Craufurd's infantry was disposed in small parties between Almeida and the Lower Agueda; and his artillery, consisting of six guns and a troop of horse artillery, was stationed at Fort Conception; but when it was fordable he concentrated his gallant band, to be ready for any night attack that the enemy might make; both men and officers slept accoutred, ready to get under arms in an instant.

The proximity of the enemy at length induced him to attempt the post at Barba del Puerco, which was occupied by four companies of the 95th Rifles, under the command of lieutenant-colonel Beckwith. On the night of the 19th of March, when the moon was just rising, the French general, Ferey, with six hundred chosen grenadiers, issued from the village of San Felices, situated on the opposite side of the river, and imperceptibly crossing the bridge, drove the pickets into the village, but the rifles, rallying, quickly drove back their assailants.

Craufurd's chivalrous spirit, unable to brook these interruptions, and his temerity increasing by the impunity with which he had, in his advanced position, braved the entire army of the enemy with his handful of men (3,200 British, and, 1,100 Portuguese, eight squadrons of cavalry, consisting of the 14th and 16th light dragoons, and the 1st German hussars included) advanced on the 2nd July towards Ciudad Rodrigo, displaying his troops in single rank on a rising ground, and sending a party of cavalry to the rear to raise a dust, he marched his infantry at a slow pace, within view of the besiegers, to incline them to think that the whole of the English army was advancing to the relief of the town. What his motive was for this idle and ostentatious display, whether it was to annoy the enemy, or in expectation to decoy or cut off a portion of his troops, it is not possible to divine. It however produced a *reconnaissance*, and led to the skirmish at Alameda two days afterwards.

The French having assembled a strong body of troops at Mariaiva, crossed the Agueda, on the 4th of July, near that village, and compelled Craufurd's advance to fall back skirmishing on Alameda. The

movement was effected in good order, being covered by two troops of cavalry and two guns.

After this brilliant skirmish, which was conducted on both sides with a dashing and emulous spirit, no movement took place on either side during the following week. But the enemy's patrols being in the habit of plundering Villa de Puerco, Barquillo, and other villages in front of the British posts; Craufurd determining to cut off their next marauding parties, placed, on the night of the 10th, two ambuscades, consisting of nine squadrons of cavalry, five companies of riflemen, a Portuguese caçadore battalion, and some horse artillery, in a wood on the banks of the Duo Casas, and Barquillo, and Villa de Puerco, contiguous to the hamlets, in the hope that before day-break he should be able to get in the rear of the enemy, and capture the whole party. At day-break next morning, two parties of the enemy being discovered, measures were instantly taken to cut them off.

"The force of the enemy did not exceed thirty cavalry and two hundred infantry, but they were advantageously posted in an open space, just beyond a long defile; and to reach them it was necessary to thread that defile in a narrow line. The consequence was, that though the German hussars, who led, formed up in succession as they got through, and charged their opponents with great gallantry, they effected nothing more than the dispersion of the handful of horse; for the infantry had time to form a square, and not all the efforts of our people could succeed in breaking it. The hussars rode bravely up to the bayonets, but were repulsed by a volley closely thrown in, which killed or wounded upwards of a dozen men. The remainder wheeled off, and pursuing the French cavalry, made way for a squadron of the 16th. These galloped forward, but also took to the left, and, leaving the infantry uninjured joined in pursuit of the cavalry. They were induced to do so, from the belief that two squadrons of Craufurd's cavalry, which were about Barquillo, were belonging to the enemy. When the last charge was made the French square was without fire, every man having discharged his piece, and none having been able to load again; but when a third attempt was made, they were better prepared to receive it. It fell to the lot of colonel Talbot of the 14th to lead this attack. It was made with daring intrepidity; but the enemy remained perfectly steady, and re-

serving their fire till the bridles of the horses touched their bayonets, gave it with such effect, that Colonel Talbot, with several of his men, were killed on the spot. The rest drew off; when general Craufurd, despairing of success by the exertions of the cavalry alone, despatched an orderly to bring up a detachment of the 43rd, which chanced to be at no great distance."

"While this was doing," continues the marquis of Londonderry, in his narrative, "the enemy's little column began its retreat, which it conducted with singular steadiness and great order. The 16th dragoons, seeing this, prepared to launch another squadron against it; and was already in speed for the purpose, when colonel Arenschild of the hussars observing cavalry advancing both in front and flank, checked the movement. It was much to be regretted that he took that step, for the horse that alarmed him proved to be detachments from our own people, on their return from pursuing the enemy's dragoons, the whole of whom they had captured. The French infantry lost no time in availing themselves of the indecision of our cavalry. They marched on, and returned to their main body, without having lost a single prisoner, or suffered in killed or wounded."

The siege of Ciudad Rodrigo was now drawing to a close. A practicable breach having been effected, and the enemy's columns ready for the assault, its brave governor, Hervasti, appeared on the ruins waving a handkerchief as a token of submission. Ney refused to accept the condition, on account of his offer, on the 28th of June, of an honourable capitulation having been refused; but Massena, with the feeling of a real soldier, granted the garrison and its brave governor honourable terms, and entered the city on the 10th of July. When all hope was over, that Rodrigo could be relieved, Julian Sanchez, in the night of the 22nd of June, with two hundred and forty of his partizans cut their way through the French posts, and joined the advanced division of the allied army.

It had been expected, and he was strongly urged to do so, that lord Wellington would have made an effort to relieve the garrison. Massena employed taunts and gasconade to induce him to it. In his proclamations he accused him of breach of honour and good faith in allowing his ally's fortresses to fall, without risking a shot to save them. Besides taunting him with cowardice, he told him that the sails were flapping, and his

ships waiting to carry him and his heartless countrymen to their island home. But the philosophic temperament of the English general was not to be diverted from his purpose by the ignorant and insulting gasconade of the vapouring Frenchman, nor the clamour and panic of his allies. "It was not a single campaign, but a terrible war;" a series of campaigns dependent on vast plans, and profound combinations, that "the cause of Spain could," as the Spanish historian Torreno justly observed, "be preserved from being struck down." Besides, his force was vastly inferior to that of his opponent, not only in point of numbers, but in discipline and experience. Even Thiers affirms, that Massena's army told 79,000 or 80,000 men; while the English general could oppose no more than 25,000 British and Portuguese.

Shortly after the ill-conducted affair of the 10th at Barquillo and Villa de Puerco, the enemy's cavalry advancing in force, Craufurd, having blown up fort Conception, fell back on Almeida, and took up a position on the Coa; his right covered by some broken ground, his left resting on Almeida, within medium range of the guns of that fortress; his force extending a mile and a

half obliquely towards the river; a position faulty and dangerous, not only as having the river in his rear, over which his only line of retreat was by a narrow bridge about one mile distant from his position; but his retreat might have been intercepted, and the whole of his gallant division compelled to lay down their arms, had the French known of the existence of the bridge of Castel Bom, about two miles distant from the right of his position. Neither was Picton, who was posted at Pinhel with the third division, and who was fully aware of the perilous predicament in which Craufurd was placed, without blame, in respect of this affair; Craufurd applied to him for his aid, but he, either from jealousy or pique, refused it. Craufurd, lest his ardent temperament might lead him to implicate his division into useless collision with the enemy, had been strictly enjoined by the commander-in-chief to withdraw behind the Coa; but suffering his judgment to be blinded by a love of distinction, and a craving for glory, he determined to encounter the enemy in the faulty and perilous position he had chosen; and this led to the useless but brilliant combat of the Passage of the Coa.

THE COMBAT OF THE PASSAGE OF THE COA.

BEFORE day-light, on the morning of the 24th, the troops, drenched with rain from the storm of the preceding night, were under arms, and as the mist cleared off, the French army, consisting of 24,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, with thirty guns, were seen in full march; while a host of horsemen and a powerful artillery swept the plain, driving the English pickets, cavalry, and horse artillery before them; Loisson's infantry, at a charging pace, advanced towards the centre.

The British line was immediately contracted, and as the plain from Villamula to the Coa being intangled with vineyards, intersected with deep branches, and surrounded with high walls and inclosures, afforded a good field for light infantry manœuvres, the ground was obstinately disputed, until oppressed by numbers, its defenders reluctantly retired before the enemy.

During those operations the cavalry and guns had crossed the bridge; and as it was necessary to hold the right to the last to

prevent the enemy from approaching the bridge, the infantry retired on the left in echelon; their passage over the bridge being protected by six companies of the 43rd, and some riflemen, who were posted on two hills, covering the line of passage. As the infantry passed the bridge, they placed themselves in loose order in the rear of the bridge behind rocks on the side of the mountain, on the summit of which the artillery was already planted; the cavalry watching the roads leading from the fords and the bridge of Castel Bom. The enemy gathered fast and thickly on the opposite banks. Soon the monotonous beat of the *pas de charge* rolled sullenly; a column appeared, and rushing suddenly on the bridge, had gained two-thirds of its length, before an English shot had brought down an enemy; the depth of the ravine having deceived the aim of the troops and the artillerymen; yet a few paces onwards the line of death was traced, and the whole of the leading section fell as one man. The gallant column still pressed

forward, but none could pass that terrible line; the heap of the dead and dying rose nearly even with the top of the parapet.

To adopt the vivid language of the historian of the War in the Peninsula, "The shouts of the British now rose loudly, but they were confidently answered by their opponents; and in half an hour, a second column, more numerous than the first, again crowded the bridge. This time, however, the range of fire was better judged, and ere half the distance was won, the multitude was again torn, shattered, dispersed, or slain; only ten or twelve men succeeded in crossing, and took shelter under the rocks at the brink of the river. The skirmishing was then renewed, and a French surgeon coming down to the foot of the bridge, and waving his handkerchief, commenced dressing the wounded under the hottest fire; nor was this brave and humane man's touching appeal unheeded; every musket turned from him, although his still undaunted countrymen were preparing for a third attempt."

The third attempt was made merely as a point of honour, to cover the escape of the few men who had passed the bridge, and

had concealed themselves among the rocks. When this chivalrous object had been obtained, a shower descending, the enemy ceased making any further attempt, and at nightfall the light division retired behind the Pinhel river, to a position about three leagues from Averca.

Never did a handful of men make a more heroic resistance against an overpowering multitude, but its loss had been considerable, thirty-six killed, one hundred and ninety-nine wounded, and eighty-three missing; among whom were twenty-eight officers. But the loss of the enemy was thrice as great, amounting to above one thousand in killed and wounded. The slaughter on the bridge had been dreadful, and the line of death was traceable for a considerable distance beyond it. The loss in prisoners sustained by the division was occasioned by Craufurd's stationing some companies of the 43rd in a vineyard enclosed by a high wall, where, though the greater part effected their retreat, most of the prisoners taken in the action had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

THE ADVANCE OF THE FRENCH ARMY INTO PORTUGAL, AND THE RETREAT OF THE BRITISH.

AFTER the reduction of Rodrigo, the English general, desirous of retaining his forward position as long as possible, made no movement until the 28th of July, when he moved up the Portuguese troops that were two or three marches in the rear, and withdrew behind the Mondego, leaving the fourth division at Guarda, to observe the enemy. There he waited the result of Massena's dispositions, whether he would invest Almeida, or only mask that fortress. As soon as the French marshal had commenced his operations for the siege, lord Wellington recrossed the Mondego, for the purpose of supporting the defence, and of compelling the French army to act in a collected state during the siege, and thus protract it. Every hour he could prolong the siege was of importance, inasmuch as the time of the autumnal rains approached, and the defences of the country would be considerably strengthened by the increased difficulties of the roads, and of procuring provisions for the invading armies.

A whole month had been spent before Almeida before that fortress was invested. The interval had been employed by the

French in the commission of every kind of plunder, violation, and cruelty, though Massena had issued the following proclamation, dated from Rodrigo, promising the inhabitants "the paternal protection of the emperor." That proclamation, which bears a great resemblance in style and matter to Napoleon's braggart and bombastic bulletins and addresses, and which the French armies, and those persons who are incapable of appreciating correct composition, but are dazzled with the glare and glitter of language, admire as master-pieces of eloquence, was as follows:—

"Inhabitants of Portugal, the emperor of the French has put under my orders an army of one hundred and ten thousand men, to take possession of this country, and to expel the English, your pretended friends. Against you he has no enmity; on the contrary, it is his highest wish to promote your happiness, and the first step towards securing it is to dismiss from the country those locusts, who consume your property, blight your harvests, and paralyze your efforts. In opposing your emperor, you oppose your true

friend; a friend who has it in his power to render you the happiest people in the world. Were it not for the insidious counsels of England, you might now have enjoyed peace, and tranquillity, and have been put in possession of that happiness. You have blindly rejected offers calculated only for the purpose of promoting your benefit, and have accepted proposals which will long be the curse of Portugal. His majesty the emperor has commissioned me to conjure you that you would awake to your true interests; that you would awake to those prospects, which, with your consent, may be quickly realized. Awake, then, so as to distinguish between friends and enemies. The king of England is actuated by selfish and narrow views; the emperor of the French is governed by universal philanthropy. The English have put arms into your hands, which you know not how to use: I will instruct you. They are to be the instruments of annihilation to your foes, and who those foes are I have already shown. Use them as you ought, and they will become your salvation! Use them as you ought not, and they will prove your destruction! Resistance is vain. Can the feeble army of the British general expect to oppose the victorious legions of the emperor? Already a force is collected sufficient to overwhelm your country. Snatch the moment that virtue and generosity offer! As friends you may respect us, and be respected in return; as foes you must dread us, and in the conflict be subdued. The choice is your own, either to meet the horrors of a sanguinary war, and see your country desolated, your villages in flames, your cities plundered; or to accept an honourable and a happy peace, which will obtain for you every blessing, which by resistance you would resign for ever.—The Marshal Prince d'Essling, commander-in-chief of the army of Portugal—MASSENA."

As many of the inhabitants on the frontier had relied on the faith of the promises and had severely atoned for their credulity, lord Wellington replied to the French marshal's deceptive manifesto by a counter-proclamation, dated August the 4th, which formed a fine contrast by its temperate and manly tone, and its calm and dignified style of composition, to the vapouring and hollow gasconade of the Frenchman. In that proclamation his lordship ordered the inhabitants of that line of country, which the enemy was likely to penetrate, and the military means at his disposal could not

protect, to remove their property and cattle, lay waste the fields, destroy the mills, and break down the bridges. The following is a copy of the English general's proclamation:—

"The time that has elapsed during which the enemy has remained on the frontiers of Portugal, has fortunately afforded to the Portuguese nation experience of what they are to expect from the French. The people had remained in nine villages, trusting to the enemy's promises, and vainly believing that by treating the enemies of their country in a friendly manner they should conciliate their forbearance, and that their properties would be respected, their women would be saved from violation, and that the lives of their wives, children, and themselves, would be spared. Vain hopes! The people of those devoted villages have suffered every evil which a cruel enemy could inflict. Their property has been plundered, their houses and furniture burnt, their women have been abused, and the unfortunate inhabitants, whose age or sex did not tempt the brutal violence of the soldiers, have fallen the victims of the imprudent confidence they reposed in promises which were made only to be violated. The Portuguese now see that they have no remedy for the evils with which they are threatened but determined resistance. Resistance, and the determination to render the enemy's advance into their country as difficult as possible, by removing out of his way everything that is valuable, or that can contribute towards his subsistence, or frustrate his progress, are the only and the certain remedies for the evils with which they are threatened. The army under my command will protect as large a portion of the country as will be in their power; but it is obvious that the people can save themselves only by resistance to the enemy, and their properties only by removing them. The duty, however, which I owe to his royal highness the prince regent, and to the Portuguese nation, will oblige me to use the power and authority in my hands to force the weak and the indolent to make an exertion to protect themselves from the danger which awaits them, and to save their country. And I hereby declare, that all magistrates, or persons in authority, who remain in the towns or villages, after receiving orders from any of the military officers to retire from them; and all persons of whatever description, who hold any communication with the enemy, and aid or assist them

in any manner, will be considered traitors to the state, and shall be tried and punished accordingly.—(Signed) Wellington."

Early on the morning of the 26th of July, the enemy opened a tremendous fire on Almeida, and continuing the bombardment all day, the thunder of the artillery had scarcely died away, when soon after dark the ground upon which the city stood trembled as if an earthquake had occurred, and a vast column of smoke and fire rising into the air, the whole town sank into a shapeless ruin; only six houses being left standing, the rampart being breached, and the guns hurled into the ditch. The dreadful event had been occasioned by the explosion of the powder magazine in the castle, a shell having fallen on a tumbril standing at the door of the magazine, and about to convey ammunition to the ramparts. Nearly the whole of the ammunition and the greater part of the artillerymen, and many hundreds of infantry soldiers, and of the inhabitants, were killed or wounded. The catastrophe was increased by a mutiny of the garrison, headed by the lieutenant-governor, Bernardo Costa, and José Bareiros, the commandant of the artillery, who for some time had carried on a secret correspondence with the enemy. The governor, colonel Cox, in vain endeavoured to defend the ruins; and being summoned next day by Massena to surrender, he, for the sake of gaining time, sent Bareiros with counter propositions to the French marshal, but his faithless deputy betraying his trust, by communicating the condition of the garrison, Almeida surrendered to the enemy on the day following the explosion. On the fall of the fortress, lord Wellington resumed his former position behind the Mondego, in the valley of the same name; stationing his cavalry in front of Celorico, and placing posts of observation at Guarda and Francoso, he established his head-quarters at Gouvea. In addition to the disappointment of the sudden and speedy fall of Almeida, the English commander-in-chief was now exposed to many other vexatious annoyances. Besides an active and enterprising enemy to contend with, he had the cabals and intrigues of false and perverse allies to counteract, desponding friends to inspirit, and the folly and fears of a timid and vacillating cabinet at home to rectify and remove. The patriarch of Lisbon and the Souza faction in the regency attempted to interfere with and thwart his measures; they encouraged dis-

obedience to his orders for the destruction of the walls and the laying waste of the country; they promoted disaffection and riot in Lisbon; and had intrigued to have the duke of Brunswick placed at the head of the Portuguese army. At home, by their fears and forebodings, the cabinet seemed to partake of the same character of awe and wonder in which all Europe had been entranced in their blind admiration of Buonaparte's genius, and their stupid hallucination of belief in French invincibility. Defeat, discomfiture, flight to their ships, by Wellington and his gallant comrades, were the daily prophecies and the awful forebodings of the factious and disaffected part of the public press of England. The same croakings and prognostics of failure were reiterated by some of his own officers (some even generals, among whom were generals Spencer and Charles Stuart), and their correspondence with their friends assumed a dismal hue. To the factious and intriguing portion of his allies, after reproving them for their folly and deception, the English general replied by informing them that he alone was responsible for the operations which he directed, and that he would not change his plans until he saw good cause, and declared "that if the civil power was not sufficient to restrain the factious and disaffected from instigating the mob to the plunder and slaughter of the respectable and virtuous classes, martial law should be proclaimed;" and that "if their intrigues did not cease, he would advise his government to withdraw the British army." To "the obloquy that had been heaped on him by the ignorant and flippant praters and factious alarmist demagogues of his own country, as well as those of his allies," his reply was that "the magnitude of the undertaking was too great for their minds to comprehend, and their nerves to bear." Those spirited and well-timed rebukes silenced the conspirators as well as "the ignorant praters." The indiscreet and desponding letter-writers in his army were so effectually reprov'd in a general order, which though it carried a keen sarcasm in its very title, was couched in terms so dignified and forbearing, that the tone of despondency and "the system of croaking" disappeared in the camp as if by magic.

Two months had now elapsed since the fall of Rodrigo, and yet the designs of the enemy remained undeveloped. Several feints and uncertain manœuvres had been made to mask his intentions, and deceive

the English general as to the line of march to be adopted. The enemy had his choice of three roads to Coimbra, either by Belmonte, Celorico, or Viseu. Having concentrated the three corps under Junôt, Ney, and Regnier, amounting to 85,000 veteran troops, supported by reserves and flanking forces, namely 22,000 under Drouet, at Valladolid; 15,000 under Serras, in the Gela, and 26,000 under Bessières, in the rear, he advanced in the middle of September on Viseu, hoping to reach Coimbra before Hill could effect a junction with the main body of the English army. It was the intention of Massena to throw his whole force on both flanks of the English army, to compel its general to accept battle on ground of his choosing.

As soon as lord Wellington ascertained that the troops at Guarda formed the advanced guard of Regnier, who had moved forward from Aleuda on the frontiers, simultaneously with Massena's force, he dispatched orders to generals Hill and Leith, who had been protecting the line of the Tagus and the Zezere, to concentrate their forces on the Alva, and advance to join the main army. Hill—who had been in observation of Regnier's motions in Spanish Estremadura, as soon as he discovered his movement towards the Tagus, anticipating the intention of the commander-in-chief, effected a junction with Leith, who had, with 2,000 British and 8,000 Portuguese, been laying at Thomar, ready to support Hill, or march northward, as circumstances might require—was already in motion.

As the enemy advanced, the allies fell back before them in excellent order, taking advantage of the ground, and never retaining any post so long as to be pressed into the necessity of accepting battle. While Massena was collecting his forces in front of the allied army, the English general withdrew his infantry one march into the valley of the Mondego, leaving his cavalry and outposts on their stations at Celorico and Guarda; when the enemy's forces were concentrated at Viseu, he retired by the left bank of the Mondego, leaving the light division and the cavalry in advance of Mortagoa on the Criz; and when the French marshal's passage of the Criz gave a determinate form and character to his movements, and plainly indicated his intention of marching on Coimbra, his active and skilful opponent crossed from the south to north of

the Mondego, and for the purpose of protecting that city, took up his position on the Serra de Busaco, which is in front of Coimbra, and distant from it about three leagues. During the advance of the enemy over the table-land from the Criz to the heights opposite Busaco, Craufurd obstinately maintaining possession of the position he had taken up on the morning of the 25th, after abandoning the strong ground he had held in the rear of Mortagoa, had nearly repeated his scene at the passage of the Coa, and had his division hemmed in, as it nearly had been in that affair. The French cavalry were swarming round him on every side, and the columns of infantry rapidly marching with the intent of cutting him off, when fortunately at the critical moment, lord Wellington arriving on the ground, took the command of the division, and ordering it to retire, by a succession of rapid and skilful manœuvres, effected the retreat without any important loss. On the 5th of September, colonel Trant had endeavoured to capture the enemy's military chest and reserve artillery, and though he failed in his daring exploit, he took above one hundred prisoners. On the 9th of the same month, the English commander-in-chief addressed his protest to Massena, on the subject of the French marshal's cruel treatment of the Portuguese ordenanza.

The Serra de Busaco, which presented an advantageous position for the resistance of the enemy, is a ridge or range of mountains trending from the north about eight miles to the Mondego, where it terminates abruptly with almost a perpendicular fall. Its ascent is steep and rugged; here and there covered with pine plantations, and in height about two hundred and fifty feet more elevated than the ground in its front. Its summit, to the east, is in many places pointed with sharp rocks. At the highest point of the ridge, about two miles from its northern extremity, is a table-land occupied by the Carmelite convent of La Trappe, situated in a large wooded garden, and on the left of that culminating point is the village St. Antonio de Cantara. It is intersected with a few gorges and defiles, and traversed by the three roads to Coimbra from the Beira frontier. In front of Busaco is a succession of heights, from the first of which it is separated by a wooded chasm of great depth, but so narrow that a twelve-pounder can range to the salient points over the opposite ridge.

BATTLE OF BUSACO.

THE English general had now taken up his position on the heights of Busaco; but not more than half his force was in line. The fifth division had not yet joined; Hill was behind the Alva; and the light division, on account of the delay occasioned in manœuvring to escape the consequences of Craufurd's precipitancy, did not crown the ridge till the enemy's columns were on the opposite heights; when they immediately opened a cannonade. Some smart skirmishing occurred between the light troops of the hostile armies during the day (Sept. 25); and in the course of the night, some of the enemy's skirmishers stealing up the wooded dells, endeavoured to establish themselves close to the pickets of the light division; but they were quickly driven back.

On the evening of the 26th, the English line of battle was formed; 25,000 British soldiers, and a like number of Portuguese, lay on the backward slope of the mountain; the Portuguese troops having been brigaded in the proportion of one Portuguese battalion to two of English. The second division under Hill (who had effected a junction in the course of the morning, occupied the left of the order of battle; with the fifth division, under Leith on its left, and the Lusitanian legion in reserve. Then, at an interval of two miles, Picton's division (the third,) prolonged the line of the right of the position. About a mile from the left of the third division, the first division, under Spencer, formed the centre of the position, near the convent, with Pack's brigade posted in advance on the descent. The light division was formed on the left of Pack's brigade, nearly half-a-mile in front of the convent; while higher up, and nearly under the convent wall, a brigade of German infantry was posted. The fourth division, under Cole, held the extreme left of the position; a considerable space intervening between it and the second division. The cavalry under sir Stapleton Cotton was posted in the rear of

the left of the position, on the plains in the front of Mealhada, to watch the road leading from Mortagao to Oporto. A regiment of dragoons was in reserve on the summit of the ground on which the convent stood; and the commander-in-chief's headquarters were in the convent. Above fifty pieces of artillery were placed on the most salient points, and in the embrasures of the rocks, so as effectually to range along the front of the ridge. Colonel le Cor, with his brigade, was on the Serra de Murella, to cover the right of the position; while Fane, with the 13th dragoons, and his division of Portuguese cavalry, was posted on the left bank of the Mondego, to repel any attempt the enemy's cavalry might make in that direction; and for the protection of the left (which was the weakest point of the position). Trant had been directed to march his division of militia to Sardao, to secure that pass.

When the night of the 27th had cast its mantle over the scene* of warlike preparation and hostility, the fires of innumerable bivouacks shone on the rocky eminences of the ridges on both sides of the intervening chasm. In the English camp the veterans, accustomed to war and scenes of excitement, slept soundly on their stony beds, but the younger soldiers, who were now to witness a battle for the first time, were kept awake by the grandeur and solemnity of the scene.

As the first streaks of dawn (two o'clock) were beginning to appear over the eastern hills, a rustling noise was heard in the wooded chasm which ran up to the crest of the ridge. The allied army was instantly under arms. Presently the sharp crack of a musket, succeeded by the lengthened hiss of a spent bullet, was followed by another and another, until every bush and tuft on the face of the Serra seemed instinct with life and fire. As the light broke, and the grey mist in which the mountain was enveloped cleared off, five divisions of the enemy, covered by a mul-

* The night preceding the battle of Busaco was of a different complexion to those which usually attended lord Wellington's victories. Storms, accompanied with intense thunder, lightning, and rain were the usual precursors that ushered in the night previous to almost all his great and glorious battles in the Peninsula; and the case was the same at the battle of Waterloo. His battles also were generally fought on a Sunday. Those occurrences at length gave birth to a species of proverbial phraseology in

his army. Unseasonable nights were termed "Wellington nights," and the plea for performing any worldly occupation on Sundays, was justified by the axiomatic expression, "The better the day the better the deed." But though the night preceding the battle of Busaco was not a "Wellington night," the air was very cold and piercing. Even the hardy veteran shrunk within his scanty covering. The young soldiers endured with less patience their bleak mountain couch.

titude of skirmishers, were seen to emerge from the ravine. Two divisions under Regnier appeared in front of Picton's division, prepared to advance by the road crossing the height of St. Antonio de Cantara, while three divisions, under Ney, stood in columns of masses in front of the road which leads to the convent. Junôt's corps was in the centre, and in reserve. The distance between the two points on which Regnier and Ney's corps were preparing to advance, was about three miles.

As the clump-trees and inequalities of the ground over which Regnier had to move contributed to cover his advance, and that the English regiments in that part of the line had not completed their formation, the leading battalions being in the act of deploying into line, his columns reached the summit of the ridge, without any other opposition than the occasional fire of the artillery planted on the flanking points. Having gained that part of the crest of the ridge which formed the interval between Picton and Leith's divisions, and forcing back the right of Picton's division, they were preparing to wheel to the right, and sweep the battle-field, when they were furiously charged by the 88th and a wing of the 45th, supported by the 8th Portuguese regiment (which had suffered severely in the onset), and were driven down the declivity of the ridge in confused masses, with fearful slaughter; the whole line of their flight to the very bottom of the chasm being covered with the dead and wounded.

The battle in this quarter was, however, not yet ended. The columns of the enemy that had first gained the crest of the height, having been concealed from view by the haze that capped the mountain, had established themselves among the crowning rocks, but they were quickly driven headlong over the rocks into the valley, at the point of the bayonet, by the 9th regiment, under colonel Cameron. Thus Regnier's attempt to turn the left of the English position, and to possess himself of the road that traverses the Busaco chain from St. Antonio de Cantara, was completely frustrated. To be prepared to meet another attack, should the enemy feel inclined to try his fortune, Hill advanced his division and closed up the line between Leith's and Picton's left and right. At that moment, lord Wellington coming up, said, in a tone full of calmness, and confident assurance of success, "If they attempt this point again, Hill, you will give them a volley,

and charge bayonets; but don't let your people charge them down the hill."

Ney's attack was equally unsuccessful. The three corps commanded by him, formed in columns of mass, advanced to the attack at the same moment as Regnier's corps did. Loisson's corps rushed straight up the face of the mountain, and Marchant's inclined leftwards, as if intending to turn the right flank of the left of the allied position; while the third, under Junôt, remained as a reserve in the chasm.

Loisson's attack was led by the brigade of general Simon, who, thinking that Pack's brigade, supported by the German infantry posted on the elevated spot near the convent, was the only force to be opposed (the 43rd and 52nd, who were drawn up in line in a dip of the mountain, being concealed from view by the swell of the ground and rock in their front,) advanced up the steep with undaunted courage, never moving or flinching, or in the slightest degree slackening of pace, though a storm of bullets from the artillery swept through the column from the first to the last section. At the same moment Craufurd, who had been anxiously watching the movement, ordered the 43rd and 52nd, as soon as he observed that the enemy had crowned the heights, rending the air with the cry of "*Vive l'empereur*," to charge, and "the next moment a horrid shout startled the French column, and in another moment eighteen hundred bayonets, wielded 'by a fiery mass of living valour,' went, at the charge step, sparkling over the brow of the hill, and overthrew the hostile column." Instantly halting, three terrible volleys poured in at only a few yards' distance, drove the head of the hostile column on its rear, and its flanks being overlapped at the same moment, the shattered and wavering mass fled in confusion down the steep, pursued by a few of the light infantry companies, and were saved from total annihilation by Ney's moving forward his reserve to their support, and opening his guns from the opposite ridge. The expression of a French soldier who was engaged in this affair, and subsequently taken prisoner,—"*Qu'il se laissa rouler de haut en bas de la montagne sans savoir, comment il echappa*"—(That he found himself rolled from the top to the bottom of the mountain without knowing how he escaped), is a proof of the confusion of the derouted foe and the impetuous valour of their opponents. The hands of many of the victors were perfectly

ensanguined in the performance of this rather unwarlike mode of disposing of enemies.

At the very moment that Simon's brigade had been thus disposed of, Marchant's corps had obtained possession of a pine-wood, half up the mountain; where they were kept in check by Pack's brigade, and exposed to the destructive flanking fire from Craufurd's artillery, planted on the salient point of land occupied by the light division. Discouraged by the insurmountable opposition he met with, Ney at length sullenly withdrew from the contest, and by two o'clock, the battle-roar had ceased.

A tacit kind of temporary truce seemed now to have been agreed on between the combatants, and during its existence, the men of each army mixed together in amicable search for their wounded. But towards evening, this harmony was disturbed by a company of the enemy's infantry taking possession of a village, close under the brow of the Busaco ridge, and within range of half-musket shot from the light division. Craufurd sent an officer to the French commandant, requiring its evacuation, and at the same time reminded him, "that it should be his wish, as it was his duty, to follow his fleeing countrymen, while circumstances yet permitted, and that in giving him that advice, humanity alone was the source of his interference." To the irritated Frenchman's gasconade, that "he would die in defence of his post," Craufurd replied by a storm of bullets from twelve pieces of artillery, and when the place was reduced to ruins, and half of its contumacious defenders slain, he sent down a party of the 43rd, and rifles, to drive the survivors from their post of fancied honour.*

Now that the battle's roar had ceased, the horrible traces of the fight were visible along the whole face of the ridge. Long

trails of the dying and the dead—of wounded men, broken arms, and bleeding carcasses marked the lines of flight of each division. The clusters of rocks presented often a curious, as well as a melancholy sight. In many of the niches were to be seen dead Frenchmen, in the posture in which they had fought, some sitting upright, others with their heads resting on the points of the rocks, apparently in the act of taking a deliberate aim; while on the other side of the bases of the rocks, and on the projecting crags, were strewn the bodies of their gallant defenders. Of the allies, 197 were killed, 1,014 wounded, and 68 missing; among whom were 74 officers. Of the enemy 2,000 were slain, about 3,000 wounded, and near 300 were taken prisoners; among whom was one general slain, three wounded, and one taken prisoner. Massena had asked permission to bury his dead, but compliance with his request was refused.

When Massena made his reconnoissance of the position of the allied army, observing that the ridge was too extensive to be effectually defended by the forces under the command of lord Wellington, he exclaimed, with anticipated triumph, to the marquis d'Alorna, general Pamplona, and the other renegade Portuguese hidalgos in his camp,—“I cannot persuade myself that lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but if he does—I have him; tomorrow we shall complete the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days more I shall drown the leopard.” On his part, the English general was equally confident. When some of his officers expressed their disappointment if Massena should not attack him, his reply was, “If he do I shall beat him.” The result proved who was the boaster, or to make use of a homely phrase, “who calculated without his host.”

* All the accounts extant in print, even those entitled to credit, of the battle of Busaco, are very meagre in description and barren of facts. The above detail of that glorious event has been drawn up from the oral description of officers who were in different parts of the field of battle; and it is hoped, that it is not only more circumstantial, but also more interesting and exact than those already before the public. To present a correct description of a battle-field is no easy part of descriptive composition. It

is not, to adopt an artistical metaphor, a mere glimmering of the outline, but the filling up of the picture that constitutes its perfection, and imparts to it real interest and usefulness. As a general picture must be compounded of detached sketches, so must the description of a battle be composed of the observations of individuals, taken at different points. The proper compounding of the particular views into an harmonious whole constitutes the character of the battle historian.

THE RETREAT TO THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.

MASSENA had felt the effects of "the fiery mass of living valour," posted on the ridges of Busaco, too sensibly and severely to incline him to repeat his empty vaunt of "driving the leopard into the sea:" he therefore prepared, by a flank movement, to avoid his adversary, and reach Coimbra; and as it would be more difficult to turn the position of the allied army by the Mondego, as his opponent could pass the river quicker than he could, he determined to turn the left of the allied position; and this he was enabled to accomplish, by the information extorted from two peasants, under the fear of death and torture, of the pass through the Serra de Caramula, a ridge running at an obtuse angle with that of Busaco, and communicating with the great road between Oporto and Coimbra, and debouching into it near Sardao; and which unfortunately was undefended. Bacellar, who commanded in the north, having sent Trant round by Oporto to occupy it, in consequence of the direct route by San Pedro de Sul being in the possession of a detachment of the enemy.

To cover his design, the French marshal renewed the skirmishing on the morning of the 28th, and drove Craufurd from the village, of which he had dispossessed the gasconading French captain on the preceding evening. In the course of the night, the French army quitted its position, and on the following day the enemy's columns were seen filing off over the Caramula mountains, along the Mortagoa road. Though the enemy's flank-march presented the English general the opportunity of assailing him, as he was distant but four hours' march from either end of the defile, which runs from Mortagoa to Sardas, through which the French army

* Coimbra is celebrated in the love legends of Portugal, for the sites of the Quinta das Lagrimas, or Garden of Tears, and the Fonte dos Amores, or Fountain of Loves—romantic sequestered spots, not far from the convent of St. Clara, and immortalised by the muse of Camoens as the residence and death scene of Inez de Castro, and the triumphs of love stronger than death.

† The stores of the principal houses and all the convents were full of corn, wine, oil, fruits, and preserved meats; and the crops of grain, pulse, and grapes on the ground were fit for gathering. And these would have been sufficient for two months' consumption of the French army, had they been collected and secured by the commissariat in magazine.

was passing, he resisted the temptation, lest any of the chances of war should mar or interrupt the plan and combinations of the grand defensive campaign he had conceived for the protection of Portugal. On the abandonment, therefore, by the enemy of his position, Hill immediately recrossed the Mondego, and marched by Espinal on Thomar; while the main body, consisting of the centre and left of the army, under lord Wellington, defiled upon Milheada, the light division covering the movement until the army reached the open country beyond Fornos, when that duty was assumed by the cavalry.

The allied army having the shorter road to advance to Coimbra, reached Mondego on the 1st of October, and crossing the fords near Martinho de Bispo, entered that city in perfect order; but the enemy pressing rapidly upon them, an instant retreat became necessary, and now a fearful scene of confusion ensued, in consequence of a large portion of the inhabitants having delayed to remove themselves and their property "till the vicinity of the foe alarmed them into flight that looks not behind." The fleeing inhabitants crowding the bridge, and the narrow road leading from it between high rocks, with all they could carry off; in a few minutes the defiles of Condeixa were so choked up by the throng of fugitives, that the light division was obliged to clear a road for itself, and the passage of the artillery. The emergency of the occasion allowed but little to be done to alleviate the sufferings, or to assist the flight of those whose folly had induced them to neglect the opportunity of complying with the wise and provident injunctions of the English commander-in-chief.

Massena, on his entrance into Coimbra,* found large resources† for his troops, who The wine stores that lay in the line of retreat were destroyed as far as possible by the allied army. In the districts of Villa Franca, Azambuja and Cartaxo, upwards of 40,000 almudes were destroyed. The fatigue parties in some instances waded breast high in the sunken adegas (wine stores) in destroying the wine, either drawing out the taps or beating in the heads of the tuns for the purpose. By frequent immersion in the crust of the red wine their bodies and limbs had assumed a fine rich mahogany tint. In some places the wine was allowed to flow in torrents down the streets; and the same was the case with the English rum at Condeixa, to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy.

just at that critical moment had exhausted the fourteen days' provisions they had carried with them from Busaco. These resources, from the information of traitorous Portuguese, he expected, and really found. This fortunate occurrence for the enemy was occasioned partly by the faction of the Patriarch and Souza having prohibited the inhabitants of the country behind the Mondego from abandoning their dwellings and removing their property, and partly from the feeling inherent in human nature, which induces men to cling to their homes, and not to destroy the work of their own hands. Having established his hospital at Santa Clara, and leaving behind him five thousand sick and wounded of his army, on the fourth day after his entrance into that city, the French marshal resumed his march through the defiles leading into Condeixa and Pombal.

Scarcely had Massena left Coimbra, when his neglect of having omitted to form a base of operations in his rear, presented colonel Trant the opportunity of performing one of the most brilliant partisan exploits that occurred during the Peninsular war. That active and enterprising officer determined to capture the French hospital and stores at Coimbra by surprise. To accomplish this purpose, he suddenly galloped his cavalry into the town, and, the infantry rapidly following, captured the whole of the hospitals and a company of the marines of the imperial guard, and immediately marched them off for Oporto, under a strong escort, to protect them from the Portuguese peasantry, whose rancorous hatred of the enemy was now excited to the highest pitch by his recent atrocities and licentiousness.

While the allied army was advancing on Leiria, the French army appeared in sight. Massena immediately formed his force into three columns, and endeavoured to overwhelm the British with his centre, while he

turned their flanks with the others, but he was quickly repulsed by a portion of the artillery and cavalry of the allies, though the enemy engaged was nearly four times as many as that of their adversary.

From Leiria the allied army retreated in three columns. Hill's division, forming the right, marched by Thomar and Santarem, the left by Alcobaca and Obidos, and the centre took its route by Batalla and Rio Mayor. The enemy followed in a single column by the last-mentioned town.

The allies were now—after having performed a retreat of above two hundred miles, during which no alarm, no confusion, no precipitance, had occurred on the march, and without the loss of a single gun,* ammunition waggon, or baggage animal, and a greater number of prisoners having been taken in the skirmishing affairs at Coimbra, Pombal, Alcoentre, and Quinta los Torres, from the pursuers, than had been lost by the pursued, “an occurrence in the history of retreats without a parallel”—preparing to enter the LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS† a formidable barrier, consisting of a line of field fortification extending over a mountain-chain for above fifty miles, and which, as has already been said, exhibited the gigantic application of the principles of field fortification to a defensive position presented by nature, that no age of the world has as yet witnessed. They were constructed by lieutenant-colonel Fletcher and captains Jones and Chapman, under the direction of lord Wellington, and above 7,000 Portuguese labourers, besides English engineers, were daily employed in their construction. Neither the English army nor ministry was aware of their existence until they were ready for occupation, and Massena was in equal ignorance until he was distant not five marches from their site. Lord Wellington had determined to undertake their construction

* The six guns taken at Alcoentre had been recovered. The circumstances attending that affair were:—Just as the cavalry, under sir Stapleton Cotton, had reached Alcoentre, and were bivouacked on the plain during a tremendous thunder-storm, the third regiment of the enemy's hussars driving the English pickets into the town, obtained possession of six guns; but their triumph was but short-lived; for being charged by the 10th English hussars, the guns were recaptured, and the enemy put to flight.

† The lines of Torres Vedras derive their name from the little town of Torres Vedras (the Torres Veteres, or the Old Towers of the Romans), are situated on the Oporto road from Lisbon, about twenty-five miles N.N.W., distant from the capital, and

eight from the sea coast. They form the gorge or neck of the peninsula at the extremity of which the city of Lisbon stands. The importance of this position having been observed by sir Charles Stuart in an early period of the French revolutionary war, he caused plans to be drawn of the ground. The duke of Wellington, in his campaign against Junot, had observed them, and was convinced that they presented the vantage ground for the defence of Portugal, should the French attempt its reconquest. “Portugal,” he said in the house of commons, “could be defended, but not on the frontier; the defence must be on the strong ground about Lisbon.” And that consideration, he added, was in his mind at the time that the convention of Cintra was signed.

from the time of the battle of Talavera. The value of Spanish co-operation having then been fully demonstrated by the utter inefficiency of their armies, from want of organization and discipline, and the unskillfulness and imbecility of their officers. The

discontented and "the croakers" in the English army had now an opportunity of witnessing the sagacity and foresight of their chief, and the possibility, if not moral certainty, of his being able to reduce his wise and comprehensive plans to a successful issue.

THE OCCUPATION OF THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.

On the 8th of October, the allied army entered "the lines" by divisions, conducted to the positions they were intended to occupy by officers appointed for the purpose. But the light division had not yet arrived. Craufurd having delayed his march from Alemquer till the middle of the day of the 10th, and being nearly surprised by the enemy, injudiciously ordered the division to break, and re-form on the other side of the archway of the town-gate, out of gun range, —a movement which occasioned so much disorder, that in the dark, the division mistook its route, and was obliged to make a flank march of several miles along the foot of "the lines," to gain their position of Aruda, an occurrence which occasioned the weakest part of the lines to be left open for several miles to the enemy's irruption in the meantime.

The formidable position in which the allied army was now stationed to resist the power of the enemy, was a peninsula, an area containing about twelve hundred square miles, traversed by two lofty mountainous chains, stretching from the Tagus, in a semi-circular direction to the ocean, varying in altitude and abruptness, and running in a parallel direction, at a distance from six to nine miles, and from Lisbon at the respective distances of twenty and thirty miles from the nearest points of their respective arches. Through the passes in these mountains, the five great roads (namely, two at Torres Vedras, two at Sobral, and one at Alhandra; but two of these roads uniting at Cubeca, the number that pierced the second line was but four, and these passed Quintilla, Bucellas, Montealique, and Mafra, that communicate between Lisbon and the interior of the country. The mountainous nature of the country renders lateral communication between these roads extremely difficult.

Upon these heights were "the lines" constructed, which consisted of three ranges of defence, one within the other, for the

purpose of cutting off the advance of a hostile force on the capital. All the advantages of site, rock, water, rugged steep, and precipice, which the position presented, were increased by art and science, so as to render them unassailable. Triple chains of redoubts and field-works were constructed, to block up or cover every road or pass leading to Lisbon; rivers were obstructed in their course, so as to flood the valleys, and render the country swampy and impassable; mountains were scooped perpendicularly, to the height of fifteen or twenty feet; abattis of the most formidable description, either closing the entrance to ravines, impeding the approach to the works, or blocking up roads, conducted to increase the natural difficulties of the position, and render it unassailable. Across the great valley of Aruda, the weakest point of the position, a double line of abattis was drawn, composed of full-grown oaks and chesnut trees, which had been dug up with all their roots and branches on them, and reset in a cross position; and across the ravine on the left of Aruda, a loose stone wall, six feet thick, and sixteen high, was erected. From the chains of redoubts and other batteries (in number 150,) 600 pieces of artillery swept all approaches, and with a concentric fire, commanded or enfiladed every practicable point. The right of the lines was flanked by the Tagus and a division of gun boats stationed on its waters, at Villa Vella; its left by the Atlantic. The bridges were mined and prepared for explosion; and telegraphs were erected on the Socorro rock, and at Alhandra, Monte Agraga, Torres Vedras, &c., so as to preserve an instant communication between the centre of the position and every part of the lines. A paved road was parallel to the foot of the hills through Torres Vedras, Runa, Sobral, and Aruda, to Alhandra, for the purpose of expediting the necessary movements of the troops.

The first line of defence, or advanced

position, which consisted of thirty redoubts placed on a ridge of heights, on which were mounted 140 guns, following the inflection of the hills, extended twenty-nine miles; and its right rested on Alhandra, on the Tagus, and its left on the mouth of the Zizandre, on the sea-coast. When first constructed, this line was not intended for permanent occupation, but merely as an advanced post to protect the army, while taking up its position in the second line. But Massena's inactivity on the frontier had afforded so much opportunity of increasing its strength, that it afforded time for converting it into a sufficient outwork, upon which the first fury of the enemy might burst and expend itself. The right of the second line, which was twenty-four miles in length, and about eight miles in rear of the front line, rested on Quintilla, on the Tagus, and its left on Ericeira, at the mouth of San Lorenzo. It was in this position that the grand stand was to be made. The third line extended from Passo D'Arcos on the Tagus, to the tower of Junquera on the coast. An intrenched camp was also formed near Fort St. Julien, and occupied by a corps of English marines, so as to cover the movements of an embarkation, should such an operation be necessary, and be delayed by bad weather; and that fort was so armed and strengthened, as to enable a rear-guard to resist an army. Such was the position which British genius had devised, and on which British valour and patriotism were to foil and render nugatory all the devices and power of "the common enemy of mankind," to subjugate the whole of the human race, and make them the sport and gratification of his restless and insatiable ambition: here were to be stationed those slandered, but really dreaded soldiers, who, in the foolish, insolent, and vapouring language of his minion, Lacépède, the president of his obsequious senate, "were to furnish feeble glories to our (i.e., the French) arms, and disgrace to themselves." The sequel proved the prophetic spirit of the inflated and vapouring Frenchman.

In the occupation and defence of this vast fortress and spacious camp (for to both purposes it was converted,) nearly 100,000 men, 55,000 of whom were regular troops, about half being Portuguese,* and 5,000

Spaniards, under the marquis Romana, were concentrated. The irregular troops consisted of the militia, the ordenanzas, and the civic guard. The last mentioned species of force, with the native artillery, and the least disciplined of the native regular troops, garrisoned the forts and redoubts, and occupied the intrenchments on the second line. The British troops, with the *elite* of the Portuguese regular force, were held ready to meet the attack, or assail the enemy, should a favourable opportunity present itself; and they were so judiciously posted, and the communications so ready of access between the respective positions, that the enemy could not assemble a force sufficient to bear on one part of "the lines," with any probability of success, before the English chief could make a correspondent movement of concentration to meet the attack.

The British force was posted where the peculiar talent of the leaders would be most likely to correspond with the peculiarity of the respective positions.

Hill, on whose calm courage the firmest reliance might be placed, was posted, with the second division, on the extreme right of the advanced line, which was the most remote from head-quarters, and the most exposed to the enemy; the ground entrusted to his defence extending from Alhandra to the head of the valley of Calandria. Craufurd, with the light division, continued the line on Hill's left, and, on account of the fiery courage of the leader, and the ardent spirit of his troops, the weakest part of the line, namely, from the head of the vale of Calandria to the Pé de Monte, was entrusted to their defence. Spencer, with the first division, garrisoned the heights over Zebreira. Picton, with the third division, occupied Torres Vedras, and watched the line of the Zizandre. Cole's division (the fourth), continued the line along the mountain's brow; and Campbell formed the extreme left. Pack's Portuguese brigade was posted on Monte Agraça, above Sobral; and the fifth division, under Leith, was posted in reserve on the reverse slope; Romana's force took post at Enaxara dos Cavalleros. The cavalry were cantoned along the second line, and among the villages to the left. The English marines occupied the third line. The head-quarters of

* On account of the neglect of the Regency to provision and pay their countrymen, above 10,000 of the Portuguese regular troops had deserted within

the last nine months; two-thirds of the militia had abandoned their colours; and the ordenanza disbanded themselves by whole companies.

lord Wellington were at Pero Negro, under the Socorro Rock.

The cavalry and advanced-guard of the French army came in sight of "the lines" on the afternoon of the 10th, and dislodged general Spenceer from Sobral, who fell back on the great redoubt of the same name, about a mile in the rear. Massena, who had no knowledge of the existence of so formidable a defence until within four or five marches of its site, occupied several days in examining the nature of the position. The valleys of Callandria and Aruda at first seemed to him to offer an assailable point, and he made several attempts, by throwing out his skirmishers, to discover their mode of defence, and the number of the defenders. On the 14th, while engaged in the reconnoissance, a strong detachment of infantry, supported by artillery, attacked a party of the 71st in a breast-work thrown up near Sobral, but they were quickly driven back at the point of the bayonet, on a field-work of their own. The loss of the English, who at sunset took a more retired line of works, was about 150 men; that of the enemy nearly double that number.

The French general, after a careful reconnoissance, being convinced that the position was unassailable, that it could neither be turned nor carried,* determined to blockade the allied army in their stronghold, hoping that the many thousands of inhabitants of the neighbouring country for miles around, that had poured into the capital, would occasion embarrassment to the English commander-in-chief. He therefore disposed his troops between Villa Franca and Sobral, so as to menace all the weak points in his front, the second corps holding the heights opposite Alhandra, and its right extending to Aruda. The peculiarity of the position (namely, the pass of Runa being commanded by the heavy redoubts on Monte Agraça), compelled him to dispose his forces on one side or other of the Baraqueda—the spur of the Monte Junta which was nearly opposite the centre of the first line, and which divided the country between the Tagus and the sea into nearly two equal parts—and which, therefore, afforded the facility to the besieged to fall on the front and rear of

any force the enemy might detach to the other side.

Massena's situation was very critical. The country had to a considerable extent been laid waste and devastated on his line of march, and the militia of the north, the ordenanzas, and the partisan corps under Trant, Fenwick, Wilson, Carlos d'España, &c., were hanging on his rear from Abrantes to Peniche. He was not, however, to be scared or discouraged by difficulties. He therefore caused a wide extent of country to be ravaged by his foragers. From this source, and the culpable negligence of the regency in enforcing the orders for the devastating of the country, he found abundance of stores and provisions in the country lying between the Mondego, the Tagus, and the lines. Corn and cattle abounded on both banks of the Tagus, and on the numerous islands and alluvial lands in that river in the neighbourhood of Santarem. With these resources he formed depôts and magazines at Santarem, Barquina, and other places. And, for the purpose of cutting off all communication between Lisbon and the neighbouring districts, and operating on the flank of the lines, he seized forty boats which had been collected near Santarem, and left to his mercy by the criminal supineness of the government and the local authorities.

Nor were these untoward circumstances, and the criminal negligence of the regency, the whole of the difficulties with which the English general had to contend. So inveterate and systematic were the intrigues and machinations of the faction of the Patriarch and Souza, that besides taking every opportunity to endeavour to thwart and mar the plans of their able and magnanimous ally for the salvation of their country, they exerted all the influence they possessed over an ignorant and bigoted community, to bring him and his measures into disrepute. In the bitterness of his resentment for their perverse and culpable conduct, he exclaimed, "It is heartbreaking to contemplate the chance of failure from such obstinacy and folly." Even in his defensive attitude, "the follies and intrigues of the Portuguese government," says the author of the War in the Peninsula, "were a more dire enemy to

* No one who was acquainted with the nature of "the lines" can agree with the marquis of Londonderry, that had the French general assailed them before the English generals of division "had learned their grammars of defence," he would have forced them, and been enabled to march to Lisbon. The

marquis's precise words are, "That he shall ever be of opinion, that by a well-constructed assault, Massena might have effected his purpose of penetrating the lines and marching on Lisbon." The marquis seems not to have had his grammar by heart.

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